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We two alone in Europe

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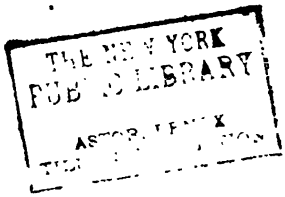
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NEARING THE DOCK AT LIVERPOOL.

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WE TWO

ALONE IN EUROPE.

By MARY L. NINDE.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

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To L. R. P.,

THE DEAR COMPANION OF TWO YEARS OF HAPPY DAYS,

This little book is dedicated.

TRANSFER FROM C. U. JAIN

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WE TWO ALONE IN EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

AT SEA, AND HOW WE CAME THERE.

CAPTAIN KENNEDAY was making his last trip on the "City of Berlin"; L. and I, our first. The question was settled: we were going to Europe, for a year—and alone! Two girls—not the oldest nor the wisest, but very joyous, standing together by the ship's side, gave each other's hand an ecstatic little squeeze, and dreamed of the happy days to come.

All the previous winter, we had talked Europe; but one seemingly insurmountable obstacle had threatened our plans: we had no company. For on one point L. and I were agreed: we would not be trammelled by a large party, nor limited to a summer trip of three months. Our families were not going; so what could be done? At last the cloud lifted. A call came for *pater-familias* to spend several weeks in London; and our plans were

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soon laid. We would accompany him there, get a foretaste of the Old World, then shoulder our knapsacks and set forth alone.

When the secret got abroad, what a storm burst upon us! Wise ones plead with us, urging the perils of such an undertaking, with our youth and inexperience; but seeing us still resolute, they smiled incredulously, as if to say, "Very well; try it if you will, but—" and the ominous blank was more expressive than words.

Our plan was to creep cautiously from point to point, arrange to meet friends wherever we could, and return home at the end of twelve months, like obedient children. So, trusting in the old adage, "Nothing venture, nothing gain," we packed our trunks, bade adieu to our friends, and, early in August, set sail.

The sun rose bright and warm on the morning of our departure. At the appointed hour the warning bell rang. There were hurried good-byes, the gangway was drawn in, the cables loosened, and our gallant ship steamed slowly down the bay. All was so new and strange, we half distrusted our identity, and vaguely wondered if it could all be true, and our fondest dreams were to be realized.

As our native land slowly receded from sight, we fully expected to feel some slight thrills of that patriotic emotion of which the poets sing.

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But, alas! our most agonizing efforts failed to produce a single sentimental feeling; and, instead, our chief concern was to determine the exact point where we should first experience that stern reality — the ocean swell.

Our reverie was broken by the loud clanging of the dinner-bell. We descended to the saloon, wondering if we should be the only ones there, but found we had been preceded by an eager crowd of hungry-looking people who seemed to have taken for their motto, "Let us eat and drink to-day, for to-morrow we cannot." Our distracted steward spent most of his time in uncorking bottles for a row of weak-eyed young men across the table.

"Never mind," whispered L., "half the people will be sick to-morrow, and then we'll have something to eat."

Alas for the prophecy! The two or three days that followed were little more than a blank. When occasionally we crawled on deck for a sniff of fresh air, such looks of intense misery greeted us on all sides that we were glad to return to our state-rooms.

Life at sea is a lazy one. We sat for hours idly watching the water, chatted, wrote a little, ate often, and slept much. In the evening we had music or games, varied with services conducted by the "sky-pilots," as the sailors aptly termed our clerical passengers.

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Seven nights the sun set in the sea, and then came our last Sabbath on shipboard. The bell rang, and we assembled in the cabin to join in the English service, that never seemed more beautiful and impressive.

At two P.M. there was the cry of "Land!" Eagerly following the lookout's direction with our glasses, we faintly discerned against the horizon one of the Skillig rocks. Again we looked, and the hazy coast-hue of the Emerald Isle appeared in view. Soon began the bustle of packing. Shawl-straps and trunks again appeared on deck. Steamer-rugs and hoods were exchanged for hats and ulsters. People were so transformed, we almost needed to be introduced over again. Even the most sea-sick emerged from the depths, and greeted us with beaming faces.

By evening, the twinkling lights of Queenstown gleamed out in the distance; and the following afternoon we were steaming up the Mersey in a drizzling rain. Presently Liverpool, with its granite docks and huge warehouses, appeared in sight. Vessels from every clime passed and re-passed us. Long rows of draggled spectators eyed us curiously as we neared the wharf. Half bewildered by the noise and confusion, we gathered up our baggage, mounted the slippery gangway, and began our new life in the Old World.

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CHAPTER II.

RURAL ENGLAND AND SMOKY LONDON.

WE spent one night in Liverpool, experienced the delights and miseries of our first European *table d'hôte*, peered from under our dripping umbrellas at the crowded streets and gaily decorated shop windows, and the next morning were off to London.

At Birmingham we had agreed to stop over a day and visit some English friends. We reached there in a pouring rain — a perfect deluge. But true to his word, Mr. H. met us at the station, and gave us a warm welcome.

"Here is my closed carriage; get right in, and we will drive home as quickly as possible," were the first words we expected to hear him say after greeting us. But what was our amazement when he remarked, as if it were the most natural thing in the world:

"We will now walk out and see the city."

Two hours later, we were driven to his pleasant country home, seven miles out of Birmingham. A charming picture it gave us of rural England. The rain was over, and the air was fragrant with the dewy odor of wild honeysuckle and "meadow-

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sweet." The fine old roads wound their way amid rows of English oaks, hemmed in by hawthorn hedges and banks of the purple foxglove. Red-walled farm-houses, quite overgrown with ivy, stood comfortably back in the meadows; and in their midst was the ancient parish church in its little inclosure of grassy mounds.

What a change from this scene of rustic beauty to the heart of smoky London! We scrambled out upon the platform, bag and baggage,— only leaving an umbrella behind in the general excitement. The first thing we did was to set out in search of a boarding-place. We took all our addresses in turn, and during that one forenoon climbed more stairs and saw the inside of more London houses than we should have done in six weeks under ordinary circumstances. The landlady was always very pleasant, and wore a morning cap of white muslin or silk bound around with some pretty ribbon.

We finally decided on a home-like hotel in Southampton Row, under the shadow of the British Museum. The proprietor's household consisted of himself, his wife, and three blooming daughters. The youngest was especially bright and pretty, a typical English girl, with rosy cheeks, and sensible independent ways. Just before we came, she had taken, in company with a young friend, a pleasure tramp of two weeks through Yorkshire. Together

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they had walked over the smooth country roads from morning till night, travelling never less than twenty miles a day, and stopping at night in farm-houses, or wherever they could find lodgings. It was rare fun, she told us, and often enjoyed by English girls.

Most of the boarders were English people, and very kind and sociable. But sometimes their remarks betrayed an ignorance of America that surprised us. One young girl wanted to know what language we speak in our country.

"Why, English, of course."

"Oh, I thought you spoke Indian."

"How did you think our American books came to be printed in English, then?"

"I thought they were translated."

Shopping in London is a tedious process. One morning we started down town to make a few little purchases, expecting to be through in an hour; but, to our surprise, it took us all the morning. Many of the shops were dark and gloomy, and instead of the tempting displays of ribbons and laces we were accustomed to see on our counters at home, there were only bare shelves, while the goods were hidden away in drawers and boxes. The slow plodding fashion of doing things made us long for some of our American briskness. The clerk would bring out a very few goods at a time, and if we wished to look at

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something more or less expensive, or of a different quality, the first articles had all to be carefully wrapped up and put in their places before any others were taken down. I did not see a single cash-boy. In one place where we bought a few yards of lace, the clerk handed his cash-book to an usher, who examined it to be sure that no mistake had been made; and when it was returned, he carried it in person to the desk for change.

The currency was especially a puzzle to us — not so much to compute, as to understand what the clerk was saying when he rattled off the shillings, pence, and ha'pennies, with his inimitable English accent. We did not enter a shop, no matter how crowded, where we were not offered a seat, and urged to take it, as if it would be impolite to refuse.

But it was pleasant to turn from the shops of London to places of greater interest. The British Museum, with its noble façade and Grecian statuary, was like a bit of Athens itself transported to London. Inside, we were bewildered by its treasures, and delighted with the perfect arrangement which makes it so easy to enjoy them.

Passing by the Elgin marbles, where we were always tempted to linger, we entered the grand Egyptian Hall. Colossal statues of gods and men in the old Syenite granite, slabs, sarcophagi, painted wooden coffins still inclosing their mummies, beads,

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charms, images, and papyrus rolls, lined the walls and filled the cases. At one end of the apartment, on its pedestal, rests the famous Rosetta stone. It was the sesame that unlocked the mystery; for until its discovery, the millions of hieroglyphics covering the tombs, monuments, and rolls of papyrus, remained a sealed book. The stone is of black basalt, with inscriptions on its surface in three languages, one in Greek, one in the form of hieroglyphics understood by the common people, and one in that used by the priests. By comparison and agreement, the hieroglyphics were at last deciphered and the mysteries of thousands of years unravelled.

Not less interesting was the wonderful Ninevite collection. Lining the walls of the long corridors were sculptures taken from the temples and palaces in the East. We never tired of studying them, for here, without looking between the covers of a history, we could read the whole story of the Asiatics. On this wall a phalanx of armed men are marching to battle. We see their black beards and long crimped hair, their style of dress, their chariots and weapons. Now the victorious ones are murdering their captives or chaining them together and leading them home in triumph to their walled city. A little farther on, we come to a great river. Long waved lines represent the water, where strange fishes are swimming about and boats are sailing to

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and fro. Again, the Ninevites are pictured in their homes — drawing water, mixing and kneading and baking bread, playing games, or sleeping on couches in the midst of their flower-gardens. Here a myriad of workmen are building a tower, and we note their masonry, implements, and methods of construction. The cases in the main hall contain quantities of jewels, toilet articles, and other curiosities found in the tombs and palaces, besides many larger objects, such as urns, sacrificial ovens, and the brazen doors from Shalmanezer's palace.

In the Grenville Library, adjoining the Egyptian Hall, we saw one of the oldest known copies of the Bible — the *Codex Alexandrinus* — with its colored lettering and leaves of fine parchment; a sample of the "Indulgences" granted by Pope Leo X., and the Magna Charta of King John. Here are also preserved autograph letters of many of the greatest celebrities of England; a dainty little note in the fine handwriting of Lady Jane Grey, whose sad history always touched a tender chord in our hearts, a sheet in the bolder hand of Cromwell, and treasured pages, some of them blurred and yellow with age, from the pens of Shakespere, More, Milton, and a long line of illustrious men and women.

It seemed a natural thing to turn from these letters, bright with memories of the past, to the grim old Tower on the Thames, where so many of the

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writers suffered and died. The massive stone walls rise gloomily above the yellow waters of the river, and each tower crowning the battlements has its own dark story to tell. In White Tower is the step in the winding stone staircase under which were thrown the bodies of the murdered princes. In Brick Tower the youthful Lady Jane Grey languished before her execution, and in Beauchamp Tower Lord Dudley left a lasting memorial of her in the name "Jane" scratched in rude letters on the wall with his own hand. From the grated window of his cell in Bell Tower, Sir Thomas More often looked down upon the scaffold in the court, wondering when his own turn would come. Here came his loving daughter, "Meg," to cheer him in his solitude and weep at the cruel fate awaiting him. Both he and Lady Jane are buried in the little church in the court, only a few steps from the place of the scaffold; and near them lies Anne Boleyn. The soldiers of the garrison worship in the church now.

A flight of stone steps leads to the dungeons under White Tower. Formerly they were reached only by a narrow inner staircase that admitted neither light nor air. In the torture-room the marks still show in the floor where the rack stood. A passage-way leads to a second dungeon, where six hundred Jews were confined under Edward I. In the passage-

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way itself is a cell called "Little Ease," because it was too narrow to allow the prisoner to lie down.

On the side of the Tower bordering the river is a row of cells, reaching just above the water mark, where victims were put to death by drowning and strangling. On the same side, a flight of steps leads under Traitor's Gate to the river brink; and it is here that state prisoners brought to the Tower by boat were landed. It is said that when Queen Bess, in her youthful days, was led a prisoner to the steps, she refused to go further, declaring she was no traitor. Yet years later, she herself sent the unfortunate Earl of Arundel to his cell in the Tower, because of his Catholic faith. Fourteen years he was kept a prisoner there, and wrote on the wall of his little room the words—"The more suffering for Christ in this world, the more glory with Christ in the next."

The Tower has many times been shaken by internal convulsions, but never attacked by a foreign enemy. Behind its strong walls, William the Conqueror defended himself when his unpopular rule made it dangerous for him to mingle with the people. Yet, long before his day it is supposed the Romans had their mint here, from the remains of an old Roman wall and gold coins discovered in the earth.

It seems strange that such a gloomy place should

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have been a royal residence. After the reign of Elizabeth it was abandoned for that purpose, and only used as a prison. Now its dark days are over, and the little children of the guardians play about the spot where the scaffold stood. The dungeons are deserted, and their instruments of torture exhibited as curiosities. The empty chambers serve as the armory, and the only treasures the old Tower guards are the crown jewels of England.

We admired St. Paul's for its noble architecture, its historic memories, its honored dead, and its eloquent Canon Liddon; but we *loved* Westminster. The Abbey was our Mecca — the spot of all others toward which our hearts turned in London. When we first saw its dark stained walls rising before us like some worn veteran, our hearts were thrilled; but when we entered the doorway and stood in the solemn hush of the great sanctuary itself, we felt like repeating the doxology — so impressive, so sacred seemed the place.

We visited it again on Sunday. Canon Duckworth preached in the afternoon. The spacious choir was filled. How beautiful this service in the Abbey! Even the echoing footfalls of the people, as they walked over the stone floor, thrilled us with awe. Beneath us lay the dust of the dead. Around us were their monuments — the marble soft and yellow, and the marble grown black with the mould of centuries.

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There lay warriors, philanthropists, cardinals, in cold gray stone, their hands clasped peacefully on their breasts and their faces turned heavenward.

High before us the dark walls rose to the vaulted ceiling, and through one of the western windows a few long beams of sunlight fell on the tombs below. Suddenly, in the silence, the organ burst forth, its rich tones swelling and reëchoing through the aisles and chapels, till it seemed as if the dead must wake at the sound. Then the audience rose, and thousands of voices joined in the song, of all others most fitting in the Abbey:

> "Change and decay in all around I see,
> O Thou who changest not, abide with me."

We visited Westminster again and again — running in for a quiet half-hour, not so much to see as to dream. We loved best to wander, silent and alone, up and down the quiet aisles, without guide or guide-book, living in the past till it seemed a reality. We wanted no one to tell us the names on the tombs. We loved best to read them ourselves; it was so pleasant to be surprised — to find ourselves suddenly in the poets' corner, where Shakespere, life-size, and scroll in hand, was bending forward as if to greet us, or to see under our very feet the tomb of the heroic Livingstone, inscribed with his own last beautiful words: "All I can add in my solitude is — may heaven's rich blessing come down on every one,

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American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

The royal tombs are in the choir chapels. In the chapel of Henry VII. lies the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, and in a corresponding aisle on the opposite side of the chapel reposes her bitter enemy Elizabeth. Both have life-size effigies, with folded hands and upturned faces, resting on canopied couches of stone, elaborately carved.

In the chapel of Edward the Confessor is the old coronation chair in which all the royal heads of England have been crowned since the twelfth century. Many a brilliant procession has swept up these storied aisles. Hither came the conquering William of Normandy; the beautiful but heartless Anne Boleyn; and, last of the line, the youthful Victoria. We saw the Chapter House of the old Abbey, where the House of Commons sat in the olden times; and we wandered over the well-worn pavement of the cloisters.

Westminster is gradually falling to decay. Portions of the old wall here and there are giving way in turn, so that the restorer's hammer is heard throughout the year somewhere on the building. For long centuries the Abbey has stood through sunshine and storm, and thousands of illustrious dead have been buried within its walls. There their monuments may be seen to-day—from the

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ancient hero on his couch of blackened marble, to the freshly-carved tomb of Dean Stanley in the chapel of Henry VII., covered with garlands of faded flowers.

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CHAPTER III.

A DAY IN PARLIAMENT.

IT was not strange that L. and I should desire to attend a session of the House of Lords. But the great question was how to do it. A friend applied, in our behalf, to the American legation; but in vain. There was no hope till the 26th, and Parliament would be prorogued before then.

But we persisted. Give up? No, indeed! We would ourselves see Mr. Lowell; for surely he could not have the heart to refuse two American girls. So, carefully attired, we hailed a "hansom," and were soon dashing down Whitehall.

A few moments more, and we drew up before a handsome stone building. A dignified porter assisted us out; we mounted the stairs, and with palpitating hearts, but undaunted resolution, stood before the glass door on which was inscribed in large letters—"U. S. LEGATION."

The polite usher, in reply to our request to see Mr. Lowell, directed us to a reception room. Soon returning, he bade us follow him. Passing through several offices, lined with well-filled book-cases, we found ourselves, alone and half-bewildered, in the

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presence of the American Minister. A fine physique, kindly face, heavy hair plentifully sprinkled with gray, and a pair of keen eyes fixed curiously upon us;—these things unconsciously impressed us, while, in as straightforward a manner as was possible, we made known our errand.

The reply came without hesitation: "I can do nothing for you; there are only sixteen seats in the ladies' gallery, and among the many desiring admittance these are soon taken. But—are you—two girls—alone in London?"

"Oh, no, we have friends."

Seeing nothing could be effected here, we registered our names in the visitors' book, and descended to the street, where we held a hurried consultation.

There was Sir William Knollys, Usher of the Black Rod, who had special charge of the ladies' gallery. Should we apply to him? No stone should be left unturned; and resolutely we wended our way to the Parliament Houses.

Entering the spacious court-yard, we inquired of Constable No. 1, the way to the honorable gentleman's private office.

Constable No. 7: "Do you mean his kitchen or office door?"

With great dignity: "His office door."

"Can we see Sir William Knollys?" we asked of

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the porter who answered our ring. A secretary stepped forward.

"Do you wish an order?"

"Very much. We are American girls — have heard and read of these great men, and are anxious to see them."

Smiling, he disappeared from the room, but returned in a few minutes with a permit for two ladies at 5 P.M. to the House of Lords, signed "Sir Wm. Knollys." Eagerly seizing the precious document, we expressed our thanks and hastened home.

The appointed hour found us in the noble corridor leading to the Peers' entrance. Glitter and ceremony greeted us on every side, as we passed into the House of Lords. Through the beautiful stained-glass windows, representing kings and queens in royal attire, the light fell softly on the Lord Chancellor seated on the "wool-sack," and two secretaries, who, with their powdered wigs and long black robes, looked strange enough to our unaccustomed eyes.

"The one on the right is Ralph Disraeli; not so smart as his brother by 'alf," whispered our communicative usher.

The other lords, some with their hats on, sat in ordinary dress on the red morocco benches, which were arranged in tiers. The throne in front is for the Queen's use, on those rare state occasions when

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royalty is present; and the chairs on either side are for the Prince and Princess of Wales.

The business of the House was unimportant and the session short. After a motion for adjournment by Earl Granville, the mace-bearer raised the mace — a heavy gold rod, surmounted by a crown — and moved slowly forward, followed by the purse-bearer. The purse was a handsome embroidered bag containing the keys of the treasury. The Lord Chancellor, in his wig and flowing robe, completed the procession; and all three, sweeping by us, disappeared through a side-passage.

Sir William Knollys' secretary now came up and asked if we would like to look over the building. Of course we would. So, following our guide along a broad corridor, we passed straight through the Lords' private room, where several of the peers were conversing familiarly together, and into the great hall just under Victoria tower, through which the Queen enters the House of Lords.

There were immense paintings on the wall, representing the Death of Nelson and the Battle of Waterloo. As one of the peers approached us, it was amusing to see the almost reverential way in which our attendant bowed to his lordship.

The secretary told us we could visit the House of Commons by obtaining a permit from the Speaker. We had been told it was much more difficult to gain

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access to the Commons' than to the Peers' chamber, and had scarcely hoped to be successful; but since a way had been suggested, we determined to make the attempt.

On each side of the corridors leading to the House were long lines of people waiting their turn to enter. Marching boldly by them to the policeman guarding the entrance, we asked to see the Speaker. Taking us, no doubt, for first cousins of that honored dignitary, he directed us through several passages to his private office, where sat the secretary, in silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles, looking as if he had just stepped out of a portrait. We made known our wishes. The secretary was afraid he could do nothing for us, as we were ladies; but if we would wait a moment, he would see. Soon he returned. The Speaker had said he might conduct us to his private gallery.

Could the fates have been more propitious! The hall where the Commons sit is not ornate, like the House of Lords, but more of the members were present, and the interest was much greater. Just below us, in a semi-circle, were the reporters, busy with pen and paper. Opposite was the gentlemen's gallery, and conspicuous among the visitors were two intelligent looking Mongolians, in their native costume.

Suddenly there was a rustling near us, and in swept Mrs. Brand, the Speaker's wife, in a long

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silk dress and flashing diamonds, taking her seat a few feet from us. She had such a pleasant face, we ventured to ask if Mr. Gladstone was present.

"He is not, and probably will not come in before midnight; but that gentleman on the seat yonder, with the dark hair, is Mr. Parnell."

"Do the Liberals sit on the opposite side?"

"Yes, on the right of the Speaker, and the Conservatives and Irish Home Rulers on the left, divided by the aisle."

We glanced at the empty benches of the Conservatives, with only three or four members scattered here and there, and asked, in surprise:

"Are not the Conservatives usually better represented?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; but the Irish members are so tiresome, nobody stays to hear them."

The question concerned the salaries of certain officials connected with the Irish administration. The speeches, especially from the Irish side of the House, were hot and sarcastic. Evidently Mr. Forster had too much to do with the coercion bill, to be a favorite with the irreconcilables.

At last, our curiosity satisfied, we wended our way down the broad stairways, past the waiting carriages in the courtyard, to join our eager friends outside. Our day in Parliament was ended.

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CHAPTER IV.

AN ENGLISH HOME.

ONE morning a charming surprise came to us in the shape of an invitation to visit Lady L., in Highbury Grove. Highbury is an old, aristocratic street, unpretentious in appearance, but occupied by the best families. It lies beyond the din and smoke of the city, and on a level with the ball crowning the dome of St. Paul's; so that the sun will often be seen shining bright and clear there, when it is very foggy "down-town." The houses are of the true London type, plain and dingy, without lawns in front, and with high iron fences, shutting them out from the street. In its exterior, Lady L.'s home is an exception. The walls are a beautiful cream-color, and, with the bright flower-boxes in the windows, the effect was most pleasing.

We arrived after dark. Mrs. A., an old family friend and a guest in the house, met us in the hall, and led the way up-stairs. Our room was large and cheerful, with a wide fireplace, a brass bedstead whose knobs glistened like gold, rugs, mirrors, and easy-chairs. Wax candles were burning on the man-

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tel in place of gas, as the English prefer their softer light in the bedrooms.

Just as we were starting down-stairs with some trepidation, our hostess met us. She was our ideal of an English lady — tall and graceful, with kind brown eyes, brown hair slightly tinged with gray combed smoothly back under her widow's cap, a low musical voice, and captivating smile. She greeted us warmly, taking our hands in both of hers, and saying:

"My dear children, it gives me great pleasure to welcome you to my home."

Descending to the drawing-room, we found a handsome apartment filled with a pleasant odor of burning incense, and softened by the light from the wax candles that shed a mellow glow over the rich furnishings. The furniture was gilt, covered with blue satin. Heavy satin curtains draped the windows, and *portières* fell from the frescoed ceiling to the floor. The walls were not adorned with pictures, but decorated with mouldings, gilding, and elegant mirrors; while Dresden vases, statuary, and costly *bric-a-brac*, were scattered about the room.

At ten o'clock the bell was rung for prayers, and we all went to the dining-room — an apartment that, with its rich mahogany furniture and walls covered with rare and beautiful paintings, reminded us of the one at Windsor Castle, on a smaller scale. In an

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alcove stood the carved sideboard, and on one end of the table two candles were burning in tall silver candlesticks — our only light.

The house-servants came filing in and took their seats. The maids were dressed in black, with black ribbon bound around their white caps; and the men wore a crape band on their sleeve — tokens of respect for Sir Francis L., who had died a short time before. Near the fireplace stood a small stand with the family Bible resting on a crimson cushion. There Lady L. took her seat, and, opening to the black book-mark, herself conducted worship as she had done since the death of her husband.

After breakfast the next morning, we went into the summer parlor, at the rear of the hall, and opening into the drawing-room by folding glass-doors. It was a fairy-like arbor. The tesselated floor was covered with soft rugs. Flowering-plants, arranged in the most artistic manner, filled every nook and corner. The ceiling was a dense growth of vines, from which hung luscious bunches of grapes, with gayly-colored glass balls and silver candlesticks suspended among them. At one end of the room was a fernery; while easy-chairs, dainty little footstools, and tables, were set invitingly around.

The summer parlor opened on the garden. Little rustic houses were discovered in all sorts of

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unexpected places, where Lady L. said she often took her lunch in warm weather. The bright flowers, fruit, green lawn, glossy-leaved holly-bushes, and old English ivy, creeping over the high brick walls that shut in all this beauty from the outside world, made it a charming retreat.

Like all English ladies in high life, Lady L. had her pet lap-dog; and Tasso, nicknamed "Tus," was a favored member of his tribe. His curly coat was scrubbed every day till it looked like wool. He had his own special bone kept on a china plate in the library, ready for use when his dogship required. He went with us to the dining-room, and received bits from the table. If the butler failed to wait upon him, Lady L. at once reprimanded him for lack of attention to her "poor pet." But "poor pet" had a way of getting under the table, and, when we least expected it, snapping at our feet in a way to make us lose all sense of decorum. One day, when a grave barrister, of portly dimensions, was with us at dinner, "Tus" went his usual rounds under the table, and at a solemn turn in the conversation suddenly pounced upon the toes of the unsuspecting barrister. Back went his chair, and up flew his arms, with a half-suppressed shriek. We could not quite keep from laughing; but Lady L. looked up with dignified surprise, and made no comment.

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Our hostess gave a lunch-party one day during our visit. The hour was two. About twenty were present, among them several noted Americans. There was a profusion of flowers upon the table, and the tall centre-piece bore on its very summit, waving in all its glory, a stalk of green corn! This plant never fully ripens in England, and this specimen from the green-house was regarded as a great treasure.

One morning Lady L. invited us to be ready for a drive at eleven. Her ladyship, who was the soul of promptness, came down at the hour appointed, dressed entirely in crape, and took her place on the right-hand side of the back seat; L. and I were allowed in turn to occupy the place of honor beside her. Once she said: "I would change seats and let you both sit on this side, for you could see better; but it would not be etiquette for me to leave my usual place." We drove through the most select quarter of London — Grosvenor Place, Hyde Park and vicinity. Almost every house belonged to some duke or earl. Lady L. said: "These places are stiff with elegance, but it is considered by many an unhealthy part of the city, as so many were buried here during the plague." Afterwards we drove along the Thames embankment and down Whitehall, calling at some of the shops. Lady L. explained to us that "stores" are places where a *variety* of goods are

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sold. They are usually large, and their owners wealthy; but where a specialty is made of one class of articles, the place is called a "shop"—like the grocer's, baker's, umbrella maker's, etc. She thought it very funny that in America we called every little shop, however insignificant, a *store*. It was the custom, she told us, of the nobility, who of course were well able to do it, to buy up bankrupt goods at a small figure, and open large stores, absorbing a great proportion of the public patronage; but she added earnestly:

"It's a great wrong—a very great wrong; for these men are ruining the poor shop-keepers, who cannot begin to compete with them."

The Arcade was especially attractive, with its double row of plate-glass windows, filled with every variety of articles. Although only the better class of stores are found here, our friend told us it would be considered disreputable for a young lady to be seen here alone in the afternoon. In the morning it would be allowable, though it was not thought genteel for an English girl to go on the street at any time without her maid.

One day at lunch Lady L. carved the chicken herself,—remarking that her father taught her to carve when she was a very young girl. She asked if girls were taught to cook in America, and when we replied, "yes, and a good many other prac-

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cal arts," she seemed pleased, and told us that in Holland, where her father and grandfather had lived, girls were taught to do all kinds of work, and one would be considered a lady even if she did darn and spin. She told us she had done a good deal of plain sewing in her life, and always, when she had time, had darned her husband's stockings.

We had company at dinner in the evening. Mr. B. was greatly amused at the flying visits Americans made to places of interest in London; yet he had lived sixteen years in the city and never been inside the British Museum.

Mr. R., a recent graduate from the London University, told us that women were allowed to pass the examinations, though not to take degrees; adding that he firmly believed in women having opportunity for as good an education as men. Lady L. thoroughly disagreed with him, saying:

"I believe young ladies in high positions should have the best governesses, and all the education they want; but such advantages would unfit the poorer classes for their station in life. Instead of being servants or maids, they would all want to be governesses; and then what opening would there be for the daughters of gentlemen, who are obliged to earn their living in some way? Besides, the poorer classes are prone to be coarse even if they are educated."

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The drawing-room, with its soft, subdued light from the tall candles, was a restful place to spend our evenings in. At nine o'clock the butler set out a low table, a silver tray, and dainty china; tea and cake were served — and then, Good-night.

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CHAPTER V.

A SPRAY OF SCOTTISH HEATHER.

OUR reception in Scotland was a wet one. At Melrose, it poured. We gazed up at the dark clouds, that showed no signs of breaking, for a glimpse of the blue beyond; but all in vain. Yet we could not be miserable, with the ivy-clad moss-lined abbey just across the way, and the misty hills, lovely even in wet weather, stretching far beyond.

Below our window ran a quaint little street, with cobble-stone pavement, and rows of low-roofed primitive shops. Almost every tiny window-ledge was bright with pots of blooming plants, and every show-window was attractive with knickknacks carved from the woods grown round the home of Scott.

At last the storm cleared; and after a hurried ramble through the picturesque ruins of the Abbey, gazing with melancholy interest at the spot where the heart of Robert Bruce is said to repose, we started for Abbotsford. The roadside was lined with bright-eyed wild-flowers, nodding clusters of Scotch bluebells, and dewy mosses; while far below us rushed the noisy Tweed over its rocky bed. We passed sweet Scotch homes built of neat granite,

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and substantial stone kirks with low wide-spreading roofs and burial-grounds in the rear.

Soon we came in sight of the Scott mansion — large and hospitable, standing in the midst of beautiful grounds. A granddaughter of Sir Walter, they told us, lived there, and kept the place. The poet's apartments are open to the public. We saw his bed-room, and his private study adjoining, just as he left it, with its stiff book-cases, relieved by the cheerful fireplace, and his arm-chair before the writing-table. The walls of the armory are hung with bristling steel. Here are the shield, sword, and golden spurs of Bruce, and the last suit of clothes Sir Walter wore. The library, a large sunny room, has a fine view of the country around. On the walls of the sitting-room hang some family portraits, among them a very life-like one of Sir Walter when a young man.

Scott lies buried in Dryburgh Abbey. His tomb is within a little enclosure, amid swaying trees, singing birds, and the ivy-covered ruins of the old monastery — a fit resting-place for this lover of nature. We paid our tribute at his grave one morning, and at evening were in Edinburgh.

"The most beautiful city in Europe!" an enthusiastic friend in London had declared; and we were not disappointed. It was hard to realize we were in a city at all, with gently-sloping hills so near us on

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one side, and abrupt mountains on the other, while just behind rose Calton hill, crowned by Nelson's Monument. The streets looked as if they had been scrubbed — they were so white and clean, as we viewed them from our hotel window.

Princes street is in New Edinburgh; and a greater contrast can hardly be imagined than this handsome avenue, lighted by electricity, with its stone blocks, hotels, and statues, and Old Edinburgh, across the park, scarcely a stone's-throw away. To cross to Old Edinburgh is like going into another world. There everything has the air of antiquity. "Cow-gate" and "Cannon-gate" are two of the oldest streets — narrow and crooked, filled with troops of dirty children and quarrelling men and women. The houses, tall and ancient, are crowded together, each having the doubtful ornament of a triangular wooden frame suspended from the sills of the upper windows, where, for want of yard-room, clothes are hung out to dry, like inglorious banners.

On "Cannon-gate" — once the finest street in the city — we saw the house of John Knox, projecting into the street at the "Nether-bow." It was his home for thirteen years, and here he died. We looked out of the very window where he used to stand and preach to the people in the street; and we sat in his oaken arm-chair — the only article that belonged to him remaining in the house.

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Nestled at the foot of a green hill is Holyrood palace, and on the summit of a precipitous wall of rock towers the castle, both haunted by memories of Mary Queen of Scots. Much of the palace is quite modern, but the old tower, containing Mary's apartments, still remains. There is a touching interest attached to everything that once was hers: the little desk her fair fingers handled, the stiff-backed chairs she sat upon, and the dainty bed, with its faded silk coverlet and canopy of embroidered crimson silk, that must have been handsome in its day. Among the ruins of Holyrood Abbey lie the remains of Darnley, but Mary's ashes rest beneath her stately tomb in Westminster.

Our day for the Trosachs was perfect. The stage-coach, with "Roderick Dhu" painted in large letters on a flaming red background, was ready promptly at the hour. Though late in September, the hills were still green; and the heather, if not in the bloom of early summer, was still pretty and abundant. Sheep-bells were heard tinkling far up the mountain-side; snug little farm-houses, tucked away in some cosy nook, peeped out at us from their hiding-places; and sturdy farmers in Highland dress trudged heavily by, followed by their shepherd dogs, and talking in the Gaelic tongue.

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"The Trosachs" properly applies only to a mile and a half of road through a wild gorge shut in by high mountains. Just at the end of the gorge lies Loch Katrine, where the little steamer "Rob Roy" was waiting to take us across to Inversnaid. The loch was calm and beautiful. "Ellen's Isle," thickly-wooded, lay reflected as in a mirror; while above us towered the ragged heights of Benvoirlich and his mates,

> " fantastically set
> With cupola and minaret."

Tarbot is a sheltered little village at the head of Loch Lomond, made up of a big hotel and a few ivy-clad cottages. What a charming place to rest! thought L. and I, as we stepped off the steamer upon the landing, to enjoy the cool breezes for a few days. The hotel was cheerless and deserted; but Miss MacF. always took summer boarders, and gave the best of entertainment. She lived in a snug thatched cottage, one side hidden behind a perfect mat of swaying ivy, and the white wall in front covered with blooming vines of pink and red roses, fuchsias and wild honeysuckle. Two maiden sisters, with their little nephews "Duncan" and "Dugald," and a dear old grandmother, lived here together.

What happy times were those—climbing the hills, rowing on the lake overshadowed by Ben Lomond's shaggy head, and breathing the pure mountain air!

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But our last day came at Tarbot. Miss MacF. spread the round table for dinner in the pretty parlor, and filled the ancestral blue bowls with her most delicious oat-meal porridge and cream; then slipping out she picked us a handful of sweet wild flowers, which were kept long after they had faded, as bright reminders of our visit to the Highlands.

A few days later found us at Kilmarnock, a small manufacturing town twenty miles from Glasgow and ten from Ayr. The memories of certain happy hours spent at Morningside Villa, the lovely home of three true-hearted Scotch lassies, will make it ever seem to us one of the most charming spots in the world.

"Let this be your headquarters, and make excursions to places of interest in the vicinity," chimed in many voices, as, seated around the grate fire in the cheerful breakfast room, we were busy planning for a week of pleasure.

The first bright day was reserved for our trip to Ayr. This quaint little town, with blue hills on one side and the restless sea stretching far away on the other, seemed a fitting birthplace for a poet. The Burns cottage, with its low white walls, stands close by the roadside, only a short walk from Kirk Alloway and within sound of the musical waters of the "bonny Doon," as they wind in and out among the trees.

Never can we forget our call at the home of

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the Misses Beggs, the only living relatives of Robert Burns. A short walk brought us to a neat thatched-roof cottage, facing the sea. A pleasant-looking girl answered our knock, and leading us through a narrow passage-way, swung wide open the sitting-room door. As pretty a picture met our gaze as we could wish to see. A wealth of sunshine was streaming in through the tiny polished windows, lighting up every nook and corner, but resting most lovingly on a dear old lady, who, seated beside the table, near the fire, rose inquiringly from her arm-chair to meet us. She wore a purple dress, very full and flowing, a long white apron, a bright shawl thrown over her shoulders, and on her head a snowy cap, trimmed with purple ribbon, its dainty folds almost concealing the silvery hair beneath. Her calm blue eyes and kindly smile at once disarmed all fear of a cool reception, and we were soon chatting together as familiarly as old friends. Miss Beggs, the elder sister — not so attractive in personal appearance, but beaming with good nature,— soon came in and joined our little circle.

"Do many Americans call to see you?" we asked.

"Oh yes; not long since, a relative of Mr. Garfield, your late President, was here. Poor Garfield! The day of his funeral the flag on Burns's monument was at half-mast."

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"Is that a good portrait of the poet, you have on the wall?"

"It is the best there is; and that one next to it is a picture of my mother, his youngest sister. We are his nieces. Are you fond of his poems?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Would you like to see some of Burns's autograph letters?" they asked. "We have to keep them framed, or they would be carried away by visitors."

An eager assent being given, two letters, yellow with age, were brought down from the chest upstairs and carefully laid on the table. They were penned in a round clear hand, to his brother William in London, and were full of excellent advice, which, if poor Robert himself had followed might have brought him years of life and happiness; such shrewd worldly counsel as that of which he pathetically wrote —

"And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did the adviser."

"May we pick a flower from the garden?" we asked, as we rose to leave. "It would be a pleasant memento of our visit."

"Oh, yes; take all you want. There are some violets growing by the fence, that Robert planted himself. Pick some of them."

We extended our hand for a good-bye shake, but

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the old ladies drew us to them and gave us each a hearty kiss as well. Looking back as we hastened away in the direction of the station, the bright picture of red and purple was still seen fluttering in the doorway, with two hands waving a last adieu.

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CHAPTER VI.

ERIN MAVOURNEEN.

SUCH a time as we had crossing the Irish sea! They told us it was the worst storm since March. Heavy wooden chairs danced like balls around the cabin; drawers flew out of their places, and several times I wildly clutched the sides of my berth, certain that in another minute I should be thrown violently upon the floor. The night seemed an eternity. We wondered how we could ever re-cross the Atlantic, and almost made up our minds to remain forever on that side.

It was nearly eight o'clock in the morning when we left the steamer at Belfast. The porter who helped us off with our satchels asked if we would have a cab or a car. Dizzy and faint, we replied, "A car," without the dimmest notion of the character of that vehicle.

"Here's the car!" he presently shouted, at the same moment throwing our parcels upon it. How we laughed as we eyed the crazy-looking affair!

One unacquainted with the time-honored jaunting-car peculiar to Ireland, can have no conception of himself. We exult and torture of that memorable ride. The

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two seats, their backs together, run lengthwise of the car, which is open on all sides, giving one a fine opportunity to view the country. The foot-rest joggled uncomfortably, and kept us in imminent danger of being thrown into the street; but by holding on with both hands we succeeded in reaching our hotel in safety.

Later in the day Mr. A. called, and took us in his carriage to Wheatfield, his country-seat, near the outskirts of the city. Passing the porter's lodge, we entered the lovely grounds, and were soon at the door of the spacious mansion, where we received one of the warmest of Irish welcomes, and were shown to a cosy room, with a cheerful grate-fire.

As we retired for the night, Mrs. A. said to us: "We have breakfast at half-past ten; but the maid will take coffee to your room at half-past eight."

So, sure enough, next morning we were aroused by a light tap at our door, and in came a maid, bringing a tray with coffee and crackers.

Mrs. A. had two rocking-chairs — the first we had seen since leaving home. She brought them from America in the centennial year, as curiosities.

As Belfast is not the head of a diocese, it is not dignified with the name of city, although it is a place of two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is noted for its large linen and tweed manufactories. Mr. A., our host, owned one of the largest, and showed us

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through the buildings. In the sample-room we saw every variety of handkerchief, from the coarsest cotton to the finest embroidered linen. The amount of work on some of them was wonderful — all done by hand, the wages averaging scarcely more than sixpence a day. Six hundred persons were employed — most of them women and girls. Mr. A. told us he sold more goods to American merchants than to those of any other nation, and that the reason linen cannot be made in our country is that the frosts are so severe it cannot be put out to bleach.

From Belfast there are two routes to the Giant's Causeway — one inland, by rail, the other by jaunting-car, sixty miles along the sea-shore. We chose the latter.

Monday morning early we were at Larne, where we changed to the mail jaunting-car for Bally-Castle, near the Causeway. The driver, Mike O'Neil, was a rough old Irishman. We clearly understood him to say we could make connection with another car at Cairnlough; so we tucked our sea-robes snugly around our feet — for although the day promised to be beautiful, there was sure to be a cool breeze from the sea. At last the huge dray-horses were whipped up, and away we rattled over the cobble-stone pavements.

Evidently our departure was the grand event of the day; for as we rode through the narrow streets

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of the little village, dirty-faced children ran to the doors of the miserable huts they call home, and good-natured men and women along the road shouted "Good-bye, and good lock to ye!"

Cairnlough, which we reached in due time, is a pretty town on "the Irish Bay of Naples."

"Where is the car going to Bally-Castle?" we asked, hastily dismounting, as we remembered Mike could take us no further.

"Och! I meant ye could hire a special car; there is no other mail-car to-day," was the cheerful rejoinder.

This was truly exasperating; but finding it useless to multiply words, we determined calmly to submit to the inevitable. Half mechanically, we crossed the street to a neat little shop in a cottage opposite. A bustling motherly-faced old lady stood behind the counter, and beamed upon us so kindly through her spectacles that we ventured to ask if she knew of any respectable family who could lodge us for the night.

"Bless ye! I can give ye a good, well-aired bed, if that's all ye want; and I'll warrant it'll be clean, if it ain't anything else."

We were only too glad to accept this offer, and were at once led into the little kitchen and left to warm ourselves. Oh, how cheery it was! The floor was stone, but there was a bright rug in front

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of the grate. In one corner sat a parrot on its perch, while two contented-looking cats purred before the fire.

Mrs. Pound presently appeared, arrayed in her best black gown, and a cap with three stiffly-starched ruffles and trimmed with purple ribbons, in honor of our arrival.

"That's the boy I've had to bring up for the last forty years," she chirped, laughingly nodding toward her husband, standing in the doorway. "Hurry up, old man! make a good fire and put on the kettle."

Mr. Pound had spent most of his life on the sea, and, like all jolly tars, had a fluent tongue and ready wit.

"Why," said he, as we sat down to a bountiful dinner of fresh mutton, mealy potatoes, and country milk; "talk about Ireland being poor! The land's flowing with milk and honey! There ha'n't been sich a crop o' potatoes for twenty years; and look at the quality, too! Did ye ever taste o' better? The grain harvest has been first-rate, and meat is cheap. The trouble is, you Americans send over too much money; it makes our people lazy."

They had "raised" a family of ten boys, and Mrs. Pound triumphantly pointed to three temperance

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pledges, framed and hung upon the wall, as she said:

"My old man hasn't touched a drop for ten years; and my boys are following his example."

As the day drew to a close, the candles were lighted and the fire stirred anew, till the corner of the old sea-chest and the plates on the dresser glistened like gold in the bright light.

Our little bedroom was very humble. The floor was carpetless. A large chest stood at one side, and the window, with its pretty white curtain, looked out upon the sea, whose spray occasionally dashed against it.

The first sound we heard in the morning was the familiar tune, "Hold the Fort," played by Mr. Pound on his accordion. A delicious breakfast awaited us in the cozy kitchen. We had three kinds of fish, caught that morning by our host — who had also walked four miles to buy a morning paper, thinking the American girls would like to have news from home.

We had a merry ride to Bally-Castle. The scenery was beautiful, the cliffs rising very high on one side, and the sea, calm and blue, stretching far away on the other. We passed many peasants, both men and women, clad in rags, but full of Irish good-nature. Most of the farm-houses had thatched roofs, and there was an air of thrift about them,

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pleasing to see. A gentleman on the car seemed very familiar with the country, and, when he learned we were Americans, pointed out to us all the objects of interest.

"Do you see that mountain, yonder?" said he. "It is so steep that when the people hoe their potatoes, they have to be tied together with a rope to prevent their falling off."

There was a moment's silence. Then keen-witted L. exclaimed disdainfully:

"Do you expect us to believe that Irish story?"

A hearty burst of laughter followed, but I refrained from confessing that *one* "Innocent abroad" had been placing implicit confidence in every word.

Our road next morning, leading from Cushingdall over the mountains, was beautiful with tiny lakes and broad fields of heather, bordered by grassy banks from which sprang the graceful far-famed shamrock. We passed large bogs of peat, which is very abundant in this part of the country, while cart-loads of dried flax rustled by on their way to the mill.

It was dusk when we reached the Causeway. Finding the hotel closed, as it was past the season, we were driven to the cheerful Temperance Cottage, from which our good friend Mrs. K. hurried out excitedly to meet us.

"Dear me! Do come right out into the kitchen

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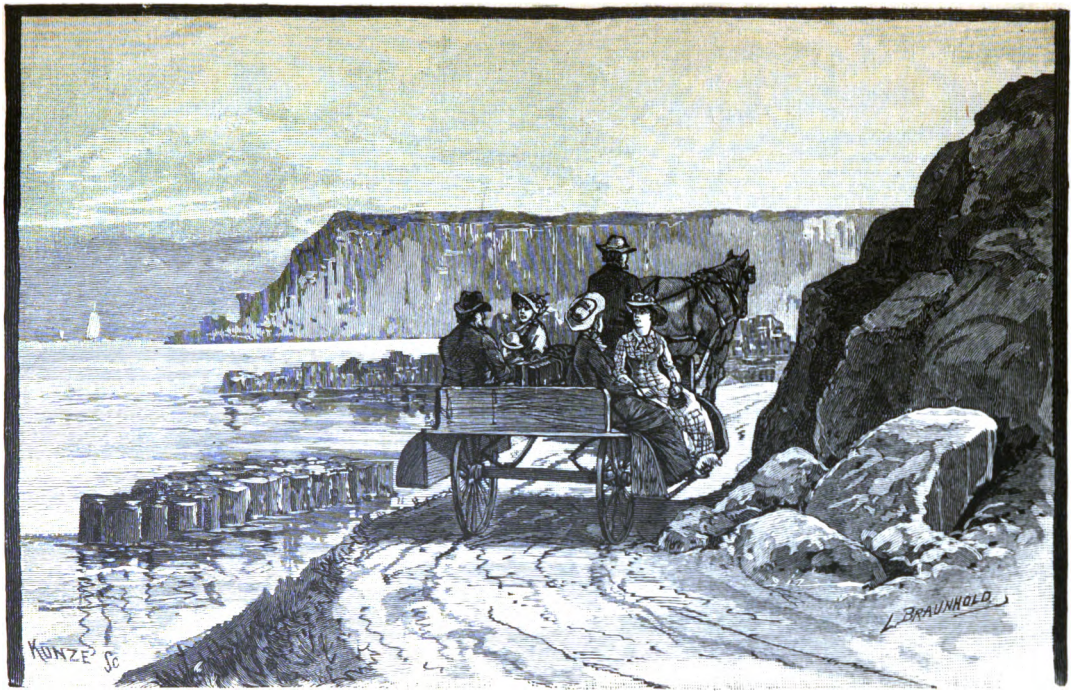

"'DO YOU SEE THAT MOUNTAIN YONDER?' SAID HE."

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whar it is warm, while I make up a good fire in the parlor. If I'd only know'd you were coming! Stir round, now, Mary Jane, and git the young ladies sunthin' to eat. Paddy, do stay, and hev a cup o' tea and some oat cakes, won't ye?"

The wind was high and the breakers threatening next morning. The Causeway is a dismal place in bad weather. We looked from our windows over a dreary waste of sand and sea, and a little later, enveloped in waterproofs, wended our way down the muddy bank to the water's edge. Our craft was large as a life-boat, and manned by four sturdy oarsmen.

"Hurry in; the tide is rising fast, and we've no time to lose!" called the men from the boat.

Mrs. K. watched us anxiously from the shore, as with the spray dashing in our faces we rowed slowly toward the Caves. There are two of them, high and deep, one running back six hundred feet. Sea-snakes lifted their heads out of the dismal green water, and the walls and roof of the cavern were clammy and cold.

"The echo is fine." So said one of the men, and offered to fire off a pistol for our benefit; but the great waves rolling in from the sea, and breaking among the rocks in the distance, resounded loudly enough to satisfy us.

It was a hard pull of a mile and a half from the

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Caves to the Giant's Causeway; and a wild coast it was, looking straight out to the wide-spreading ocean. From the water's edge the pavement gradually rises like a flight of steps to its highest point. The white spray was now dashing high above it, and our hearts trembled as we thought of landing there. Watching a lull in the breakers, one of the sailors sprang on to the rocks — then reaching out his hands to L. and me, landed us safely beside him. We picked our way over the slippery basalt blocks, cut in as perfect prisms as if they had been chiselled by the hand of man. The sea crept up between the crevices and deposited pretty shells and delicate sea-moss. We filled our hands with the dripping beauties, to carry home as trophies of our exploits.

From the Causeway we went to Londonderry,

> "Where Foyle his swelling waters
> Rolls northward to the main,"

and thence to Dublin, and to picturesque Killarney beyond. Three weeks later, we were again looking out upon the sea — but this time from the hills of Queenstown, with our faces toward the east, and a "good-bye" for Green Erin.

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CHAPTER VII.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN BERLIN.

"*À Berlin! à Berlin!*" was the Frenchman's war-cry, as he marched northward, assured of an easy victory; and we, in turn, echoed the refrain, though with a far different meaning.

On Thanksgiving morning, sunny and warm, we made our entry into Prussia's proud capital. After many weeks spent on the wing in Great Britain, a night of misery on the channel, and a few days' sojourn among the volatile French, we were well prepared to enjoy a season of rest among these solid Germans.

Herr Supplitz' *pension* was admirably situated, and our rooms were very comfortable. There was no carpet on the floor, for carpets are rarely used here. In one corner stood the tall porcelain stove, which we innocently mistook, on first sight, for a clothes-press. A light fire was made early in the morning, and then allowed to go out; but our room remained warm all day. We had a fearful struggle with the feather-beds, but proved no match for them. After a week's experience of perspiring one half the night, and shivering through the other half, a frantic

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appeal was made to Fraulein for a quilt covering,—much to her surprise at our depraved tastes.

The busy streets presented an ever-varying panorama, whose phases we never grew tired of studying. There were sooty but merry chimney-sweeps shouldering their brushes; a butcher's boy clattered by in his wooden shoes; then came fantastically dressed peasant women, in short red-flannel petticoats and flowing head-gear of linen or cotton; hack-drivers, in blue, who *hiss* when they see you in danger of being run over; and last, but not least, a University student, peering gravely through his glasses, or proudly displaying the slashes on his face, received in some recent combat.

"Surely, this is the land of giants!" we exclaimed again and again, as some square-shouldered officer in splendid uniform brushed by, or a troop of soldiers in glittering helmets marched along the street. One entire regiment consisted of men six feet tall.

"If war should be declared this morning," said a friend, "in twenty-four hours there would be a million men ready to obey the commands of the emperor. We have not the largest army in the world, but the best organized."

"It must impoverish your country to support so many soldiers," we said to a thrifty farmer.

"No," he replied, "for wages are very low, and

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they would become still lower if all these soldiers were allowed to engage in labor."

One of the drollest sights in the streets of Berlin, and yet one that always excited our pity, was the large number of dogs made to serve as substitutes for horses. They reminded us of the mice in the story of Cinderella — only the coach in this case was a large and often heavily-laden cart. But they submitted quite cheerfully to their tasks, until some impudent cur, rejoicing in the sweets of liberty, would flounce his tail in front of their very noses, which was too much even for dog-nature to endure. We were much amused watching from our window the baker's dogs across the street. The cart was brought to the door, and at the proper time these sagacious animals would gravely step up and station themselves in front of it, waiting to be harnessed, often barking with delight at the prospect of starting off. There is a stringent law in Prussia compelling every member of the canine tribe to wear a muzzle; a wise precaution, as many of them, like the people, attain an enormous size.

Although most foreigners come to Berlin for study, it is a city by no means devoid of interest to the ordinary tourist. The Aquarium is one of the finest in Europe. It is built under-ground; the walls and ceilings are in imitation of solid rock, and represent nature in her wildest moods. Through the glass

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windows along the sides, where the rock is made to represent the strata below the surface of the ocean, curious fishes are seen swimming in the water, and corals and polyps unfolding their delicate tentacles. The beautiful water-plants, exquisitely colored, pink, red, white, and brown, are transported from the bed of the sea, and seem to thrive as well here as in their native soil.

Potsdam is the most picturesque suburb of Berlin. Here is the Sans Souci palace — the favorite residence of Frederick the Great, which remains almost as he left it. Near it is the New Palace, used as a summer residence by the Crown Prince and his family. This is a magnificent building. In one marvellous apartment of vast dimensions, the entire walls and ceiling are veneered with mother-of-pearl, and every variety of precious stones — producing a most dazzling effect by gaslight.

Bilse is to Berlin what Theodore Thomas is to New York; and his fine orchestral concerts, given every night, attract crowds of music-lovers. Passing through a broad corridor, we suddenly enter the brilliantly-lighted hall. The scene here presented is thoroughly German. All about the room are scattered little tables around which the people are seated, conversing in a most social manner. The *loges*, in the second and third galleries, are fitted up with sofas and easy chairs, where the ladies remove

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their wraps and occupy themselves with fancy-work, or sip beer and eat ices with the gentlemen. The moment the music begins, every whisper ceases, and not a sound is heard till the last note is struck — though between the overtures the waiters fly excitedly about, serving their customers. The "Tunnel" is a room in the basement, where the members of the band retire between the parts, for refreshment. Wednesday and Saturday nights, smoking is forbidden in the concert hall before nine o'clock; but at other times it is allowed all the evening.

Everybody who visits Berlin attends service at the Dom. This is one of the oldest Lutheran churches, and chiefly attractive because the Emperor and his family attend service here. He has an apartment in the gallery at the right of the pulpit. We saw him one Sunday — a fine-looking man, with a kindly face.

As the holidays draw near, great preparations begin in the merry "Deutschland" for the Christmas festivities. Our Fraulein was busy with a great washing, for she solemnly declared that if any were done the next week, some one in the family would surely die. The handsome stores in Unter-den-Linden and Frederickstrasse were filled with beautiful displays of goods. But we preferred the little toy-shops that attracted such crowds of flaxen-haired "Carls" and "Gretchens," who, with their

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funny little knapsacks strapped on their backs, were often tempted to loiter on their way home from school; and we with them flattened our noses against the window-pane and peered lovingly at the "beauties" spread out before us. Such wonderful "cookie hearts," ornamented with pink and white sugar, with a motto in the centre! such rows upon rows of little pink candy pigs, to be presented as gifts of good luck! Such huge piles of gingerbread, with nuts imbedded in the top! and, most important of all, such famous *pfefferkuchen*, or "honey-cakes," without which the Germans think they cannot celebrate Christmas! Indeed, the position and wealth of a family are largely measured by the quantity of these dainties bought for the holiday season.

"Only think!" exclaimed a good *frau*, who had just invested twelve marks in this way; "that woman in the store with me only spent *four* marks for *pfefferkuchen!* and she was well-dressed, too."

Christmas trees, of all kinds and sizes, adorned the sidewalks and filled the open squares; for every family, no matter how poor, must indulge in this luxury once a year.

"Are there any children in your family?" we asked the young woman at the little bakery on the corner, as the tree was being trimmed in the side-room.

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"Oh, no," was the ready reply, "but there are the servants and ourselves; we want one."

The place most frequented at this merry season is the *Lustgarten.* This is a fine open square in the centre of the city, where the country people gather several weeks before the holidays. Here they set up rows of canvas booths and display for sale the myriads of toys they have been busy making during the year. The scene is a lively one at all times, but the excitement reaches its height in the evening, when the lamps are lighted, and the crowds of pleasure-seekers throng the place. A perfect babel of voices is heard on every side. Hideous "jumping-jacks" are dangled before our faces, toy bears perform their antics for our especial benefit, and venders of every conceivable article scream in our ears.

As we examined the wooden toys for which Germany is so celebrated, some of them showing skillful workmanship, "Aunt Jo's" well-known couplet came to mind:

> "The children of Holland take pleasure in making
> What the children of Boston take pleasure in breaking."

The excitement lasts till late in the evening, when the merry-makers disperse, to gather again the next night more jubilant than ever.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A GERMAN CHRISTMAS.

OUR festivities began on Christmas eve, with an entertainment at the Moravian church. The "Christian Brethren," as members of this sect are called, form quite a little community in Berlin; and Fraulein F., who gave us tickets, assured us we might expect something very interesting.

The exercises were to begin promptly at five o'clock, and the brilliantly-lighted audience-room was well-filled at an early hour. The minister — a large, fine-looking man — was in the pulpit, and seated on benches near him, facing the audience, were the teachers — all women. Each one wore white cotton gloves, a white cape, and the daintiest of mull caps, puffed, frilled, and trimmed with narrow bands of colored ribbon. All the children were adorned with the same novel head-gear, and the effect was most charming — especially on one roguish little girl in front of us, whose saucy pink bows seemed quite in harmony with the mischievous twinkle in her eyes.

The service, with the exception of a short prayer and scripture reading, consisted entirely of song, the

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school and congregation alternating with the choir. During the exercises, and without any break in the singing, a cup of tea and a bun were served to each one present. We were sure that among so many, some broken china would be carried out; but no accident happened in this orderly assembly. Indeed, it was almost painful to see so many well-behaved children. Having once ventured a remark in an undertone to a friend, we observed a lady near by gazing reproachfully at us, and suddenly remembered that during the entire evening not a person had been seen to whisper. The gentlemen occupied seats on one side of the room, the ladies on the other. Just as the entertainment was closing, a side-door opened, and the teachers, led by the lady principal, stepped gravely forth, each bearing a tray of lighted candles. These were distributed among the children, as emblematic of the Christ-child, who came as "a light into the world," one Christmas night many years ago.

Our German friend Herr W., and his family, who had kindly invited us to their home to share in the evening's festivities, were full of excitement. While the father and mother were adding the finishing touches to the tree, the children gathered outside the door, and sang carols till the tinkling of the bell announced that all was ready. How merry and delighted everybody was! Tho

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presents were not hung upon the tree, as with us, but placed at its foot, or around the room; still the tree was very beautiful, and laden with a wealth of pretty little trinkets, many of which are not found in America — such as curious "cookie" dolls, rosy apples covered with gold tissue, etc. Candy is expensive in Germany, and only the wealthy enjoy that luxury.

Children of Christian families are not taught to believe in Santa Claus, but are told that the gifts come from their parents in remembrance of the birth of Christ. "It seems strange," said a friend one day, "that in civilized America you cherish an idea so heathenish in its origin, and even introduce St. Nicholas into your Sunday-school entertainments."

Christmas morning we visited the military church. The soldiers, in dress uniform, crowded the vast audience-room. It was a grand sight. At the peal of the organ the whole assembly arose. There was a glitter of epaulettes and clanking of swords; then from hundreds of lips the anthem burst forth, and swelled aloft till the very arches resounded with the choral strains.

Monday morning, just as the first hues of approaching day began to light up the eastern sky, two shivering girls might have been seen hastening along the deserted streets in the direction of a large Lutheran Sunday-school, whose Christmas celebration was to begin precisely at seven o'clock. The

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well-warmed chapel was an agreeable change from the damp foggy air without. In the centre of the room rose the tall tree, with a beautiful gilt star glistening from its topmost branch.

The children, happy and expectant, were in their places, and evidently much more wide-awake than some of the rest of us. We wondered how many American boys and girls would have left their warm beds so early on a cold winter morning, to be present at a Sunday-school entertainment. The exercises were somewhat monotonous, and consisted chiefly of singing and speaking by members of the school, each one of whom received a Scripture card as a reward of merit. No *bon-bons* or fruit were distributed, and the children were dismissed without the crowning pleasure of seeing the tree untrimmed.

"Would you like to accompany me to the country to-morrow and see how Christmas is celebrated among the peasantry?" asked our good friend, Herr W., a hard-working pastor in Berlin.

No need of repeating this delightful invitation—even if it did mean rising at five o'clock. The choir had been invited to go too, so there was quite a party of us to take tickets at the station. In a very short time the little village was reached where began our long walk of four miles directly into the open country. We set out merrily, but had not gone far when a loud "hurrah!" arrested our attention, and looking up we

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saw coming toward us a large wagon drawn by two huge horses. It was too late to meet us at the cars, but was very welcome even then, for it was hard work battling against the cold wind. It was a queer old wagon, with slanting sides, straw in the bottom to keep our feet warm, and soft meal bags for seats. Clambering upon the shafts, and thence to our places, we were soon rolling rapidly over the hard road. Our driver was a jolly farmer, bundled up to his ears in furs, and had a droll way when he laughed of throwing his head back and exclaiming, "*Ach so! ach so!*"

Soon we drew up before a snug farm-house, where a motherly dame met us at the door, and led us into the "best chamber," filled with a pleasant odor of sweet apples. While we gathered around the stove, trying to warm our stiffened fingers, the good *frau* placed upon the table a pitcher of steaming coffee, and great plates of Christmas cake, or "sweet-bread," as we would call it. "Eat all you can," said Herr W., "for nothing will please these friends more." No urging was needed, and the good things disappeared as though by magic.

After this, we had only time for a flying visit to the kitchen, with its cold brick floor, and a peep at the well-filled barns, before dinner was announced. Upon the centre of the table was set an immense tureen filled with savory soup, from which each one

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was served bountifully. After this first course, what remained in our dishes was carefully poured back into the tureen and our plates were returned to us. Our spoons were exchanged for pewter knives and forks, and the soup was followed by generous supplies of boiled goose and potatoes. In spite of the primitive style in which this dinner was served, I doubt whether any of us ever enjoyed one more. Half an hour later, another pitcher of hot coffee and plate of sweet-bread were set on the table, and we were expected to help ourselves.

In the afternoon we visited a little village two miles distant. As we hurried over the smooth roads, which must be fine in summer, our eyes vainly wandered about for a mountain or hill to break the monotony of the scene. The soil, they told us, is not rich, and needs to be constantly fertilized. The cereals grow freely, but apples and pears are the only fruit that can endure the cold of that northern climate. Most of the farmers in that region are thrifty, and have cozy, substantial homes. The one-story houses are built of a kind of cement, or stucco, to imitate stone, and are painted a light pink, green, brown, or white, while the quaint low-tiled roofs reach half-way down their walls.

The Sunday-school celebration was held in the evening. The Town Hall had been hired, and every corner of it was filled long before the time for begin-

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ning. The little girls had their yellow hair braided tightly around their heads, and the little boys' faces had been washed so clean they fairly glistened. The exercises passed off beautifully. The children stepped forward, made their funny little bows, recited their pieces in a perfectly parrot-like manner, and returned to their seats crowned with the laurels of success. What matter if, during some Casabianca effusion, the superintendent straightened a boy's collar, or adjusted his position? The speech sounded just as well, and everybody was delighted.

The little house across the street, where we spent the night, was neat as wax. We were given the front room. Its floor was sanded, and in one corner stood the Christmas tree, from which the ginger-cake men were still dangling. Between the windows was a wooden table holding several beer-mugs. A temporary bed was made for us by placing some chairs against the bench that extended along the side of the porcelain stove. We slept between two feather beds, which had been previously slipped into clean pink calico cases.

Long before daylight the next morning, we were conveyed back to the station — our sole light, the flickering flame from the lanterns, and our chief comfort the hunch of cake we held in our hands and guarded with jealous care.

A few days later, just as the midnight bells were

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ringing out their merry peals, there suddenly burst upon the air loud cries of "Happy New Year!" The excitement increased, till it seemed as if the inmates of every home had rushed upon the streets to join the glad chorus — "Happy New Year! Happy New Year!"

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CHAPTER IX.

NUREMBERG THE ANCIENT.

"Quaint old town of toil and traffic,— quaint old town of art and song;
Memories haunt thy pointed gables, like the rooks that round them throng."

"COME, wake up! In five minutes we will be in the city!" And Fraulein Kesler accompanied her words with an energetic shake. Drowsily we rose from our cramped position on the car-seat, where we had been trying to rest a little during the long hours of the night, while in troubled dreams there had come to us sweet visions of "Pullman sleepers" and soft berths. It was not yet three o'clock in the morning. The outer world was hidden in impenetrable blackness, and the damp chilly air that crept in through the window-casings made us draw our warm robes more closely about our shoulders.

"Isn't it beautiful! And this is travelling for pleasure! Oh, isn't it nice!" cried a voice from the corner, in broken English.

But we only laughed at the cynical words, remembering that our German friend had poor health, and did not always look at life through rose-colored spectacles.

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The train rushed into the station, and by some mysterious agency we were transferred, bag and baggage, to our place in the omnibus. Up and down, in and out, round and round, we went through a maze of narrow streets, and were finally whirled into the court-yard of the Bavaria Hotel.

What a rambling old house it was!— counting its years by centuries, and crowded as full of histories as its corners were of dust. As we went up the creaking stair-case, and through the echoing halls, our eyes suspiciously searched each dark passage, half expecting to discover some opening leading to secret chambers, or to witness some startling metamorphosis in the strange devices that adorned the yellow walls.

The sleepy porter unlocked the door of our room. By the flickering light of his single candle, we faintly discerned beds in a distant corner, screened by heavy green curtains. Overhead was a panelled ceiling of dark wood, and near the door stood the stove, the object of our warmest hopes.

"Will the porter make a fire?" L. asked in German.

"Oh, certainly," he replied, and disappeared.

After long waiting, a fumbling was heard on the other side of the wall. What could the man be doing? I ran to the door and peeped curiously out. There in the hall crouched our good genius, busily

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shovelling coal into the mouth of a fire-box which he assured us was attached to our stove. We watched the process with interest, then returned to our room to enjoy its effect. But the moments dragged wearily by. We sat for an hour bundled up in shawls, patiently pressing our numb fingers against the cold porcelain, that gave no indication of heating before noon; and finally, in chill despair, descended to the breakfast-room.

A few hours later, well-equipped with mufflers, overshoes, and umbrellas, we started out for a stroll. The morning sun had not yet dissipated the mist that hung over the city, giving it a decidedly sombre appearance.

"I don't see much art or song about this!" exclaimed L., rather impatiently, as we picked our way cautiously over the frosty road, with the cold wind blowing in our faces.

But in spite of the few discomforts, it was impossible not to feel some enthusiasm as we explored this strange town, so unlike any we had ever seen, or shall ever see again. It is a monument of the past — the only city in Germany that has successfully defied all attacks from enemies, and baffled the ravages of "modern improvements." It is the only place that can boast of handing down to the present generation an undespoiled bit of the Middle Ages.

The Pegnitz divides the town into two parts, and

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is crossed by eight small but substantial stone bridges. The perspective from one of them is peculiarly striking. The banks are lined with old-fashioned mills, and with rows of irregular, deformed looking dwellings, of every shape and variety. Where the shores slope to the water's edge, we saw bevies of women washing clothes on pumice stones, and hanging them to dry on the numberless balconies projecting over the stream, where these unromantic garments, representing every color of the rainbow, appeared gayer still against a background of dark unpainted wall.

The houses of Nuremberg are indescribable. If Dickens had seen them he would surely have said, as he did of the porches on the Corso in Rome: "If year after year, and season after season, it had rained houses, hailed houses, snowed houses, blown houses, they could scarcely have come into existence in a more disorderly manner." In general aspect they are much alike; tall and slim, with slanting roofs and sharp gables. The windows, steeple-like, rise in the side to the very peak, although it is certain no human beings of ordinary dimensions could inhabit a chamber so contracted. The façades are sometimes plain, but oftener adorned with half-obliterated frescoes, or grotesque statues, in stucco, of gnomes and wizards, that stare at you with open mouths and horrid countenances. The

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tiled roofs are ornamented with castellated chimneys, fanciful cupolas, turrets, and low eye-shaped windows, apparently serving the sole purpose of affording hiding-places to the rooks that swarm about them.

The crooked streets branch off in all directions, following their own sweet will, which is very vacillating. Let no one vainly imagine he can take a "short-cut" in Nuremberg — either he will find himself, to his chagrin, in an opposite quarter of the city, or after spending hours in wandering through a web of devious by-ways, wearied and bewildered, will suddenly see before his eyes the very object he has so long been seeking.

The people, like the city, are thoroughly unique. The boy with a great basket of crisp pretzels strapped on his shoulders, and the fat babies snuggled cosily between soft feather beds, in their high carriages drawn by the elder sisters, are sights common enough in other German cities, but they possess a peculiar charm when seen among these quaint surroundings.

Here the "Woman's Rights" question assumes a new aspect. Leaving their little ones to the care of Providence, the wives take their place by the side of their husbands, cleaning the roads, sawing wood, selling newspapers, and engaging in other like work, with great determination. It was interesting to watch them as they gathered in little companies around the wooden pumps to draw water. Placing

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75 "BUT THE MARKET-PLACE HAD THE LIVELIEST INTEREST."

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the enormous funnel-shaped cans under the spout, the women chatted busily while waiting for them to fill; then, fastening the heavy burdens upon their backs, padded to relieve the weight, they marched bravely away, often without spilling a drop, though the cans were full to the brims.

But the market-place had the liveliest interest. Here could be bought every article imaginable, from a pair of wooden bellows to a chest of drawers or a jar of sour-krout. The square was lined with rude stalls and country wagons. Many of the goods — such as dishes, shoes, cheese, beds, etc. — were placed on the ground. Order was wholly disregarded, and would, indeed, have been quite out of keeping with the place. The voices of the people sounded like the busy hum of bees in a hive. Carrying about with them a small pan of hot coals to keep their hands warm, they laughed good-naturedly at our questions, and seemed as contented in the little world in which they live, and as unconcerned about the future, as the very birds.

Nuremberg is noted for the manufacture of three articles: "Faber" lead-pencils, wooden toys, and *pfefferkuchen*. Although the latter article is found in many other cities, none is considered quite so good as that made in the quaint old town among the Franconian hills.

The city has the honor of being the birthplace

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of at least one supremely great man — Albrecht Dürer; and many shop windows are adorned with a variety of articles carved in ivory, commemorative of the artist and his works. His grave is in St. John's cemetery. Following the direction of the old walls to the outskirts of the city, we came in sight of the massive gate-posts of this ancient burial-ground. The heavy tombstones, stained with the storms of many a winter, lie flat upon the ground. Each one, with scarcely an exception, was covered with a profusion of flowers, either natural or artificial, sometimes with beautiful wreaths of evergreen or *immortelles*. We often found a touching tribute to the dead in the little cedar Christmas trees that were attached to the four corners of the graves, and trimmed by loving hands with paper angels and roses.

Suddenly, as we stood there, the bell began tolling for a funeral. Entering the little chapel near by to make inquiries, we came unexpectedly upon a scene that almost made us shudder. We were in the "dead house"; and in the room beyond lay two corpses, with richly-mounted coffins beside them. In the lifeless hands was placed the bell-wire; and on the morrow, if they should not waken, the remains would be interred, to make room for others. We had often read of this strange custom, but never before felt its ghastly reality. The

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chambers admit the broad daylight; the watchmen walk about with unhushed tread, and speak with unbated breath. Once the old janitor passed through, with a steaming bowl of soup in his hand — stopping a moment to glance at the face of death.

The tomb of Albrecht Dürer is very simple, and one among the few in the cemetery that is not embellished with a small statue of his "Christ on the Cross."

The museum of old relics is full of interest to the antiquarian. Here, in endless variety, are household utensils, furniture, and works of art, collected from castle, church, and convent. But most astonishing of all are the stately stoves, that must have been modelled after Indian pagodas. They are highly ornamented, and invariably contain a niche at the back where the baby, after being comfortably buttoned up in a cotton-bag, is laid for his morning nap.

Nuremberg is in size the second city in Bavaria, and claims a hundred thousand inhabitants. Perhaps the crowning oddity of this far-famed town is its august ruler — a descendant of the Maximilians, of whom his subjects say: "As a *citizen*, he would be called insane; but as the *King*, he is simply eccentric."

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CHAPTER X.

ROME.

WE arrived in Rome at the height of "the season," and found the city alive with tourists. We met them everywhere — on the pinnacle of St. Peter's and in the cells of the Catacombs; always carrying the red-covered "Baedeker" — rather an unromantic companion for a quiet stroll through the ruins of the Forum or Coliseum. Their peculiar characteristics made it easy to distinguish the different nationalities. The English were marked by self-conscious dignity; the French, by incessant chatter; the Germans, by their fresh open faces; and the Americans by their stylish outfit and lavish expenditure.

We reached the city at six in the morning. All that long January night we had sat in the cars, bundled in shawls, with our feet on the hot-boxes, vainly trying to keep warm. As the omnibus rattled along the winding streets to the hotel, we peered shiveringly out of the window, wondering if this could indeed be Italy, the land of sunshine and warmth; yet there were the leaves on the trees and the playing fountains.

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After a rest of several hours, we awoke with a blaze of yellow light streaming full in our faces. The sunshine was glorious. We ran to our window and looked down on the hilly street below, lined with braying donkeys and soft-eyed Italian peasants. "Oh, how lovely!" we cried delightedly; for, dear as other places were to us, Rome was the city of our dreams.

After a few days we took apartments in a "palace" near the sparkling waters of the Trevi fountain. In Rome everybody lives in a palace, or "palazzo"—the dignified title applied to the grim mansions which are sometimes large enough to accommodate a dozen or more families. Climbing four flights of stone stairs, we stood at the door of our pleasant parlor, which was flooded with sunshine and full of the sweet pure air one gets in Rome only in the upper stories.

"Be sure and make your contract in black and white," warned friends, who had lived twelve years in Italy; "you cannot trust the Italians."

So everything was put on paper: first, a certain number of francs per month for the rooms; then a long list of extras — fire, light, washing, even the laundering of the towels. Just opposite the iron beds, adorned at head and foot with colored pictures of pretty Italian boys, was the stone fireplace. We had chosen the room, partly for this accessory, and

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deposited in Signora's kitchen a box of wood and another of kindling, but we rarely had a fire. Even after we would light one, such constant application of the bellows was needed to keep it alive that we preferred to warm ourselves in the outdoor sun. The Italians use braziers, but are generally averse to fires of any kind. The grave and dignified Signora and laughing black-eyed Signorina were very kind, and extremely neat — for Italians. Our rooms were kept attractive and orderly. The family were honest in their way, but we were advised to keep all our smaller articles locked up. One day when we came in from a walk, L. missed her ulster. Happening at that minute to glance out of the window, we saw Signorina arrayed in the identical garment, unconcernedly promenading to and fro. She presently came in and gave it back to us, but apparently without the least idea that she had taken any undue liberty.

We had our dinners sent in from a restaurant, after the Italian fashion. At the hour appointed, a knock was heard at the door. Opening it, there stood a tall black-haired Italian, with a large tin box poised on his bare head. Stepping into the room, with a silent courtesy he set it on the floor and departed. We lifted the lid, thinking there must be a supply for an army. Inside were two compartments, separated by a partition. In the upper one were placed

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the covered dishes — four, five, or six, according to the number we had ordered; and underneath was a little pan of hot coals to keep them warm. The next day the waiter came with a new box and carried away the old. We paid weekly at the restaurant, with a small fee to the carrier.

From one of our windows we looked far down into a winding, crooked little street below, without sidewalks, and always filled with a noisy, animated throng. How often, in the twilight, we watched the merry gambols of the children! How we pitied the patient donkeys, trudging meekly along under their heavy burdens, or laughed at the light-hearted girl who poised on her head the basket in which was seated a crowing baby; or, casting our eyes upward, vaguely wondered why the lamp was not burning in front of the little shrine on the corner of the house opposite, or tried to count the tiles on the roofs, that resembled flower-pots laid on their side and placed one within the other.

Once, a funeral procession passed by. There was a band of monks, dressed in yellow gowns and hoods, devoutly intoning their Latin prayers, followed by various orders of priests carrying lighted candles, and surrounding the bier, which was covered with a rich black velvet mantle embroidered with gold and adorned with pictures of skulls and cross-bones.

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One of our favorite resorts in Rome was the Forum. Its broad area is quite open, and the morning sun fell unobstructed upon the unsheltered pavement. How it lit up the old worn stones, and wreathed about the columns, and danced in and out among the shadowy places! Only those that lay deepest in the shadows were untouched by it sometime during the day. We used to lean over the light balustrade that separated the road above from the ruins, and look dreamily down upon the white pavement, away to the spot where Cicero thrilled Rome with his eloquence, and where Cæsar, Pompey and Cataline walked, till those stern old Romans in their flowing togas seemed to waken into life before our eyes.

As the sun grew warmer, little green lizards crept out from between the damp stones, and dainty wild-flowers lifted up their glad faces to cheer us. All around on the steps of ruined temples and old churches, lounged groups of lazy Italians, dressed in gay native costumes and earning a scanty livelihood by sitting as models for artists. The Italians are proverbially fond of the sunshine, and whole families will camp, day after day, in some sunny spot, eating, sleeping, or doing coarse embroidery on woollen cloth.

The Forum lies in the centre of old Rome, only a few minutes walk from the Coliseum, beyond the

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Arch of Titus, and still nearer to the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine. St. Peter's and the Vatican are in an opposite direction — across the Tiber. The first time we visited the Vatican, the people were just dispersing after one of the Pope's receptions. Scarlet-robed cardinals rolled away in their closed coaches, and ladies in black dresses and veils — for no woman can see His Holiness unless in this attire — crowded down the stair-cases. When the way was clear, we hurried by the Swiss guards and up the marble steps to the picture galleries; but had scarcely entered the Raphael Stanze when an officer hurried us excitedly back into the hall and shut the door. Recovering from our fright sufficiently to peer through the key-hole, we caught a glimpse of that august dignitary, the pope himself, robed in crimson velvet, as he was carried in his pontifical chair through the hall by his attendants.

Our three chosen haunts in the Vatican were the Raphael Stanze — the room containing the Transfiguration and Last Sacrament of St. Jerome — and the Sistine Chapel. But art study is wearying, if it is delightful. Many a long hour we sat in front of the "Last Judgment," before its half obliterated confusion of figures arranged themselves in satisfactory order. The ceiling frescoes were even worse. It was amusing to watch the different attitudes people assumed for the purpose of seeing

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them to the best advantage. Some placed a small cushion on the round of the seat behind them, and rested their necks upon that, while they looked up. Others lay down upon the seat, or walked over the floor, relieving their position by viewing the frescoes from different standpoints.

Once the silence in the Chapel was broken by the door opening, and a noisy crowd of tourists rushing in, led by a bustling little French guide. The man was panting for breath; but without stopping to recover himself, began at once:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Sistine Chapel. Here you will find, if you observe, the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo, a magnificent production. Above your heads are the ceiling frescoes. I will name them,"—and away he rattled through the entire list, then turned to the wall paintings, which were disposed of with equal alacrity.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he concluded, "we will pass on"; and he disappeared through the door, followed by his whole company. They had hardly been in the room ten minutes.

But the Vatican does not possess all the art treasures of Rome. They are scattered everywhere through the city, and many a long search we had up and down the crooked streets to find some old church, where, in a dark side chapel, behind a dingy curtain, some small gem of art was hidden

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away. Each church claims at least one relic which it guards with jealous care.

In the Rospigliosi palace on the Quirinal is Guido Reni's "Aurora." No painting in Rome surprised and entranced us more. There is something indescribably lovely in the harmony of its delicate ethereal tints. More than any other picture, the "Aurora" seems to need color to give it the true effect; and after seeing the original, the engravings look lifeless. The contrast between the deep blue of the water, veiled by the shadow that overspreads the land, and the radiant company above — the glowing Phœbus in his gold-tinted chariot, the yellow flame from the torch in the cherub's hand, the purplish clouds, and the many-hued garments of Aurora, as she drops her bright flowers on the earth, — make a combination of beautiful effects one must see to appreciate.

Guido Reni's "St. Michael," so much admired and criticised, hangs in the obscure church of St. Maria della Concezione. After we had seen this picture, one of the monks from the adjoining abbey showed us the burial-ground of his order. It consists of four half-subterranean chambers, whose walls are decorated, in the most fanciful and profuse manner, with human bones. Many little chapels are built entirely of skulls, and standing just within the entrance of each is the skeleton of a monk in

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his gown and cowl. The chambers are so full that when a monk dies, the oldest skeleton must be removed to make a place for him; but it is considered a great honor to be buried here, for all the dust sprinkled over the graves is brought from "holy Jerusalem."

When we first lifted aside the heavy leathern curtain within the walls of St. Peter's, we had a feeling of disappointment; but as we wandered under its lofty arches and lost ourselves in the maze of its aisles and chapels, the wondrous cathedral became to us, what it really is, the grandest in the world. A walk around its outside walls gave us the best idea of its vast area, and a hot climb one morning to the very heart of the brazen ball was conclusive evidence of its enormous height.

There is nothing gloomy about St. Peter's. It is light and cheerful, with no dingy curtains, tawdry finery, and cobwebbed corners, to mar the effect of its white marbles, mosaics, and sculptures. From some one of the side chapels we could always catch the sound of worship, whose intonations mingled with the echoing footfalls of the people over the marble floor.

Some faces grew very familiar to us, for we saw them every time we visited the church. One old woman in particular, worn and wrinkled, with, evidently, but a few years of life left her, had a favorite

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corner where she would crouch on the cold marble, and count her beads by the hour, while the warm tears rolled down her cheeks.

Once, on a holy-day, we witnessed a grand procession here. From the various chapels came a large company of priests and choir-boys, all robed in their gay festival gowns, white, purple, scarlet, profusely adorned with gilt and lace. They formed in line — first, three priests bearing aloft large golden lamps, followed by eight men with a huge picture. Then came a company of little boys carrying banners; after these, a poor man bowed under the weight of a heavy oaken cross entwined with evergreens; then another man bearing an image of Christ on the cross; and a long procession of priests and boys, in whose midst walked the corpulent bishops, under a faded canopy elevated by eight men. As the procession slowly made the round of the church, chanting their Latin prayers, all good Catholics dropped on their knees.

One of the most remarkable places in Rome is the famous quarter of the Jews — or, as it is usually called, the "Ghetto," from a Hebrew word signifying "abandoned." It is only since the early years of the reign of Pius IX. that the walls of the Ghetto have been thrown down, and its inhabitants released from the oppressive laws that so long constrained them. It is said the Pope first expressed his kindly

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feeling toward this race by giving alms to a mendicant. When some one exclaimed, "He is a Jew!" the reply was, "What does that matter? he is a *man*."

The Jewish population is estimated at thirty-eight hundred, but the space covered by their dwellings is less in size than that occupied by a small town of six hundred inhabitants. It is like entering a new world to step within the boundary of these contracted precincts. The people sit out-of-doors, busily sewing or culling their dingy wares, of which they have collected an inexhaustible variety; for almost everything can be bought here, from a brazen kettle to a Turkish rug. The Ghetto claims now its own schools and synagogues, and the cardinal Vicar of the Inquisition is its chief magistrate.

The most popular resort in Rome is Pincian Hill. The road that leads, with gradual ascent, to the summit, is lined on one side with a luxuriant growth of giant cacti, mimosas, and stately cyprus trees, while on the other we look down on fragrant beds of pansies, mignonette, and pretty house-top gardens. It was one of those rare afternoons peculiar to Italy, when we first wound our way over the smooth path to the gravelled terrace. What a magnificent prospect was spread out before us! Just below, in the Piazza del Popolo, was the spot where Nero is said to be buried; and in the

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centre of the square stood one of the seven obelisks in the city, placed there by Sixtus V., in the year 1589. Away on the right stretched the green Campagna; while directly in front of us, towering above the surrounding buildings, was the castle of St. Angelo, surmounted by a brazen angel. Still beyond rose the glistening dome of St. Peter's — "the grandest edifice ever built by man, painted against God's loveliest sky." A little to the left, the Tiber pursued its circuitous course; and behind the Capitoline hill, on the south, lay the ruins of ancient Rome. The terrace itself was the scene of the gayest excitement. Handsome carriages in full livery rolled up the broad avenue; while the band, seated under the great palm-tree in the beautiful gardens, once the site of the favorite villa of Lucullus, played the liveliest airs.

At last the western sun went down behind the Ostian hills. From many a tower the vesper bells were ringing, and the crowds began to disperse. As we slowly retraced our steps homeward, we peeped for a moment in the church of Trinità de' Monti. A flood of light streamed into the chapel, as we lifted aside the leathern curtain and passed up the shadowy aisle. Behind the chancel railing, many young scholars, in long white vails, were kneeling in prayer. Suddenly, in the quiet hush, a voice broke forth in song, so sweet, so tender, it seemed like an

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angel's. We looked for the singer; but she was hidden from our sight. Stronger and clearer swelled the notes, as the priest swung to and fro the incense, and the nuns softly chanted the responses. As the last note died away, we again sought the open air. Companies of young abbots, in priestly costumes, and chatting pleasantly, hastened by us on their way to the abbey. The dark-eyed Italian boys gathered up their few remaining oranges, the soft twilight slowly deepened into night, and soon "the eternal city" was wrapped in quiet slumber.

"Rome goes mad during the Carnival," is a saying among the Italians. When we reached the city, signs of the approaching festivities were everywhere visible. The Corso was the principal scene of action. This street — the *Via Flaminia* of ancient times — although so narrow, is the finest in Rome, running from north to south nearly a mile. It is lined with splendid stores, whose tall fronts are studded with innumerable balconies, which were gaily trimmed in every conceivable style, each proprietor seeking to outrival his neighbor, as a prize was awarded for the building most handsomely decorated. A favorite fashion was to loop the drapery with marguerites, in honor of the queen. Temporary stands were erected at different points along the way, where spectators could hire sittings, sometimes

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paying five dollars for a single afternoon. The Italian lady who repeated to us the story that a thousand dollars were once given for the use of a balcony during the season, laughingly added: "It must have been an American who did it; our people would never have paid so much."

The opening of Carnival, the tenth of February, was publicly announced by the clanging of the great bell in the tower of the Capitol, which is never rung but on one other occasion — the death of a Pope. The crowds began to gather at two o'clock each afternoon, and the excitement culminated in a grand masquerade ball in the evening, continuing till early dawn. It required some courage to promenade on the Corso during the first few days, as one was sure to be mercilessly pelted with *confetti*, with which all who actively engaged in the fun were liberally supplied. These tiny lime-balls were rained down upon us from every quarter, bleaching our clothes, and stinging smartly when coming in contact with the face. A few curious ones ventured out in carriages, — safely enveloped, however, in wire screens and rubber water-proofs. Our attention was arrested by one conspicuous stand over which floated proudly the "stars and stripes." This little fort was nobly defended by a band of American youths, whose active service was worthy of all admiration.

On Thursday, the throwing of *confetti* was for-

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bidden, and flowers and *bon-bons* took their place. Pretty Italian maidens, in festal costumes, appeared on the balconies, and elegant equipages filled the street, which was just wide enough to comfortably admit two rows moving in opposite directions. Many of the harnesses and carriages were trimmed with roses and evergreens, while the fair occupants, in dainty evening silks, reclined airily upon the soft cushions. High above the surrounding multitude, rose tall poles, trimmed with strips of gaily colored ribbons, and holding gorgeous bouquets exposed for sale.

The masqueraders were out *en masse*, attired in every conceivable costume. Turks, sailors, gypsies, nuns, clowns, devils, *ad infinitum*, passed before us in picturesque array. Even the children joined in the frolic, and grotesque enough appeared those infantile counts and countesses, in powdered wigs and sweeping trains. No one needed to be alarmed if he were suddenly surrounded and playfully attacked by one of these merry bands, for it was one of the many privileges allowed during this festive season. The groups of masquers were sometimes very happy and original in the choice of subjects. Dignified gentlemen, holding in their hands octavo volumes, and seated in a lofty chariot of red and gold, personated the cabinet officers; and very good caricatures they were. A wildly-

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gesticulating company in the vehicle drawn by four horses, represented a band of travelling musicians, their peculiar metal drums, by some mysterious agency promenading before our eyes, being borne on the heads of other masquers.

The grand illumination took place in the evening, on Via Nazionale. This is the broadest and most modern thoroughfare in the city. Spanning the street, and high enough to produce a fine effect, were suspended at short intervals semi-circular iron hoops. At one end of the long avenue rose the star of Italy, and at the other the coat-of-arms of the reigning house of Savoy. At eight o'clock, when the whole street suddenly became a blaze of light, the effect was indescribably brilliant.

On the following Tuesday, the last day of Carnival, the excitement reached its height. In the early afternoon, as usual, bouquets were thrown — or "brooms," as a mischievous maiden called them, although many of them were really very beautiful. At four o'clock, warning was given, by the firing of cannon, to prepare the street for a horse-race. Formerly the steeds required for this purpose were provided by the Jews, and in still earlier times these despised people were themselves obliged to run for the amusement of the populace. A dozen horses, wearing brass saddles studded with pins to irritate and so increase the speed of the already excited

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animals, started from the Piazza del Popolo, and dashed to the other end of the Corso, where their course was arrested by the intervention of thick blankets. One of the horses, impelled by a sudden freak, flew down a side street opposite the balcony occupied by the royal family, killing three persons and injuring several others. The tender-hearted queen was much affected by the sad accident; and the king went to the hospital where the wounded were carried, to see that everything was done for their comfort.

At six o'clock began the illumination of the "moccoletti," or candles — a merry game, in which old and young engaged with great zest. Each one tried to extinguish the light of his neighbor, and all were expected to preserve their good humor, no matter how unsuccessful they might be in protecting their flickering flames from the missiles hurled upon them from every quarter.

An hour later, all the masqueraders formed in line, and, carrying fancifully colored lanterns, marched the whole length of the Corso, whose walks were fairly alive with spectators. This splendid procession was the climax of the entire round of pleasure. Many of the designs displayed in the groups of lanterns were both elaborate and beautiful. There was a perfect model of one of the seven Egyptian obelisks in Rome, and an entire

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café on wheels, followed by different animals, all life-size, and many other similar displays. The day closed with the fine illumination of Pincian Hill, and a midnight ball.

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CHAPTER XI.

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS.

NAPLES has the reputation of being the largest and dirtiest city in Italy, though we doubt the justness of the latter epithet. The rows of tall grim tenement houses along the wharves are far from fascinating. Their flat roofs have a mutilated appearance, as if in the course of human events the topmost story had been sliced off, and annexed elsewhere in the shape of an excrescent portico or wing.

The street-life of this southern city is its most interesting feature. The broad thoroughfares are thronged by a motley crowd of men, donkeys, and dogs, whose sole aim seems to be to slip through life in as easy a manner as possible. Everybody lives out of doors, where we saw people spinning, eating, trading, sporting, etc. The good housewife sat just outside the door of her begrimed mansion, gayly attired in a bewildering costume of petticoat, white waist, embroidered bodice, corals, chains, headgear, and sashes, while she chatted pleasantly with her next-door neighbor, or sniffed the odor from the endless strings of macaroni hung up to dry on a rude frame of olive branches.

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A bright Wednesday in April was set apart for our trip to Vesuvius. Although our friends from Rome had not arrived, we dared not delay longer; and as one of Cook's agents had just made arrangements for a trip, we joined his party.

The long lines of silver-gray, skirting the eastern sky of early morn, promised delightful weather. At nine o'clock the carriage was ready, and soon we were skimming rapidly over the road toward the distant mountain. Leaving the city, with its din and bustle, we soon reached the base of Vesuvius and began a gradual ascent. Troubles now thickened around us, in the form of crowds of beggars, who, like the lepers outside the gates of Jerusalem, follow the stranger, pitiably displaying their infirmities. Our hearts were greatly touched, until we observed a roguish urchin slyly playing a tattoo upon the enormous hump of a strong-looking man, when suddenly the scales fell from our eyes.

The children offered for sale fragrant bunches of orange blossoms and wild flowers, but we preferred to gather them for ourselves, and while the horses rested a few minutes, we scrambled up the slippery bank, and filled our hands with clusters of the bright red and yellow posies.

The broad landscape below and around us was smiling with the verdure of early spring, while the orchards scattered over the green slopes of Vesu-

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vius were radiant with clouds of delicately-tinted blossoms.

A band of musicians followed the carriage for some distance, playing very sweetly. We asked for "Santa Lucia," and, much to our surprise, they understood our request, and sang the song with great heartiness.

"O Naples — fairest one,
Nature's own realm is thine."

Very appropriate seemed the words just then, with Naples lying far below, her green shores lapped by the waters of the bay that sparkled like gems under the glowing rays of a meridian sun. As we ascended higher and higher, the vegetation grew less luxuriant, and we came at last to the immense lava beds that are spread like an unsightly mask over the cone of the mountain.

What a marvellous picture! Yet each pair of eyes saw reflected there a different likeness. To one, it appeared a conglomerate sea of serpents intercoiled. Another likened it to the fossilized remains of huge beasts and marine animals; while a third beheld there only a bit of the infernal regions.

Slowly we wound up the mountain path — passing now a quiet convent erected on a foundation of lava, and now a little whitewashed chapel containing in a niche in front an image of the Virgin, at sight of which our driver reverently removed his

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hat. Finally the plateau was reached, from which starts the elevated railway. We were still many feet from the summit of Vesuvius, and the ascent was frightfully steep, almost perpendicular it seemed from our point of view. But we had not long to consider the danger, for the brakesman called our numbers, and "taking our lives in our hands," we rushed to our seats in the train.

The wire-rope railway, completed in 1880, is constructed on the principle of the pulley, the greater part of the machinery being below, at the starting-point. There are two single tracks, and two cars with open sides. Each accommodates twelve passengers, and the two ascend and descend alternately. Underneath each carriage are two small iron wheels that fit snugly to either side of the rail, thus rendering the progress more uniform, and increasing the security. The brakes are also sufficiently strong to bring the cars to a stand-still in an emergency.

As we glanced up the dizzy height, our courage began to fail. "Worse than Righi!" exclaimed one. A stout German lady was with difficulty lifted to a seat, when she immediately sank back, with a shudder, and closed her eyes. We rapidly ascended the steep grade, and soon the people watching us from below appeared like mere specks. In seven minutes we reached the tip-top station, and once more planted our feet on *terra-firma*.

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A clamorous French guide led the way up a slippery path, composed of slag and ashes, to the old crater, a hundred yards away. Its vast floor, sunk but a little below the surrounding surface, was composed of huge rocks, irregularly piled together. Their surface was a bright yellow, from a thick coating of sulphur, while from between their crevices ascended slight puffs of steam and sulphurous fumes.

Picking our way cautiously over the hot stones, and ascending a ridge, we found ourselves upon the brink of the new crater — sometimes called the Forge of Vulcan — which was opened in 1872. This immense safety-valve was belching forth, at intervals, and to a great height, immense volumes of steam, together with large quantities of stones, many of them of great size. The smoke was more or less dark, according to the amount of ashes mingled with it. Loud rumblings, like distant artillery, thunder, and flashes of lightning, ending often in a startling explosion, accompanied each eruption. The eruptions are said to be caused by the waters of the sea mingling underground with the fires in the heart of the mountain, and forming quantities of vapor, which find escape through the crater.

Having remained long enough to fill our eyes and lungs with particles of fine dust and suffocating sulphurous fumes, we began a partial descent on the

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opposite side. The ashes were so soft that, by balancing our weight on our heels, we were able to slide down in the most delightful manner.

"Remember, you will have to climb up again!" warned a voice behind us; and we were still more forcibly reminded of the fact by seeing a dear old lady just below us, panting and puffing wearily on her way up hill.

Suddenly the guide stopped, and pointing to the base of the cone, asked if we discerned three red streams. All made them out distinctly. Then, stepping down upon the pavement of lava, we were told to look through a circular opening several feet in circumference. There was no uncertainty this time — for just below our eyes was a broad stream of molten lava, fiery-red, rapidly pursuing its downward course. Many smaller openings were discovered in the vicinity. The guide placed the end of his walking-stick just inside one of these wells, to show us how the hot air would scorch it. L. thought she would try the experiment with her umbrella, but exposed it a minute too long, and in an instant the alpaca was in a blaze. The flame was soon extinguished and the fright over, L. declaring she would keep the wreck as a souvenir of her adventure.

In the meantime, one of our party, who had been sounding the platform upon which we stood,

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announced his conviction that it was but a thin crust over a sea of lava. With a bound, we planted our feet on more solid earth, not caring to be cast into such a fiery furnace.

Ascending to the summit of the bluff near by, we were rewarded by a fine view of the surrounding country. Pompeii, with Herculaneum beyond, lay on our left; a little to the right were Sorrento and Capri; and on the other side was Naples, stretching far along the shores of the bay.

Returning to the station, we once more took our seats in the car and began the descent. As we neared the platform below, two singular dust-colored objects, a few rods away, attracted our attention. On closer observation they resolved themselves into human beings — a worthy couple, who, probably unnerved by their ascent in the car, were descending on foot through the soft ashes, weary and tattered, but safe!

Just as the last rays of the setting sun were lighting up the western sky and shedding a soft radiance over sea and land, our carriage rolled through the streets of Naples and left us at the door of our hotel. Madame pointed, with downcast countenance, to her gown, badly scorched around the bottom; and we ruefully remembered our ruined shoes and sunburnt faces. But these were trifles. We had seen Vesuvius!

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CHAPTER XII.

SUMMER IN THE ICY NORTH.

GO to Norway? Two girls, and alone! Who ever heard of such a thing? And we laughed at the mere suggestion. That was in Rome; yet three months later found us safely quartered in Christiania.

There had intervened long dreamy hours under Italian skies, and, when the soft Spring winds began to blow, a charming ride around the beautiful Riviera; with pleasant days at Nice and Cannes, and at last the railway ride, through clover-beds and avenues of poplars, back to Paris — our central point, where we returned to equip and provide for a fresh start.

We enjoyed a delightful saunter through the Netherlands, with their low meadows lying green and inviting under the yellow sunshine; and then, bidding good-by to the "City of the Rooks," we swept across the moors of Northern Germany, bridged the Categat in a pretty Danish steamer, and, the second night from Amsterdam, slept at the Grand Hotel in Copenhagen.

Bustling, wide-awake Copenhagen — rich in mem-

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ories of loving Hans Andersen and the divinely-gifted Thorwaldsen — detained us only long enough for a glimpse of its shady avenues, fine squares and museums, and tall kindly-faced people: for we expected to return that way. It was a cool June morning when we stood on the crowded wharf, waiting to take the steamer for Christiania. A proud vessel she proved, with flags streaming, spacious cabin glittering with cut glass and silver, and stewards in swallow-tailed coats flying hither and thither. Could this be the rude barge we had vaguely pictured as conveying us across these northern seas?

Presently the passengers began to come on board — gay bevies of English and Americans, stylishly attired, settling themselves in their sea-chairs, as if for a pleasant sail on the St. Lawrence or the Rhine. Slowly we steamed out of the harbor immortalized by Nelson's naval victory, past the sloping shore where Hamlet lived — though not a vestige of his father's ghost would our glasses reveal,— and thence out into the broad German Ocean.

As the day wore on, the passengers gathered in little knots about the deck, chatting and discussing plans. Some were going to Russia; others, to a mountain in Sweden where the midnight sun can be seen at the summer solstice; L. and I, alone to the North Cape. Cautious men and timid women looked

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incredulous. "Don't try it — it's a risky undertaking; you'll be sick enough of it before you get back," cried one and another. But we had gone too far, and would not be dissuaded.

This sea, often so treacherous, was now calm and smiling as a river. Toward evening we touched at Gothenburg, on the Swedish coast; and next morning our ship was moored to the dock in Christiania. Here was a surprise. The Norwegian capital was neither shivering from icebergs nor peopled by polar bears. It had marts and factories, a palace and a university, and boasted twenty millionaires who own each a million *kroner* — one krone being twenty-seven cents of our money. Its fine stores, banks, hotels, and street-cars, gave it a truly metropolitan air. In the eastern quarter of the city live the aristocracy, their pleasant houses adorned with cupolas, turrets, and balconies.

But Christiania is individual; and linked with its thrift is a certain quaint, unworldly-wise air, quite delightful to meet. Many a quiet little street pursues its orderly undeviating way between rows of pine cottages, looking primly down on the rough cobble-stone pavement. Their dull brown or yellow walls set off all the better the pots of bright blossoms lining nearly every narrow window-ledge; while flaxen-haired children, with school-satchels

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on their arms, hurry along the road or play about the doors.

"Slow and sure," seemed the universal motto — from the little notion-store on the corner, over whose doorway appeared each day at noon a bit of paper scratched with the words "Closed for dinner from 12 to 2," to the handsome down-town bank, where the clerk took ten minutes to do what a New York teller would have whisked off in three. We inquired for home letters. The gentleman in charge went to a heavy safe, and, unlocking it, brought from its hidden depths a tin box. Unlocking this, he produced a package of mail carefully secured with a string. The covering was removed, and the package laid on the table. Now began the solid work. Each letter was in turn raised deliberately from the pile, held to the light for closer scrutiny, and the name pronounced aloud, while we waited impatiently, wondering when the end would be.

The jewelry stores made attractive displays of exquisite work in silver filigree. Ornaments in silver and gilt, rare and curious wedding crowns, chains, rings and bracelets, are purchased from the peasants in the interior and sold at high prices. These treasures are handed down through many generations as venerated heirlooms, and only parted with in extreme poverty.

In the town-square, in which stands an equestrian

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statue of some Norse dignitary, a bevy of market-women gather every morning. With their light cotton handkerchiefs tied snugly under their chins, they bob briskly about, piling the vegetables on the ground at their feet, and arranging on the barrel-heads in front of them tempting pyramids of wild strawberries on fresh green leaves or in neat little baskets of birch bark. Strawberries were the only cheap and abundant fruit we saw.

When the country fair is held, the whole square is astir with a busy and bustling crowd. The booths are stocked with cheap odds and ends in profuse variety. The restaurant tables offer a curious bill of fare, with their *flad-brod* and black bread spread with thin layers of old cheese or sausage, yellow bowls of thick milk, and black meat as hard and tough as leather. It is said the country people sometimes keep dried meat for twenty years. Their storehouses are always raised upon stakes, to escape the ravages of the destructive Norway rat.

But the chief attraction of Christiania to us was its home-life. Nothing could be sweeter than these Norwegian homes. The children are taught to be respectful and obedient, and are carefully educated, special attention being given to modern languages. Nearly all we met were studying English. Music is a favorite pastime. Norwegians have a quick ear and fine taste. They are very proud of their two

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great musical celebrities, Christine Nilsson and Ole Bull. Especially do they cherish the memory of Ole Bull, and the older ones never tire of recounting special occasions when the grand old master played in his native land to the inspiration of the lonely fjelds and mystic legends of the Norsemen.

The people here lay great stress upon table ceremony. One of their prettiest customs is "thanking for the meal." Just before leaving the table, all present turn to the hostess, and, bowing, say simultaneously, "*Tak for maden*" — "Thanks for the meal." Even the children are taught to say this to their father and mother. During one afternoon spent at the house of a Norwegian friend, we sat down to eat three times in as many hours, and after each repast every guest greeted the hostess with the customary words of thanks, though we noticed that no one on leaving the house made any expression of thanks or pleasure.

One sunny afternoon we took a pretty excursion-steamer across the fjord, winding in and out among the picturesque islands, to an arm of the mainland, where King Oscar has a summer castle. The sloping shores were thickly dotted with rustic pine cottages, airy and artistic. We strolled across the beautiful half-cultivated groves and gardens, making nosegays of the blue and yellow violets and delicate sweet-scented lilies-of-the-valley, which

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grow wild in the tall grass under the hedges. The castle, with its white walls and turrets, stands on a slight eminence overlooking Christiania and the silvery-bosomed fjord. It is set in the midst of tastefully-cultivated grounds, but, like the royal palace in the city, is itself plain and unadorned. On the walls of the dining-room are hung many of Tidemand's choicest pictures — simple peasant scenes, that captivated us with their rural beauty and naturalness.

But the most interesting object on the grounds is an ancient peasant hut, found in the wilds of County Thelemarken, and presented to King Oscar, who ordered it brought here and set up in the condition in which it was discovered. It is built of rough pine logs, and contains three small rooms. The largest of these must have served as the living room, with its tiny diamond-paned windows, stone floor, and great fireplace. Two wide sleeping-bunks are built against the side of the wall, and a wooden shelf holds the cooking-pans and capacious drinking-horns whose silver-capped mouths bubbling with old ale were presented by the host to his guests as a token of hospitality — custom compelling the latter to drain them to the dregs. In the next room hang the fur garments, heavy and warm; and across a little passage-way is the cold

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stone kitchen, used also for housing the animals in winter weather.

We reached home in time for a ten o'clock supper by daylight, and retired at eleven without a lamp.

But Christiania was only a resting-place; our goal was the North Cape. The Norwegians travel but little, and our friends opened their eyes in astonishment when they heard our plans. A map of Norway was brought out and laid upon the table, and its coast-line carefully scanned.

"You see how far it is," remonstrated our intelligent host, running his finger along the shore to the Cape. "There is little to be seen; the coast is wild and rugged. Would it not repay you better to enjoy quietly some of the fine scenery about Christiania?"

"But the midnight sun!" we cried.

"One would suppose you expected to discover a *new* sun," observed an old lady, half impatiently. "For my part, I am content to see the same sun shine at midday in Christiania."

Still, we held to our resolution; and when they found us decided, no pains were spared to aid us. Routes were discussed, plans suggested, friends telegraphed to meet us at Trondhjem; and when at last the eventful day arrived, a large party of interested ones gathered at the station to see us off. There were second and third-class coaches — the

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second-class very comfortable, with cushions and curtains.

"Have you no first-class cars?" we asked, when comfortably seated, with our hand-baggage about us.

"Do you mean the queen's carriage?" inquired our friends, with some surprise. "Oh, no, we are too poor in Norway to afford them — there would be no one to ride in them."

The whistle blew, the ladies waved their hands, while the gentlemen, with true Norwegian courtesy, bared their heads and bowed low with a deferential "Adieu — adieu!"

Away we sped, not "on eagles' wings," but slowly and steadily. Two days would take us to Trondhjem — a coast city three hundred and fifty miles from Christiania — where we would connect with the steamer for the North Cape. The trains do not run at night, "for," as a Norse friend explained, "there was an accident once, and since then it has not been considered safe."

Some tourists go the entire distance by water; but it is a tedious two weeks' sail from Christiania to Trondhjem, over a sea often very rough in bad weather, — and, besides, one misses the varied scenery which the land travel affords.

Trondhjem lies on the northern side of a cluster of gently-sloping mountains, which on our first day we gradually ascended. The scenery was characteristic.

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There were occasional glimpses of rapid streams, while lovely lakes embosomed in the heart of the hills delighted us with their rare and unexpected beauty. Then came long stretches of unbroken pine forest, dark and gloomy, with a few graceful birch trees here and there; and still higher up the fjeld were the fir and mountain ash. The grand old pine forests are gradually failing. The trees have been cut down so rapidly of late that the new growth has not had time to supply the waste. In the clearings were scattered the gray and weather-beaten cottages of the peasants. A curl of smoke wreathing the rude stone chimney which rose just above the low turf roof, and the light-haired wondering-eyed children gazing after us, were the only signs of life. At the side of each cottage was the round stone well-curb, almost as large as the house itself, with the bucket hanging over its mouth, suspended from the long sweep.

Norwegian peasants, away from the coast, depend for support chiefly on their dairies; but always around their humble homes is a bit of garden and a few strips of cultivated ground. These must yield a scanty harvest, for the ploughed land looked so brown and stony that we wondered how anything could grow there except the wild-flowers. These were everywhere abundant and beautiful — large nodding harebells, delicately-tinted roses, dainty

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wee violets, and many other varieties strange to us, among them a curious hardy little plant, with a white silky head like fine cotton.

The roads were carefully fenced from the track, and signs set up at short intervals warned against the loss of cattle. We stopped frequently, and the stations were often large, and thronged with people. We never tired of watching the peasant women, in their short quilted petticoats, with the inevitable cotton handkerchief tied under the chin; and the big honest-faced men in coarse flannel blouse and broad-brimmed hat. The babies, like the little roly-polys in Germany, were tucked away in white cotton bags. No one seemed in a hurry. The railway officials stood idly by with their hands in their pockets, or leisurely quaffed their glass of foaming ale — a favorite beverage in Norway. When they saw fit, the engine snorted several times, and at last lumbered heavily on its way.

Towns of importance were rare. Often we stopped at small villages with scarcely more than a dozen low houses scattered over the grassy meadows. Each little village had its station-house, built of pine, in pretty rustic style — never painted, but oiled to keep out the dampness, and invariably adorned with a reindeer-head over the entrance, the graceful antlers stretching far on either side. The station-master and his family live in the station-

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house, giving it a cheerful home-like air. A fat old cat was often seen lying lazily curled up on a bench near the door. Little children toddled in and out — and perhaps the tidy housewife herself, in a black silk apron, would come and watch from the entrance as the train moved off. But the prettiest sight these simple homes afforded was the flowers. They always lined the sills of the lower windows against a background of white curtain — a close row of tall regal plants, beautiful enough to delight the heart of any housewife. Indeed, at each succeeding station they seemed more beautiful, as if the good mistress had vied with her neighbors to see who could produce the handsomest.

About ten o'clock in the morning, the guard put his head in at our window and asked if he should telegraph to Hamar for our dinner. We assented; and after he had gone, amused ourselves, when the outlook was uninviting, by studying up the intervening stations, with the times of arrival and departure, which were printed on a placard tacked to the side of the car. Near it was another, in French, German, English, and Norwegian, warning passengers against leaning out of the car-window, throwing burnt matches on the floor, and various other things — all of which we dutifully read and observed.

At half-past twelve, the train reached Hamar. We stepped out, with a few other passengers, and

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entered the dining-room. Behind the table, on a low platform, sat two women busily making tatting. They bowed as we came in, but did not stir from their seats. Two tables were daintily spread. On one were bread and butter, with pickles and other condiments; and on the other, piles of plates with knives and forks, a large platter of savory salmon, fresh from the stream, and a tureen of mealy potatoes.

Following the example of the rest, we took a plate from the pile, with knife and fork, and waited on ourselves. There was no pushing or elbowing. Each gave place to the other, and paid him as much deference as if he had been a guest in his own house. Presently a servant came in and removed the salmon and potatoes, leaving in their place a platter of boiled beef and a dish of cauliflower with cream sauce. Then followed a generous glass dish of jellied raspberry juice, and a great pitcher of delicious whipped cream. Coffee was served, as an extra, to any who called for it. For this dinner we paid a *krone* and two *ore* — thirty-five cents — which the woman behind the counter received with a "*mange tak.*"

At eleven we reached Tonsett, where we stopped for the night. It was still very light. About us were a few scattered houses, but not one of them looked like a hotel. Following a little company of travellers, who, satchels in hand, were wending their way

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through the lane, we entered a low whitewashed cottage. A bare unpainted hall led into the dining-room — the only habitable place in sight. With all its rudeness, there was a cosy hospitable look about it that spoke of comfort — in the antiquated pieces of stiff hair-cloth furniture, the great fireplace with its wide chimney, the dusty violin and hunters' garments hanging against the wall, and the sleepy old clock with its solemn "tick-tick." The lamps burned brightly on the supper-tables. Down the centre of each stretched in military order a row of dignified cheeses of every imaginable size and color. Besides cheese, there were many kinds of fresh and salt fish, white and black bread, boiled eggs kept warm in the folds of a napkin, and coffee.

Our room was a rude shelter, but it mattered little, as we did not enter it till after midnight, and were up before six in the morning. After breakfast, the proprietor — an honest, simple-hearted man — handed us a half-sheet of paper and a pencil, asking us to register. In Norway, a blackboard hung in the outer hall usually answers this purpose; and the visitor is not only expected to write his name, but also his occupation, residence, and destination.

By seven we were off, and again ascending the mountain. After several hours, we reached Röros, the little mining settlement on the highest point. It is a drear and lonely spot, with its dozen or twenty

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blackened huts. From here we began a rapid descent. The hill-tops were crowned with snow, but their sloping sides were a luxuriant green, and the watered valleys far below were every moment growing nearer and more beautiful.

The skies had been leaden the day before, but now the sun shone bright and warm. It is wonderful what sunshine will do in Norway. It seems to touch into softness the sternest lines, and bring to light a thousand hidden beauties.

"A few weeks ago," said a Norwegian lady, pointing to the green grass and leafy trees, "this was all under the snow. Vegetation advances rapidly when it really begins."

The melting snow had swollen the mountain streams, and in countless cascades they went tumbling and dashing over the rocks and down into the valleys. More swiftly we descended. The mountain peaks rose higher in the sky, the pleasant lowlands stretched around us, and at last, sweeping across a fine viaduct, we reached our destination and the terminus of the railway at Trondhjem.

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CHAPTER XIII.

DAY WITHOUT NIGHT.

TRONDHJEM was the ancient capital of Norway; and in its storied cathedral — about the only object of interest in the town — all the early Norwegian kings were crowned. It is still a city of importance, and second in size to Christiania.

It was a cool, clear afternoon in June, when we first spied the "Michael Krohn" rocking in the waters of the harbor. This was one of the five staunch propellers that ply the year round between Christiania and Hammerfest. Each boat carries freight, to be distributed among the fishing stations along the coast; and brings back cargoes of cod-liver oil, dried cods, and sometimes horses and cattle.

We descended the narrow hatchway with no little curiosity as to what kind of a place we were to inhabit during the two weeks to come. The cabin was very pretty, with its red velvet cushions, its mirrors and plants. There were comfortable state-rooms, and a bath-room — an unexpected luxury. Between the cabin and steerage quarters was the kitchen. One day we ventured to peep

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through the door. A hasty glance revealed a large room, one corner partitioned off for the kitchen proper, the rest devoted to a stable, where a young colt was capering about.

Our cabin passengers, not counting a few Norwegians who would leave at some of the way stations, numbered eighteen: eight English, one Australian, two Welshmen, and seven Americans. Our captain was a jolly, ruddy-faced young man, of twenty-five or six, kind and attentive to everyone. He made this trip nine months in the year almost alone; and was very glad to have company during the summer.

"You ought to come up here in the winter," he said, enthusiastically, one day, "and see the Northern Lights! That would be something to talk about."

The "Michael Krohn" left at midnight, and by morning was coursing through the fjord. We went on deck, but the air was cold and sleety. The biting wind stung our faces, and after a fruitless attempt at sight-seeing we returned to the cabin. Presently our ship turned out into the open sea, and began to roll heavily. Passengers flew to their state-rooms. As we lay rocking in our berths, a great wave dashed in through the open window and thoroughly drenched us.

But our misery was of short duration. In two

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hours we were again in the sheltered fjord; the storm had lulled, and the sky was clear. Toward evening we touched at Torghatten, and scrambled up its steep sides to gaze through the natural opening in the great mountain.

The next day was Sunday. In the morning we joined in an English service in the cabin, and the rest of the time was spent on deck. It was still cold, but pleasant. All were on the alert, for the captain had said that sometime during the night we should cross the Arctic Circle, and we knew that if it happened before twelve o'clock we should see for the first time the midnight sun.

At ten in the evening, a little company of us took our camp-chairs and climbed to the hurricane deck. The north wind blew strong and steady, and in spite of the blankets wrapped about us, our ears and fingers tingled with the cold. The captain sent down for his bear-skin overcoats, and laughingly enveloped us in them to our ears. On steamed our ship, through the cold water. All was hushed around us. Tall mountains of rock lay on the east and west, shrouded in gloom save where a radiant gleam of pinkish light quivered upon their snowy crests. The shadows fell deep over the water, whose clear bosom reflected, as in a mirror, the little patches of green shore. Here and there some stray sunbeam crept softly over the roof of a fisherman's

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cottage. Sometimes his little bark darted noiselessly across our path, or a flock of eider ducks rustled through the crisp air overhead. But these were the only signs of life. The captain lowered his glasses.

"Do you see that strange tall rock on the left, the last in the line? It is called the Cloaked Horseman, riding out to sea. There is a legend that a tribe of giants once lived on the shores of the polar sea. Only at night could they wander forth over the earth, and if by any chance they had not returned to their island homes before dawn, they were changed into stone. This giant loved a lady who was faithless to him. One night he pursued and shot her, his arrow piercing Torghatten and making the hole you saw in the mountain. He then turned to gallop toward home; but just at that moment the sun's rays fell on him, and both horse and rider were changed into this block of stone."

We sat breathless, our watches in our hands, and our eyes fixed on the sun, which had been sinking lower and lower. At twelve, it touched the horizon, but did not dip below. A low film of cloud sprang up to hide it, but we could see the yellow disk shining through; then it seemed to be moving toward the east, and at half-past twelve began to rise. The cloud rose with it. Higher rose the sun, still veiling his face, till two diameters separated him from the horizon. Then, in an instant, a

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conquering monarch, he burst his barriers and blazed forth in almost noon-day splendor. It was a quarter after one.

During the week that followed, until we recrossed the Arctic Circle on our return, we saw the midnight sun daily. Each evening we sat up till after twelve, fascinated by the strange phenomenon, fearing it might be our last view; and each successive night, with scarcely a shadow of cloud in the sky, the sun shone upon us with undimmed brightness.

But the midnight sun brought new trials. Each morning when we descended to our state-rooms we found them flooded with sunshine. Cloaks, blankets and shawls were pinned up before our window, and climbing into our berths, we turned our faces to the wall, covered our heads and closed our eyes tight; but it was to little purpose. The hoarse rumbling of the donkey-engines above us — the merry laughter of night revellers as they tramped to and fro on deck, and the tantalizing sunbeams that would not be shut out, were fatal to repose.

After the first day the weather changed, and was so mild and spring-like we could often sit on deck without even a light shawl about us.

One lovely evening, when our vessel stopped at a small landing to take on cargo, a few of us took a boat and rowed to the opposite side of the stream to enjoy a run on the mountains; but the ground was

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damp and trickling with water from the melting snow, and the swarms of mosquitoes soon drove us back. On our way down we passed a small weather-beaten cottage. Near by was a shed, and some reindeer horns and wooden sledges were leaning against it. "Suppose we ask for a drink of milk!" suggested one, at the same time rapping at the house door. No one answered. The knocks were repeated vigorously, and still no response. We searched for another entrance, sure that the little cottage must be inhabited. Suddenly some one pointed to a patched bedquilt hanging before one of the windows. "Would you believe it?" exclaimed the Welshman, taking out his watch; "it's past midnight!"

"Impossible!" we cried in chorus, not believing it could be more than six. "Why, of course, then, everybody is asleep."

A little farther on we found another cottage, much newer and thriftier than the first. Two neatly-dressed women stood beside the door knitting. When we asked for a drink, they nodded assent, and led us courteously into the house. There were three small rooms — a kitchen, with its deep fireplace and clay floor; a sewing-room, in which was the spinning-wheel and loom, with a piece of half-woven cotten stretched upon it; and a parlor. The latter was quite cosy. Thick brown paper covered

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the walls, to keep out the cold. A few pots of flowers stood on the window-sill, and every piece of the scanty furniture was placed to the best advantage. A pitcher of foaming milk and some glasses were set upon the table. On leaving, one of the gentlemen offered the women a piece of silver. At first they drew back and shook their heads, but finally accepted it reluctantly.

Twelve days we cruised among the fjords, steaming in and out through their winding channels; and only twice, before reaching the North Cape, coming out into the open sea. The coast scenery was wild and rugged. Stern mountain-sides, and frowning rocks worn into a thousand fantastic shapes by the roaring waves, lay along our way. Once we passed a maelstrom, and again a glacier reaching toward the fjord with its cold white arms.

One whole day we were sailing by "The Seven Sisters" — tall and majestic; and two other days we were among the grand Lofoden islands, with sharply serrated peaks. Their climate is said to be milder in winter than Christiania itself, owing to the easterly course of the Gulf-stream.

But far more interesting than the bare rocks and mountain peaks were the phases of human life along these desolate shores. Sometimes the little houses of the fishermen seemed to spring out of the very rocks, with scarcely a blade of green around

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them, sheltered above and below only by the out-jutting crags; but oftener they nestled on some green knoll at the foot of the overhanging mountains. Every little patch of meadow was dotted by a colony of cottages, shut in by snow-crowned heights and rugged promontories. How like little oases seemed these emerald coves in contrast with the barrenness about them! Brave and bold must be the men and women that live on these lonely coasts. Their fare is scanty, consisting chiefly of fish, cheese, and *flad-brod*. They depend almost wholly upon the great annual fisheries; and when these fail — as had happened the year before — it is a sorry time for them.

As we steamed near each little fishing-station, two objects rose prominently to view: the flag-staff from which floated the country's banner, and the white walls and black spire of the Lutheran chapel — for Norwegians are notably patriotic and religious. If we had merchandise to leave, the steamer whistled. Then from the little cottages would come forth a bevy of women and children, in light calico dresses, and colored handkerchiefs tied over their flaxen hair; while the stalwart men hurried down to the water, unmoored the boats, and rowed out to meet us.

Their boats were all of unpainted pine — oiled to make them water-tight, and pointed at each end. Many of them were quite large, and furnished with

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a rude cabin that served as a home for the men during the great fisheries, when they were on the sea many days together.

As the boats drew near our ship, the hold was thrown open, and the donkey-engines were set at work. If the men had brought cargo with them, this was taken on board first; even the horses and cows — poor frightened creatures — were swung into the air as if they had been boxes or barrels. Then our city merchandise was thrown out to the men — a bag of meal to one, a box to another, and a bundle of dry-goods to a third. While they were being distributed, we leaned over the ship's side and watched the interested faces of the men, wondering if anybody was disappointed, and wishing we could leave them more.

Along the shore, piles of fishes' heads, arranged like bee-hives, had been left to dry in the sun. These were formerly thrown away, but now they are pulverized and sent as fertilizers to foreign countries.

One afternoon an old barge with a cargo of dried cods anchored beside our ship. For two hours, men and women and children worked busily, loading them into the hold — fifty-two thousand in all — and receiving in wages twelve cents an hour. After it was done, the children came on board, and sang for us some of Moody and Sankey's hymns, translated into their native tongue.

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Among our cabin passengers was a family from Christiania—a doctor and his wife, and their three children, the oldest a little boy only five years of age. The doctor was sent by the government to a small station far up the coast, to minister to the people,—going about in his own boat among the little colonies in the neighborhood. He was a fine-looking man, with a strong, intelligent face. His wife was a small, delicate woman, very cultivated. She often entertained us with selections in music from the best masters, and through her sweet, refined ways, soon won the hearts of all on board.

"Yes, I do dread to go to my new home," she said wistfully. "I think of the dark cold days in winter; and five years is a long time to be separated from my friends in Christiania."

One morning the doctor was told by the captain that he was nearing his destination. We had gone many miles out of our way to reach it—at the very end of one of the longest and most northerly fjords. It was a perfect day, mild and bright, the yellow sunshine playing over the gray rocks till even their stern outlines grew soft and beautiful.

Late in the afternoon, we drew near the cove. All around stood the still, white mountains, wrapped in their ermine; while below, against a background of dark pines, sloped the grassy shore. A little paradise it seemed in the radiance of the June

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sunshine — but we thought of the wintry days coming, and shrank from leaving our friends in such a lonely home. A few cottages were in sight — barely a dozen; and a little gathering of people were watching from the banks. The young wife shaded her eyes with her hands.

"They wrote us they had built us a house; I would like to find it," she said, in tremulous tones.

Eagerly we crowded around her, and every glass was turned searchingly toward the shore. Finally the doctor discovered it — a neat white cottage, a little apart from the others.

As soon as our vessel dropped anchor, the men from the shore pushed off in their boats to meet us. Their honest bronze faces beamed with happiness, and their clean flannel blouses and felt hats showed they had dressed in their very best. In one of the boats, propped up with pillows, reclined an invalid girl, her pale face turned eagerly for a glimpse of the doctor she could not wait to see from the land.

It took a long time to unload the eighty boxes. The doctor leaned over the side of the steamer, giving directions; while the wife stood by his side, patient and silent. At last the work was done. Piano, poultry, canned fruit, and all, were hoisted from the hold; and a trim boat rowed close to the ship's side to take the family on shore. We gathered around to say good-bye. Few words were

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128 "A TRIM BOAT ROWED CLOSE TO THE SHIP'S SIDE TO TAKE THE FAMILY ON SHORE."

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spoken, but the mute sympathy was felt and understood. The father handed the babies to the sailors, who held out their arms to receive them. Big brawny arms they were, but no mother could have held the little ones more tenderly. Then the wife descended the steps, the sailors vying with each other in their eagerness to help her to the best seat. Finally the doctor stepped into the boat, and the men picked up the oars. The "Michael Krohn" turned about, and steamed slowly out to sea. We crowded to the stern, and waved our handkerchiefs. Two answering signals from the little boat floated out on the soft June air. The distance widened between us; the bright light on the snowy mountains dazzled our eyes; but still we lingered, waving and watching as long as an answering speck of white could be seen rising and falling on the water.

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE NORTH CAPE'S WINDY WEDGE.

THERE are three small cities of importance between Trondhjem and the North Cape: Bodö, Tromsö, and Hammerfest. At Tromsö we saw the Lapps. Not many of the little people had yet come down from the mountains, but we found half-a-dozen families collected in an open space by the fjord at the farther end of the town. They were miserably poor and dirty. The women were curious, and tried to gather around us; but we preferred to keep them at a safe distance. Although it was mild summer weather, all were clad in reindeer fur from head to foot. The women's dress differed little from the men's, except that their blouses hung fuller and longer, while their fur hoods came to a peak, after the manner of a fool's cap. The men wore short trousers, a low gaily-trimmed cap, and a leathern belt from which hung their short knife with its handle of reindeer horn. Around the necks and ankles of both men and women, was wound strip after strip of skin in tight coils, reaching closely around their fur shoes, and fitting snugly under their caps.

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The Lapps were far from handsome. They had high cheek bones, brown skins, brown hair matted under the rim of their hoods, and small bright eyes. Swung on the arm at the elbow by a handle of cloth or skin, the mothers carried the baby's cradle, of birch bark or reindeer hide. It was a little nest, and away inside, wrapped warmly in fur, lay the wee one. The Lapp babies are very small — but we wondered how they could be anything else, tucked away in their little nests so snugly they can scarcely move. The Lapp dogs are much prized by their owners. A gentleman in our party offered a hundred and fifty dollars for one, and was refused.

In the afternoon we took a row-boat, and, under the guidance of the Norwegian police to the Lapps, rowed a mile and a half up the shore to another encampment. Here we found the people living in their native fashion, in tents of reindeer skins, supported on poles, with a hole in the top for the smoke to escape.

Getting on our hands and knees, we crawled into one of these little wigwams. It was not as bad as we had supposed. Immediately under the opening, a fire of dried twigs was burning, and over it hung an iron skillet. A few cooking utensils and reindeer skins were the only furnishing. Stretched on his comfortable skin, lounged the Lapp lord, smoking; and beside him sat a Lapp baby. Both

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seemed intensely interested in watching the operations of an old woman who was busy preparing the afternoon meal. With her dirty hand she took some dark meal out of a bag, placed it in a wooden bowl, and pouring on some water, commenced kneading it. This done, she patted it between her hands to the proper thickness — about half an inch, — and then laid it in the sauce-pan over the fire. As there seemed to be no grease, of course it sputtered noisily; but the woman kept turning it briskly from side to side, and in less than three minutes declared it done.

After a moment's hesitation, she held it out to L. and me. We took it with a nod of thanks, and broke it apart in the middle. As might have been expected, while the cake was burned on the outside, the inside was raw and doughy, with an insipid odor. Several times we raised it heroically to our lips, but it went no further. Another cake was taken from the fire, and this time handed to the baby, who with infantile greediness seized it with outstretched hands and open mouth.

The mountain Lapps leave their winter home in warm weather, driven down by the melting snows and the swarms of mosquitoes. The Norwegians have little liking for these people. They told us they were thriftless, fond of drinking, and untrustworthy; and though many attempts had been made

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to civilize and Christianize them, they had met with only partial success.

The Lapp, in spite of his poverty, knows how to enjoy life. His tent is comfortable, even in cold weather. The reindeer is his mainstay. He eats its flesh, drinks its milk, and clothes himself in its fur and skin; while its horns are made into knife-handles, pipes, and various useful articles. Sometimes a single Lapp owns several thousand reindeer. He is then a rich man.

But the reindeer are often very untamable. We only saw a few roaming on the hill-tops in the neighborhood, though sometimes they are driven down from the mountains in large herds. During the winter, true to the St. Nicholas legends, the Lapp dashes madly over the crusty snow, in his sledge drawn by a reindeer. Often the frisky animal becomes unmanageable, and turning around, suddenly attacks the driver with its sharp antlers. The Lapp knows he is no match for such weapons; so, tumbling out upon the snow, he turns his sledge over him, and calmly waits while the enraged deer thumps and bats against the walls of his prison, and when its wrath is spent, he rights his sledge, jumps in, and goes safely on his way.

Tromsö is a pleasant little city, set on the side of a gently-sloping hill, and washed by the sheltered waters of the fjord. We took a walk through the

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meadows back of the town, picking handfuls of the wild flowers that surprised us everywhere with their abundance and beauty.

In the city we spent several hours in sauntering through the fur-stores. Beautiful skins, in tempting variety, covered the walls and hung in the windows: great skins of the black and polar bear, softer ones of the fox and rabbit, and, rarest of all, exquisite bed-blankets of eider down, the velvety-gray down covering both sides alike with a border in variegated colors from the necks of the ducks. Reindeer skins were abundant and cheap. The hair is short and coarse, but the colors are pleasing, and they make pretty hearth-rugs. Entire Lapp suits in reindeer-fur — shoes, mittens, cap, and blouse — were offered for sale. Some of the stores abounded in curious little trifles, the handiwork of the Lapps,— such as spoons, knives, and pipes, carved from the reindeer horn, and scratched with rude pictures illustrative of the Lapps' artistic skill.

Two days from Tromsö, we touched at Hammerfest. Far away on the north and west rolled the polar ocean, serene and boundless. On the shore of the main land, hiding among the cold rocks as if seeking protection under their frowning sides, lay the little city. Above was the canopy of blue sky; and the zephyrs blew softly around us. But no loveliness of sky or air could make us forgetful of

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the cruel winter coming, or the thunder of the angry waves that would break on the storm-beaten rocks.

There is an air of romance about Hammerfest — not in the sterility of its surroundings, or in the encircling arms of the polar sea, but in the fact that it is the most northerly city in the world. Beyond here are a few scattered patches of verdure where fishermen have planted their little cottages, but most of the coast is too sterile to afford a home for any living creature but the birds.

Twenty-five hundred people, out of the two millions in all Norway, live in Hammerfest. The town looks bleaker from the water than it is in reality. There are patches of green grass, dotted by snug cottages with low-reaching turf-roofs, birch twigs filling every crevice, and bright pot-plants blooming in the windows. Once, we caught the musical tinkle of a piano.

Not far from the wharf is the town square, with its gray wind-blown music-stand. Long wooden tables were placed along the side of the square, presided over by a score of ruddy-faced women, all busily engaged in supplying the wants of a row of fishermen, who, seated on benches before the table, were heartily enjoying the cakes of *flad-brod*, bowls of milk, and the cheese and eggs, liberally dealt out to them.

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We sailed from Hammerfest on the afternoon of the 22d of June; and all the rest of that long lovely day were cruising along the sixty miles of coast to the North Cape. We at last left the fjord, and were out in the open sea, with only a jagged line of rocks skirting the mainland on the right. Vegetation was gone; even the hardy shrubs and grasses, that a little farther south reached out between the rocky crevices, had quite disappeared, and nothing remained to soften the outlines of the dull gray stone. The great Arctic Sea lay like a sheet of glass about us. How could it ever be cruel, that gently-heaving surface, sparkling with a thousand changing colors! Whales sported in the water, and from half-a-dozen different places jets of spray shot into the air, falling back again in a fountain of mist.

At ten o'clock we came in sight of the North Cape — a magnificent bluff, rising almost perpendicularly a thousand feet out of the sea. On the western side was a sheltered cove, where we were to go ashore. As the "Michael Krohn" gradually neared the bluff, suddenly, at Captain Christie's signal, from bow to stern, along the rigging to the very tops of the masts, innumerable gay flags fluttered in the wind; then a salute of six guns was fired, the thunder reverberating among the rocky walls, till it seemed as if the whole mountain would be shivered.

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At eleven the boats were lowered, and we rowed to the shore to make the ascent. The slope was more gradual on the west side; but at the best, we had a formidable climb before us. The snow had entirely melted, except where a single narrow strip swept down from the top of the mountain. Each gentleman of the party assisted a lady as best he could to scramble up the slippery path. At last, when within a few feet of the summit, a bulging piece of earth prevented our going further. Then two sailors swung us in their stout arms over the precipice, and landed us safely on the brow of the cape. Here we found a broad level surface, carpeted with short tough grass. In places, the ground was quite hard, with patches of the mica bed showing through the turf; again, it sunk soft and wet under our tread, where the snow had lately melted, leaving in its place a scanty sprinkling of wild-flowers.

Near the northern extremity of the cape, stands a small granite column, placed here in honor of King Oscar's ascent, in 1872. The gentlemen drank their toasts — the orator of the party made a speech — then, writing our names on a bit of paper and laying it beside the monument, and heartily joining with our English friends in singing "God save the Queen," we turned our faces toward the sea. Our watch-hands pointed to twelve. The sky was still

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fair. Away in the north, strange and beautiful, hung the yellow sun, five diameters above the horizon. The sunlight had not the brilliancy of a more southerly latitude, but shed over sky and water a "soft, mysterious glow, as if shining through a net of golden gauze." Before us, as far as eye could reach, rolled the majestic ocean. A faint gurgle came to our ears, as the water gently laved the rocks far below.

A hush had gradually fallen upon our little party. Thrilled and awed, we gazed silently out on the wonderful scene. Carlyle's own eloquent words express it best: "Silence as of death — for midnight, even in the Arctic latitude, has its character; nothing but the granite cliffs, ruddy-tinged — the peaceful gurgle of that slow-heaving polar ocean, over which and the utmost north the great sun hangs low and lazy, as if he too were slumbering. In such moments solitude is invaluable; for who would speak or be looked upon, when behind him lies all Europe and Africa, fast asleep except the watchmen, and before him the silent Immensity — the palace of the Eternal, whereof our sun is but a porch-lamp!"

If the ascent of the cape was difficult, how shall I describe the descent! Slipping, stumbling and sliding over the ground — clutching for support at stones and earth, only to find them giving way with us — hearing deafening screams to look out for fall-

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ing boulders, yet unable to move an inch from our path, panting and foot-sore, yet powerless to stop,— onward we went, in dizzy blindness. At last the end was reached; and when safely landed at the foot of the cape, we amused ourselves searching for driftwood, deposited here by the Gulf-stream, and filling our pockets with curious shells and white sponges, found among the seaweed and the rocks.

At three o'clock we returned to the steamer, and the cod-fishing began — a part of the regular programme. The cods were abundant and eager; and almost as fast as we threw in our line, we drew it out heavy with its floundering trophy.

On our return trip, we visited a whaling station. The captain of a whaling schooner showed us a monster, eighty feet long, that had just been brought in, after dragging the vessel about with it for seven hours. He showed us another whale partly cut up; opening its great jaws to let us see the arrangement of the whalebones, and the hairy mat lining the upper jaw, which prevents the food from passing out with the water, when the whale spouts. To our surprise, we learned that the animal's throat is so small that it can swallow only a small herring. Every part of the great fish is utilized; not only its bones and oil, but its flesh, which is sold for meat, and often mistaken for beefsteak. The refuse is converted into fertilizers. The

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whale is captured by means of a long iron spike, having a triangular receptacle at one end filled with dynamite. This is fired from a cannon into the whale's body. The dynamite explodes, causing a vacuum, which lightens the monster's bulk so that it floats easily.

The twelfth day from starting, and the sixth from the North Cape, we touched again at Trondhjem. Here our party separated: some returning to Christiania, there to take a steamer for England; others seeking the beautiful scenery of the Romsdal, and salmon fishing in the neighboring streams; while L. and I set our faces toward the interior.

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CHAPTER XV.

A NIGHT AT A NORWEGIAN SÆTER.

WE were going alone — thirty-five miles straight into the heart of the country.

"You are sure it is quite safe?" we asked, a little anxiously, of the Norwegian who was directing us.

"Perfectly. You could travel anywhere in Norway alone, and even sleep out under the trees every night without fear."

We were full of eagerness, and already sniffed, in imagination, the sweet pine odors and bracing air of the stern Norse fjelds.

The *sæter* is peculiar to Norway, and is somewhat like the Swiss *chalet*. As the soil is poor, during the summer the scanty harvest in the valleys must be carefully garnered for winter's use; so, early in the spring, when the first snow begins to melt from the lofty fjelds, scores of buxom maids, in little companies of twos and threes, are sent far up the mountain trails to some distant slope, where they may pasture their flocks on the hardy grass, till the autumn frosts drive them back again to the valleys.

Each party of girls has its own *sæter*, or rude

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shanty, which shelters them, and where they carry on a brisk dairy business. Often these *sæters* are situated miles from each other, or from any habitation; and the girls pass the long summer months without hearing any human voices but their own.

Our starting-point was Lille Elvedal, a quiet little town on the railroad between Trondhjem and Christiania. When we stepped upon the platform, one dull afternoon in July, there was nothing in sight but the pretty pine station-house, with its blooming window-plants, a few low cottages nestled among the green hills, and the village hotel. Two maiden sisters were with us — school-teachers from the city, who had come to this sylvan resort to while away a few weeks of vacation.

We picked up our shawl-straps, and together walked across to the hotel. It was a plain, hospitable-looking building, rising high above its neighbors. Its wide roof slanted low over the eaves. The unpainted walls were of oiled pine, and above the front entrance was a reindeer's head, with its handsome antlers spreading proudly on either side, as a crowning ornament.

At the door we met the landlady, in a fresh calico gown, her flaxen locks brushed smoothly back in a neat coil. She led us through a broad hall to the door of the sitting-room, where we stopped a minute for a general survey. It *was* a cosy picture. The bright

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yellow floor, relieved by a few home-made rugs, spotless curtains blowing about the pots of scarlet geraniums, white walls hung with a half dozen antiquated pictures, the polished stove standing sentinel in one corner — its low hearth sprinkled with a handful of pine twigs and dried rose-leaves, — several pieces of well-brushed hair-cloth furniture, two black wooden rockers, a centre-table, — and the picture is complete.

The sisters were especially delighted, and turned their eyes admiringly from one part of the room to another. After a long survey, one of them said to us, with a smile, in her broken English:

"I suppose you haven't anything as fine as this in America."

A wide hall, its sweet pine walls and ceiling unmarred by paint or plaster, ran the entire length of the building on the ground floor; and from this the bedrooms opened. Our little nest was rural indeed, with its bare floor, a board nailed across a corner of the room for the wash-stand with its tin bowl and pitcher, and two narrow cots radiant under their scarlet merino counterpanes.

When we returned to the sitting-room, the sisters were already seated comfortably in the black rockers, each busy with her tatting. They greeted us eagerly, and made us sit down beside them, while in their simple innocent way they asked question after question about America.

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"Do bears run wild through the cities? Are the Indians very terrible? And in that wicked city, Chicago, we have heard — but can it be true? — that people go about the streets killing each other."

The next morning we were up early, and ready for a start at eight. A cariole stood at the door. It was a little carriage, with long easy shafts, and looked very inviting in spite of its weather-stained sides. Its two wheels and single narrow seat reminded us of the racing-gig. There are few railways in Norway, but the cariole, light and elastic notwithstanding its lack of springs, can be driven over hill and through valleys the length and breadth of the land. At regular intervals along the country roads are public cariole stations, at any one of which a person may hire a horse and vehicle. He may then drive on to the next, procure a fresh outfit, and so continue to the journey's end. There is little danger of losing the way, for the roads are nearly direct, and the small Norwegian ponies are so docile they can be easily managed even by the inexperienced.

The cariole, with its single seat, is expected to carry but one person; though, as Lille Elvedal could only furnish a single outfit, this had to answer for two. While one of us occupied the seat of honor in front, the other balanced herself adroitly

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on a board placed across the shafts at the rear, her feet dangling just above the ground, and her hands clinging for support to the back of the seat in front. This board usually carries the post-boy and carpet-bags; now the oat-bag was strapped to it, and served as a cushion which was destined to grow harder as the pony gradually emptied it.

L. and I mounted to our places in the cariole. At this juncture, a young doctor and his wife, from Christiania, ready for a frolic, decided to join us. For them a respectable gig was secured, with a post-boy for driver. The doctor led the way and we followed close behind. The entire hotel community, from the plump proprietor down to the staring cow-boy, had gathered to see us off, and waved us a lingering farewell from the barnyard. Away we joggled, down the lane, past the little chapel with its black-tipped steeple, across the bridge, and around a bend, directly toward the mountains in the East.

It was a glorious morning — one of Norway's own. The wind blew cold and bracing. The skies were sullen, but they matched the still pine forests that stretched mile after mile on our right hand; while on the other side flowed a mountain stream, now rippling in gentle eddies over its smooth bed, now dashing and roaring madly among the rocks and fens, to break at last with a splash into a foaming cascade.

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Along the roadside, under the hedges, grew clusters of ferns, harebells, and the sweet yellow and purple violets. Often we stopped to gather handfuls of the forest beauties, or to trim our horses' heads with graceful poplar boughs and trailing vines.

"Oh, how sweet the pine woods smell!" we exclaimed again and again, as we brushed against their bristling needles, and inhaled long drafts of the pure and invigorating air. Sometimes, in the stillness of their deep shadows, we heard the sound of the woodman's axe, and along our way passed the pine trunks he had felled and, stripped of their bark, had set up in stacks to dry. Here were towering cliffs of partly-quarried limestone, and there the land stretched about us in pleasant meadows. On these fertile patches of ground were the cottages of the peasants — some new and fresh, but for the most part old and nearly as dark as the soil itself.

We stopped before one of these humble homes. A column of black smoke wreathed above the rude stone chimney. The rooms were small and scantily furnished. Out-doors, over a bed of hot coals laid in a stone basin, hung the heavy kettle used for boiling down tar. We asked the woman for a glass of milk. She brought us some in a pitcher; but it was blue and thin. Strange to say, in this country, where dairies are so numerous, milk with cream can

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rarely be had. The people are too poor to drink it themselves, and skim off the cream to sell it.

The doctor and his wife proved charming companions. Both could speak a little English, and every few minutes they turned back to laugh and chat with us in a friendly way. Occasionally a sturdy peasant, with his axe on his shoulder, came trudging by — lifting his hat respectfully as he passed, then stopping to gaze wonderingly at us.

At noon, we drew up before our first station. All around were brooks, forests, and lofty mountains; while far in the distance we could catch a faint glimpse of two or three little cottages set in a frame of green. We had driven into the yard, enclosed on three sides by separate low buildings — the stable, the kitchen, and, between them, the main building, which contained the living rooms.

The farmer and his wife hurried out to help us dismount. Leaving the doctor to arrange for another team, we followed the good housewife, who, decked out in the finery of a quilted petticoat, and a black silk cap tied snugly under her chin, led the way to the house. We were shown a moderate-sized room, and left to amuse ourselves, while the dame hurried back to the kitchen, to prepare dinner.

Everything about us was thoroughly peasant-like, from the pink paint on the walls, to the ample

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fireplace built in a corner of the room, and reaching from the floor to the ceiling. As it was summer, the entire mouth of the fireplace was filled with a leafy poplar tree, still green and fresh, whose outspreading branches reached around the plastered sides, and concealed the black walls behind. The floor was covered with a woodsy carpet of fragrant pine-needles, and the silky cotton of the pussy-willow. About the four walls, near the ceiling, ran a shelf filled with all manner of curious wares — pans, horns, and wooden boxes, gayly ornamented with painted men and animals cut in relief in the sides. Lower down, hung the dresser, conspicuous with its gorgeous display of earthenware; each plate and saucer was decorated in the most brilliant colors, and was set carefully up on edge, and all were preserved as household treasures. A stationary bench against the sides of the room took the place of chairs, and beside it in one corner stood the wooden table.

We looked into the next room, whose only furnishing was two wooden beds under clean cotton sheets; peered up into the loft from the foot of the ladder, then returned to the first room, and sat down before the table, round which our hopes then centred. The long morning ride and keen air had sharpened our appetites; and while we waited, imagination pictured in bright visions the

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country cream and savory chicken soon to be set before us. At last the housewife appeared, bearing a large low-rimmed tray containing our dinner. Hungrily we surveyed its contents, but with a gradual falling of countenance. In the centre, set up on end like a colossal bar of brown soap, stood a forlorn goat's-milk cheese. Beside it lay a flabby half-scaled fish, with its lugubrious head and disconsolate tail drooping over the sides of the platter. A yellow dish of thick milk, and a wire-basket heaped high with *flad-brod* cut in triangles, completed the *menu*.

The Doctor and his wife, being Norwegians, set cheerfully to work. L. and I, placing our handkerchiefs in our laps, cut off a piece of the fish with our pewter knives and forks. It was an insipid morsel.

"Please give us some salt," said the doctor, to the woman who was standing by. She immediately climbed upon the bench, and took down from the shelf one of the curiously decorated boxes. It was partly filled with a coarse, yellow-grained substance, which the uninitiated would never have suspected to be salt, except for its flavor.

The doctor's wife kindly showed us how to eat the thick milk by sprinkling toasted crumbs on the top and skimming off the cream. We took several tastes — all of our little party eating out of the same dish. A few shavings of the goat's cheese quite

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satisfied us, for its sugary flavor made it almost sickening. At last we fell back on the *flad-brod*. *Flad-brod* is all that its name indicates — flat bread, made of coarse rye, and baked in thin hard cakes. It is a favorite diet with Norwegians, but to us was about as palatable as chips. We broke off bits from one of the triangles, and munched away perseveringly on the tough unimpressible crust, trying to persuade ourselves that after all we were not very hungry.

After dinner we wandered into the kitchen. The rough walls showed signs of whitewash, which the black smoke had nearly obliterated. Almost the whole of one side of the room was taken up by the fireplace, with its wide chimney and brick hearth, where lay a few smouldering embers. Around a table at one side sat the family, dining on what appeared to be scraps left from our dinner — bits of *flad-brod*, and heads and tails of fish.

In the meantime, fresh horses were harnessed to the carioles, and the doctor called us to our places. The station-master's son was engaged as our guide to the *sæter*. It was only two miles distant, he told us; but as one Norwegian mile means seven of ours, we had still a good afternoon's ride before us.

Leaving the cariole road, that continued to wind through the valleys, we turned at once toward the untrodden slopes of the mountains. In

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many places the way was so steep and rugged we threw the lines over the horses' heads, and, jumping to the ground, scrambled merrily over the slippery path on foot. The tall pines and tangled underbrush shut us in like a forest; but the wind had blown away the clouds, and stray beams of sunlight glimmered down through the boughs in bright flickering patches. All was still, except for the musical trickle of little mountain streams as they hurried past us to the valley, or the sweet call of the cuckoo over our heads.

Steadily we toiled on for several hours, scaling brow after brow of successive fjelds, and descending into one ravine after another, to rise in turn to some loftier height. The mountains, that a little while before had risen so far above us, now began to stretch away in uneven lines on every side. Many peaks lay below our feet. Only the higher ones, hoary-crowned, rose nearer to the calm clear sky. The ground was covered with a light green mat of reindeer-moss — so called because it is eaten by the reindeer running wild on the mountains. There was an abundance of heather, many of the little cotton-flowers we had noticed in the valleys, and the sweet faces of the "forest eyes," growing with the tougher grasses. The trees and shrubs had almost disappeared, and the surface was bare, varied only by the crystal-bosomed springs that gave

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birth to the thousands of tiny rivulets coursing their way down the mountain-sides.

The guide had been plodding silently on for some time, when suddenly he stopped, and pointing across a deep ravine to a distant hill-slope, exclaimed eagerly: "*Sæter! Sæter!*"

A little brown shed, enclosed within a two-acre fence, met our gaze. Could that be the *sæter?* Silent misgivings crept into our minds as to the kind of entertainment such a place could offer; but the eyes of the guide were still fixed upon us, so we only nodded and smiled, hoping that in this case nearness instead of distance would lend the enchantment.

Presently we turned down a road leading to the bed of the ravine. Just at its foot we halted upon the bank of a pretty river, a quarter of a mile wide, that lay between us and the object of our hope. Cross it we must — but how? An old barge lay upon the shore, but it was secured to a stake by a padlock. The guide, who had been shuffling about in the tall grass, suddenly kicked against something hard, and stooping down, produced the key. The fastenings were soon undone, and the boat pushed into the water.

It was an old rickety affair, and leaked badly. L. sat on the seat at one end, bailing, with an old tin can, the water that oozed rapidly in through the large cracks. I followed the doctor's wife, crouch-

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ing as best I could on the side of the boat. The doctor took his stand at the stern, and paddled; while the guide, unhitching the horses from the carioles, rode with them through the shallow stream. The carioles were left on the other side of the river, for our use the next morning.

We were soon safely across, and within a few rods of the *sæter*, which stood upon the low summit of a near hill. Breaking our way through the bristling fens, we reached the gateway at the side of the little granary that led to the *sæter* enclosure. Full of eagerness, we turned our eyes toward the house, expecting to see the entire household hurrying out to meet us. But we passed the gate, and were half up the hill, before any sign of life was visible. Then a great shepherd dog, scenting the strangers, came bounding angrily toward us. The next minute a frowsy-headed boy, about ten years old, appeared upon the hill-top, and, with hands in his pockets, stared at us vacantly, then disappeared.

At last we gained the summit; but no one was in sight. The doctor took out his watch. Watches were necessary companions in those days, when the sun was so deceiving.

"It is six o'clock," he said. "Perhaps the girls are milking."

We turned toward a neat little shanty, a few

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steps away, and looked in at the open door. There, on their low milking stools, sat the two ruddy-cheeked mountain maids, in pink calico gowns, and clean handkerchiefs tied on their yellow hair, busily milking the speckled cows. These were beautiful creatures, with fine sleeky skins, and soft, almost human, eyes. The shed was long and low, with each of its twenty-five stalls in perfect order. The maids glanced up as we approached, and then went on steadily with their work, till the bright tin pails were bubbling over with the frothy liquid.

"Can we stay here all night?" the doctor asked.

The older one answered: "Perhaps so. I will see, when I am through milking."

Bashful Peter, the *sæter*-boy, watched us shyly from behind the corner of the shed.

"Poor fellow! I don't suppose he has tasted meat since he left the valley; they rarely carry it with them to the mountains," said the doctor.

Remembering the little lunch of bread and salmon that we had brought with us from Lille Elvedal, in a spirit of magnanimity we passed it all into Peter's hands — but had reason to regret our generosity two hours later.

When the milking was done, we followed the girls as they carried the brimming pails across a field to a spring of water, fresh and clear, where the milk was kept cool. A small shed had been

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built over the spring, and a floor of clean planks laid down to step upon, leaving a square opening in the centre. Set across this from end to end, were stout wooden poles, from which swung the milk pails by the handles, with the body of the pail under the water. We watched the girls as they sunk the fresh pails in the springs; then each one took an end of one of the poles in her hand and lifted up other pails, from which were emptied out large dishes of cream and milk for our supper.

These girls lived quite luxuriously in their mountain cottages or *sæters*. Each cottage had two rooms. In the new *sæter* were the kitchen and best bedroom. The kitchen seemed to have been built expressly for the fireplace, which occupied one entire side with its broad hearth and hooded chimney-mouth. Around on the clay floor stood the curious flat churn and other dairy utensils; but there was no furniture.

Two low steps led to the door opening into the chamber. This was not occupied by the *sæter*-girls, but held in reserve for the use of visitors who might happen up from the valley in pleasant weather. As a mark of great distinction, it was assigned to L. and me. The floor had the usual carpet of pine needles; while another young poplar-tree, as graceful as the one we had seen in the afternoon, filled the generous fireplace. We could not account for

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the peculiar, almost sickening, odor that filled the room, till, chancing to look up, we saw against the wall a high shelf laden with an orderly row of goats'-milk cheeses, set there to harden. In a corner stood the four-post bedstead with its sheepskin covering.

The old *sæter* contained the bedroom where the maids slept, with a trundle-bed for Peter; and across a small passage-way was the "dairy." In the bedroom, which was vacated for their use, the doctor and his wife were comfortably installed. At the doctor's request — for the evening air grew chilly on the mountains — the poplar-tree was taken out of its nook, and a yellow blaze soon went crackling up the sooty chimney. The light glowed in the deepening twilight and danced about the walls of the room, where on great hooks were hung fur cloaks, snow-shoes, and all kinds of hunters' weapons — powder-bags, guns, knapsacks, and, with them, some of the deer's antlers and skins taken in the chase.

The girls gradually lost their bashfulness, and it was with an air of conscious pride that they showed us through the dairy. The well-filled shelves that lined the walls proved how industrious they had been; for the season was as yet only half over. On the lower shelves, the milk was set for cream in shallow bowls. Golden butter, in kegs and rolls, neatly wrapped up, and a vast number and variety

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of cheeses, all neatly arranged in their proper order, were pointed out for our admiration.

While the older maid, whose round bare arms were a pretty match for her pink calico, was showing us the dairy, the younger one had slipped away to prepare supper in the new *sæter;* and now she called to us that it was ready. The table, improvised from an oblong shelf, with stakes for legs, was spread in the best chamber. Every resource of the little *sæter* had been employed in our honor. Table-cloth and napkins were wanting, but the four painted plates set before us had been taken from the treasured collection on the dresser; the cream in the deep-mouthed bowl was the richest and coolest; the yellow butter, neatly-arranged *flad-brod*, and goats' cheese, considered by Norwegians the most delicate variety — all were of the choicest and best. Even the little dish of thin butter-cakes we had noticed laid carefully away in the dresser had been sacrificed for our benefit and placed on the table. But alas, ungrateful creatures that we were! Even the doctor and his wife thought this milk and cream diet, interspersed with nibblings of butter, cheese, and *flad-brod*, rather unpalatable. Yet jollity made up for the lack of solid comfort, and the supper passed off merrily.

We retired late — though it seemed early, for in the gray dusk we could see easily without a candle.

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We slept on a hard straw bed, without sheets or pillows — our sole covering the sheep-skin rug. This latter might have sufficed to keep us warm had we been allowed to repose under it in peace, but its soft woolly meshes sheltered such an army of busy-bodies we were soon driven to throw it away and substitute our cloaks.

In the morning, hastily dressing, and performing our ablutions in a yellow bowl with a piece of cotton-cloth for a towel, we hurried out-doors to see the maids drive the cows to pasture. The younger girl was already at the gate, her cheeks rosy in the pure fresh air, gathering her pets around her. It was a pretty sight — the cluster of cows, the little lambs and goats, trusting and fearless, rubbing affectionately against her dress, and running to her at her call. She led them away up the mountain a short distance, where they would have free range of pasturage, and then returned to the *sæter*.

The cattle wander where they will all day alone; but at milking-time, when far out over the silent fjelds rings the sweet cry of the *sæter*-girl — "O coo! coo! coo!" the bell-cow stops grazing and starts at once for home, and all the others obediently follow.

On the crown of one of the nearest mountains, the guide pointed to a pile of loose boulders that once formed an altar. Formerly the people living

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in the valleys separated by these lofty fjelds, had no means of communication, and knew as little about each other's manners, dialect, and dress, as if they had inhabited different planets. Then, on these stone altars, fires were built to warn of approaching danger; and as the lurid flames shot into the air from one peak, a fire was built quickly on the next, and so the news spread far and wide.

Breakfast was a repetition of supper, with the addition of a small pot of unsettled coffee. Immediately after eating, we left — slipping into the hands of the girls a half-*krone* each, with a few *ore* to Peter; upon which their faces, usually rather unexpressive, beamed with happiness.

We recrossed the river in the old barge, hitched the horses to the carioles, and began the descent to the valley. Several *sæter*-girls, knitting in hand, passed us on their way up the mountains. Behind them came a long line of cattle led by the bell-cow. The guide told a story of a cow that after many years was considered too old to act as leader any longer, and the bell was transferred from her neck to that of a younger animal. The old cow showed every sign of jealousy, and the next morning her rival was found dead in the stall, the victim of her wrath.

At the foot of the mountains our kind friends, the doctor and his wife, left us, following the cariole

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road still further into the country, while L. and I turned back to Lille Elvedal. We reached the hotel just after noon. Faint from our long fast, we hurried to the landlady, who was in the kitchen, and by emphatic gestures and doleful shakes of the head tried to make her understand that we wanted lunch. She nodded assent, and we returned to the sitting-room to wait. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and still no signs of preparation. Half-famished, we went back to the kitchen. There at the table sat Christine calmly paring potatoes for boiling. The pantry-door stood open, and on the shelf sat a plate of cold meat. Suiting our actions to words, we seized the plate and started to the sitting-room. In a flash the landlady comprehended. She rescued her meat, and in a very few minutes the lunch was spread.

Several days later, in Christiania, we chanced to read the following in a "Guide to Norway":

"Travellers planning a cariole trip into the country should remember to carry with them a supply of canned meat and white bread — also a tin of English biscuits and a paper of salt, as they will be found indispensable supplements to the fare."

The caution came a little too late for us.

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CHAPTER XVI.

IN BALTIC WATERS.

IF Christiania was a surprise to us, Stockholm was a greater one. We knew it to be a large and thriving city; but we did not expect to find such handsome streets and squares, such hotels, museums, art-galleries, statues,—indeed, a second Paris, with all its improvements; or a northern Venice, as the guide-books call it, from the lagoons that intersect the suburbs with picturesque effect. We took delightful excursions on the pretty steamers—visited the museum, and saw its store of relics, among them the stuffed skin of the horse which Gustavus Adolphus was riding when shot, and his last suit of clothes stained with his blood. We sauntered through the stores, admiring the skilfully-carved toys and *bric-a-brac*, cut from pine wood, for which Sweden is so noted. We were shown through the King's palace. Each room was furnished handsomely, though not extravagantly, and had a home-like look rarely seen in these princely establishments. The King's summer parlor was especially attractive, with its glass roof and sides, shaded by cool green vines, its green carpet and

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furniture, dripping fountains and blooming bowers. Friday was market-day, and the country-people in holiday dress came flocking to town. The costume of the younger women was the gayest of the gay: a colored woollen apron over a short blue flannel petticoat, a light calico waist and a bodice with long straps fastened over the shoulders, a red silk handkerchief around the neck, and dangling from it in front a silver pin composed of tiny silver bangles. The head was surmounted by a tall black cap running to a peak, bound around the bottom with a bright band and with two tabs ending in red worsted balls falling from behind. The older women wore a funny little cap, barely covering the crown of the head, and tied under the chin.

But a greater thought than Stockholm filled our minds. A friend had said to us a few days before:

"You are going to Russia, ar'n't you? It would be too bad not to see it, when you are so near."

Our plan had been to return directly to Copenhagen, stop there a few days, and then go south to Cologne and on to Switzerland. But it was still early in the season. Why not see Russia as well? Would it be safe? That was our only doubt; and visions of cold-blooded Nihilists and lurking spies rose up to haunt us.

A bright thought struck us. We would ask our American consul—he would surely know; and we

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set out at once for the consulate, which was situated in a pleasant square in the upper part of the city. The consul was out of town, but the vice consul sat in the office-chair.

"Oh, yes, it will be safe—Americans are leaving for Russia by every steamer."

"But ladies alone?" we ventured.

"Certainly, if you only visit St. Petersburg. You can go from there direct to Berlin. Of course you will not visit Moscow."

Forthwith we bought our passports—the first time we had needed them since leaving home—carried them to the grave Russian minister for his all-important signature, and the same afternoon went aboard the propeller "Finland."

After leaving the dock, our steamer wound in and out among the islands lying soft and green in the water and dotted with pretty summer-houses. The grass crept close to the water's edge, and sometimes a cluster of dark pines stood back on the brow, revealing through their openings the gables and turrets of some rustic cottage.

"Don't you call this charming, now?" cried one American gentleman to another.

"Finer than the St. Lawrence," was the enthusiastic reply.

We stopped at several places, the last one a queer little town whose red houses were presided over by

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a grandfatherly wind-mill, then steered across the Baltic to the shores of Finland.

A small party of Americans were on board — gay, kind-hearted people. They eyed us curiously at first, but soon the ice was broken, and everybody was as friendly as possible. But native curiosity could not be repressed. One time as L. and I were sitting alone on deck, a portly gentleman of the party approached us. After a few casual remarks about the weather and scenery, he began:

"Going to Russia, alone, are you?"

"Yes sir," we replied meekly.

"Parents living?"

"Yes."

"I suppose they know you've come off here?"

"No — we ——" (intending to explain our unexpected detour).

"I thought so," he interrupted. "I thought so. Now, my young friends," he continued, leaning forward to make his words more impressive, "let me give you a little advice. I am older than you, and have seen much more of the world. Why — do you know? — it's unheard of, two young inexperienced girls going off to Russia alone. Now, my advice is, see St. Petersburg, as you've started, but do it cautiously, then get out of the country as quick as you can — the sooner the better."

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"'PARENTS LIVING?'"

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Having relieved his conscience, Lawyer B. lit his cigar, stroked his mustache, and returned to his friends, leaving the reckless young women to their own devices.

The second day out, we touched at Helsingfors, the capital of Finland. We had always supposed the Lapps and Finns to be quite on a level; but we found that in this we were greatly mistaken. Finland is not at all the forsaken, half-barbarous land we had pictured it. Our captain was a Finn. One day as we were at dinner, some one said to him:

"Finland belongs to Russia, doesn't it?"

"Only in name," he answered, from the head of the table. "We are almost an independent nation — we have more liberties than the Russians themselves."

"How is that?"

He laughed a little. "The Czar would not dare to treat us badly. We once belonged to Sweden; and it would not take much, in case of war, to send us back there. The Czar knows that."

"But how have you more privileges than the Russians?"

"We elect our own legislature, and make many of our own laws, provided they do not infringe on the rights of the Czar, and he is very careful not to limit us too much. Besides, we have our own cur-

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rency and language; so you see we are quite separate. This ship belongs to Finland."

"But you sail under the Russian flag," interrupted one, quietly.

"Yes, I must," he said, a little bitterly. "Finland has no flag."

Helsingfors is not an old city, but has some very fine public buildings. Most of the houses are built of brick, roughly joined together, covered with a coating of white plaster that resembles stone, and is said to be very durable. Yet Finland is noted for its beautiful marble, most of which is taken to Russia. Many of the smaller houses have double windows, and the ledge between them is filled with dried moss to keep out the cold. The government buildings were striking, but dazzling, with their pure white walls. On an eminence in the distance stood a large Greek church, with walls of red brick, cupolas capped with brazen balls, and roof of snowy white. This was to be painted green — a favorite color with the Russians.

Strolling about the city under the hot sun, we were suddenly startled by the cry of fire. We followed the crowd a long distance. The firemen were very slow — running on foot, with the hose in their hands, while the water for their use was carried in barrels. Several cottages were burned,

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in spite of the cries and bustle in trying to put out the flames.

Among our passengers was a Russian family — a lady and gentleman in the employ of a marquis. They occupied the deck state-room, and at first kept quite aloof from the rest of the passengers — evidently feeling the importance of their station. The gentleman usually appeared in uniform, which made him almost handsome. They both spoke French, and the wife could speak also a little English. She had the square features, black eyes and hair, and dead complexion of that type of Russians. One evening as she stood on deck talking with a little cluster of Americans, she took a cigarette from her pocket, and holding it carelessly between her fingers began lighting it.

"I always feel a little awkward, smoking before Americans," she said, laughing, half apologetically; "it is not your custom."

"Oh, yes, it is growing quite fashionable for ladies to smoke in New York," interposed a lady from that city.

"Ah, indeed! I had not heard," madame replied, indifferently, and lifting her lighted cigarette to her lips began puffing away with a relish.

Once while chatting about the outbreaks of the Nihilists, one of the company turned to the Russian lady with the question:

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"Is it necessary to be so careful? Are you ever afraid?"

"Oh, no, for the country is full of officers. You are always watched. You may walk through the streets of St. Petersburg, and think no one is noticing you. But you are mistaken. The eyes of some officer are upon you, though you do not know it, for he wears civilian dress and mingles with the crowd. The authorities note the most trivial matters. A short time ago I attended a reception at the house of a marchioness, and carried my flowers and laces to the palace in a paper box. An officer at the door stopped me, and asked: 'What is in that box?' I told him, but he would not be satisfied till he had opened it, and examined it himself." The lady's dark eyes gleamed as she spoke. The Nihilist question seemed to have touched a sensitive spot.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE CITY OF THE GREAT CZAR.

WE were three days in crossing the Baltic and the Gulf of Finland—touching often at small towns on the Finnish coast. Toward evening of the last day, we came in sight of the environs of St. Petersburg. A feeling almost of awe impressed us as we noiselessly glided over those still cold waters toward the "City of the Great Czar." We stood on the bow of the steamer—a little party of Americans, bound together by the ties of native-land, gazing at the frowning fortress of Cronstadt now so near, or watching the flash of St. Isaac's gilded dome sixteen miles away.

Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburg, is strongly fortified by two forts hewn out of the solid rock and heavily garrisoned. They face each other at the entrance of the port, and as we sailed between them their guns pointed ominously at us. The masts of a thousand ships rose above the granite docks, and at anchor in the harbor was a man-of-war, just returned from Sweden, where it had been sent by the Czar to bring over his royal visitors, the king and queen of Greece.

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It was ten o'clock. The sun had at last gone down, and the twilight was slowly fading into dusk as the "Finland" glided to her wharf and threw her ropes to the moorings. We spent the night on the boat, and next morning waited several tedious hours for the customs officers to appear. They were tall stern-visaged men, and did their work with unprecedented vigor. Every piece of baggage was mercilessly overhauled; even our innocent-looking satchels did not escape, but received a thorough ransacking from top to bottom. Books and papers aroused special suspicion. Finally, one of the officers, diving into the depths of my bag, brought out a mutilated Italian newspaper a year old, pocketed it with the air of a man who had done his whole duty, and forthwith dismissed us.

The Hôtel d'Angleterre, in Isaac's Place, is unpretentious from the outside but very spacious and European within. Once installed in our rooms, our first business, after obtaining permission to remain in the city by having our passports *viséd* by the proper officer, was to engage a courier. At a word from the hall porter, an eager array of applicants presented themselves — Russian, English, French, and German. We chose an honest-looking German, rather gray and bent, but very intelligent and obliging; and under his friendly guidance we prepared to enjoy St. Petersburg.

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Our first pilgrimage was to St. Isaac's, one of the most splendid of Russian churches. It is a marvel of richness, with its massive dome capped with pure gold, its granite foundation of fabulous cost, and its wealth of bronzes, statuary, and variegated marbles. At six o'clock, a jangle of bells announced the hour for service. We crossed the square and mounted the polished steps. Just under the portico, half in the shadow, stood a row of strange forbidding-looking objects, which a second glance showed to be men. They wore long dark gowns of some coarse texture, and straw sandals. Their hair fell in a tangled snarl around their shoulders, and matched their coal-black eyes which were turned eagerly upon us. Each one held in his hand a copper plate, and as we passed thrust it toward us with a succession of bows and grimaces, all the more frightful because no sound accompanied them. Just inside the church door, we were confronted by a row of begging nuns, in sable gowns, and tall beaver hats draped with long lace veils. The nuns were as impassive as the men had been impassioned, and stood in a stiff line against the wall, holding out their plates with a look which seemed to say, "For the righteousness of our cause, you will surely contribute."

The interior of the great church was wrapped in shadow, for the high stained windows are simply

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ornamental, and candles furnished the only light. We lingered a moment to admire the gilded domes, rich frescoes, carvings, and mirror-like walls; then crossed the marble floor and took a stand in front of the altar among the already numerous worshippers. Others came hurrying in — men, women, and children, mostly of the poorer classes. Priests and people faced the sanctuary doors, the priests in elegantly embroidered robes of green or yellow, and jewelled mitres from beneath which their flowing locks of gray hair streamed nearly to their waist. The sacred portals are of the most elaborate workmanship. These and the altar-railing around them are overlaid with solid silver. It is believed that only after many prayers have been offered by the priests and congregation will Heaven graciously condescend to open these doors leading to the inner sanctuary. Three times during the service we saw the doors swing silently open, revealing a glitter of glass and silver, and a large window-painting of the Ascension of Christ in the rear. No images are allowed in the Greek churches, but their places are supplied by *bas relief*, and by pictures of the Madonna and child set in frames of gold studded with precious stones — diamonds, rubies, pearls, and sapphires. The lights were furnished by the people; each person brought a candle, and on entering the church carried it at once to the warder

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"THEY SWAYED THEMSELVES BACK AND FORTH, THEIR RAVEN LOCKS FLYING THROUGH THE AIR."

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in charge, who lit it and placed it in its socket in a circular frame. The worshippers then kissed one of the altar-pictures — mothers lifting up their little children and babies — and stepping back a few paces in front of the holy doors, began bowing and making the sign of the cross. The more devout knelt upon the cold marble floor during the entire service. It was a strange scene — the spacious church wrapped in shadows, the pale candle-light, the white faces of the people, and their earnest and absorbed worship. The men would have appeared ludicrous anywhere else. Their hair was very dark and cut squarely at the neck. As they swayed themselves rapidly back and forth, their raven locks were sent flying through the air — now streaming about them like a halo, now falling down into position. The singing was fine, and for the most part performed by men dressed in soldiers' uniform. Once during the service a contribution was taken. Four persons formed in line, and passed among the people. First came a priest, with a lighted candle fastened to his ephod; then a little girl, robed like a choir boy; and lastly, two men in official costume, each carrying a copper box. We stayed an hour and a half; and then, too tired to stand any longer — for no one is allowed to sit in a Greek church — we crept away. A Russian told us afterwards that the service would

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continue late into the evening, while the people came and went.

St. Petersburg is still pervaded by the spirit and genius of its great founder, Peter the Great, who built it and gave it his name. Nevski Prospect is the principal thoroughfare. It is broad and animated, and extends three miles and a half, from the Admiralty at one end to the monastery of St. Alexander Nevski at the other. Stores, churches, and palaces, all gorgeous with color, follow each other in quick succession. Everything is on a grand scale. The palaces are royal indeed. They are built after the Finnish style of architecture — of stone or brick, overlaid with plaster. The walls are colored the delicate tints of the rainbow, and the whole is highly ornamented in stucco. The churches are large and handsome; but their glory is in their domes. These are either five or nine in number, rising gracefully around a central one, and all are highly-colored. Some, like St. Isaac's, are capped with gold, or gilded to give the same effect. Many are green; others a light blue, sprinkled with gilded stars; and in some cases every one of the nine domes shines with a different color. The effect under the bright rays of the meridian sun can well be imagined.

The stores are not the least objects of interest. On the counter stands a reckoning-machine — an

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oblong frame, with wires stretched across from end to end, and strung with little wooden buttons. These are of different colors, to distinguish the quantities; and it is amusing and curious to see how rapidly the practised hand of the clerk will measure them off. The reckoning-machine was introduced by Peter the Great, and is still very generally used, from preference, as a quicker mode of computation.

But it is the outside walls that give character to the stores. Sign-painting is an art in Russia. Rows of large Russian characters, all the more striking to a foreigner for being unintelligible, surround sample-pictures of the merchants' stock in trade — cattle and poultry for the butcher, cloaks and caps for the tailor, hacks and droskies for the carriage-maker, butter and teas and fruits for the grocer. These objects are painted on a brilliant background in their natural size and color. The sidewalks were thronged with people of the lower and middle classes — for most of the nobility had left the city for their cool country-seats. Beggars were numerous, especially women and children, who had a way of planting themselves before us with folded arms and bowing silently back and forth — walking as we walked, and giving us no rest till we had satisfied their demands.

One of the most curious street sights was the funeral processions. The coffin rested on an open

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hearse drawn by black horses, and was draped with a black velvet mantle, heavily embroidered, which hung nearly to the ground. On a seat in front sat the driver — a man of melancholy countenance, his long locks of black hair falling from under his high hat and spreading around the sombre mantle that enveloped him. Behind walked a straggling company of mourners, the women in black veils and gowns. As the gloomy procession passed, all hats were respectfully raised.

Along the walls of the Nevski Prospect stand many little temples that resemble a single dome from one of the churches, set on the ground and encircled by walls. Nearly every native who passes in front of these temples lifts his hat and makes the sign of the cross. The more pious stop a few moments to pray, standing outside on the street, or going within if their devotions are longer.

On a side-street, several yards from the busiest part of Nevski Prospect, is a temple somewhat larger and handsomer than the others. This marks the spot where the late Czar Alexander fell when the fatal bomb struck him. We stood some minutes watching the people as they hurried to and fro. Nearly all passed by reverently; only now and then one walked on without any recognition. The guide led us along the road over which they carried

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the Czar from the scene of the tragedy to his palace.

"That was a terrible day," said the old man, with a shudder; "and all the way," indicating the line with his finger, "the snow was stained with the Czar's blood."

The Winter Palace stands on the banks of the Neva, massive and imposing, with leather-colored walls highly ornamented. Since the explosion in the royal dining-room, whose windows overlook the river, the palace has been guarded more carefully than ever; and it is a common saying in St. Petersburg that one cannot get into the Winter Palace "for love or money." Adjoining the palace, and connected with it by a passage-way, is the "Hermitage" of Queen Catherine. But its name gives no idea of its real character; for instead of its being a hermit's abode, it is a magnificent palace. Queen Catherine used it, as Marie Antoinette did the Trianon at Versailles, as a place where she could retire from the conventionalities of public life, and amuse herself with her favorite pursuits in seclusion and quiet. Each apartment in the Hermitage shone with the costliest decorations. In the lower stories the walls and floor were inlaid with different varieties and tints of marbles; in one room they were emerald — in the next, pale blue — in the next, pink or gray. In one hall was a fine museum of

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relics from Pompeii. Up-stairs were the galleries of paintings, rich in gems of Italian masters, besides many of the choicest specimens of Russian art, and, best of all, a collection of Rembrandt's pictures, said to be the finest and most complete in Europe. Finally, the guardian led us to a long corridor devoted to relics of Peter the Great. There were many pieces of elaborately-carved furniture — his own handiwork: the lumbering coach he used to ride in, some of his clothes, a quantity of his workshop tools, and many other much-used articles — among them the heavy iron cane with which he was wont to rap his offending ministers over the head. Halfway down the corridor sat in state a colossal wax figure of Peter himself. Formerly this figure was so attached to machinery that when anyone stepped upon a certain plank in the floor, Peter rose to his feet as if in greeting; but this unexpected apparition so startled one old lady that she fell in a fit, and after that the practice was discarded.

At the end of the corridor, the porter took a key from his pocket and unlocked a door which led to a handsome room with decorated walls, waxed floor, and furniture concealed under white coverings. Through an archway we had a glimpse of a still more elegant apartment beyond, and long windows looking out upon the Neva.

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"Oh!" I exclaimed, running toward them, "here is the river!"

The porter caught my sleeve and hurried us back to the corridor, shut and locked the door, and slipped the key into his pocket, with a grim smile. He had opened the door into the Winter Palace!

The royal family were at Peterhoff, a pleasant resort on the shore of the main-land bordering the Gulf of Finland. One afternoon we made a trip there on one of the pretty excursion steamers. After we had found seats in a breezy spot on deck, our courier startled us with the remark:

"You may be sitting next to a detective."

"Why?"

"Because there are always four or five on these boats. They sit among the people and listen to what they are saying without their knowing it."

In an hour we came in sight of Peterhoff. The Czar did not occupy the palace on the grounds, but lived in a modest white house set apart in a quiet grove, guarded on the land side by a picket-fence and stationed sentinels, and from the water by two armed men-of-war that are always anchored a few rods off shore. A crowd of carriages awaited the steamer's arrival at the landing. Many of the horses were beautiful animals, and very spirited. Black was the favorite color. The Russian cab-man dresses in a navy-blue *caftan* or gown, with a full

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heavy skirt bound by a colored girdle. When he is coachman in some wealthy family, this caftan is new and well-fitting, and as he sits erect on his seat, holding the lines in both hands, with the folds of his gown falling about his feet, he makes a fine figure. But the common drosky-man, in his faded half-worn robe, is far from handsome. The drosky is a small, light vehicle, with a seat barely wide enough to accommodate two persons.

We shall always remember Peterhoff for its beautiful fountains. They are among its chief attractions. One fountain starts from the foot of the palace, and flows in a little channel to the gulf; another spouts from the leaves of an artificial tree; still another falls in graceful sheets of spray around a miniature Greek temple. They are scattered all through the grounds, and we were always coming upon them in the most unexpected and charming places.

The king and queen of Greece were guests at the Peterhoff palace. We saw two of their retinue — a priest in purple velvet robe and mitre, and a page in scarlet knickerbockers and embroidered jacket.

Not far from the parade-grounds — where we stopped a while to listen to the lively music and watch the gay crowds of civilians and militia promenading to and fro — is a small brick house once

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occupied by Peter the Great. It was closed to visitors, but we peered through the windows at the low frescoed ceilings and gilded panels of the deserted rooms. But the most interesting relic of the great Peter is across the river from St. Petersburg, on Fortress Island. There we saw the little cottage, rude indeed, but perfect in all its parts, which the Czar built entirely himself, and where he lived while founding St. Petersburg. The house contains only three small rooms, one of which is now used as a chapel. All the heavy oaken furniture, with its curious carving, and the sailing vessel preserved as a special treasure in an outside corridor, are the work of the owner.

Peter the Great, with the long dynasty of queens and princes following him, is buried in the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, within the protecting walls of the fortress. This, like all Russian churches, is richly decorated, while from the ceiling float scores of handsome silken banners. In strange contrast with the glitter around them are the tombs themselves. These are of plain granite — their only adornment being the simple wreath of laurel leaves in bronze, wrought upon a smooth surface. Most of the tombs are placed in family groups, inclosed by a low iron railing. Only on the tombs of the assassinated Czar and his consort are kept garlands of fresh flowers and candles burning night and day.

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All around and covering the walls of the church behind them are placed the wreaths and other offerings sent by the monarchs of Europe for the Czar's funeral.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

HOLY MOSCOW.

CHANCING to meet the American consul one morning in the hotel parlor, he remarked inquiringly:

"Going to Moscow, of course?"

"No."

"What! not going to Moscow? Then never say you've seen Russia."

This was a new idea. We closeted ourselves for a fresh consultation, and settled the matter late that afternoon by sending our passports to the proper official for his signature and permit to leave the city. Hurrying ourselves and baggage into a drosky, we whirled down to the station to meet the evening express. This is the popular train for Moscow, going through in fourteen hours. There were four classes of coaches, each class painted differently, to distinguish it in the dark. Some of the coaches were furnished with chairs, like our American palace cars; others were divided into compartments opening into a narrow passage-way at one side. The sleepers were of this style, each little compartment being curtained off by itself. The

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first-class coaches were handsomely cushioned, and furnished with every convenience — mirrors, electric bells, even the match-safe in the compartments reserved exclusively for ladies: for all Russians, both men and women, smoke.

The railway stations are in the outskirts of the city; and as we steamed rapidly away, the familiar landmarks faded from sight, till only the glittering spire of the Admiralty and the golden dome of St. Isaac's gleamed in the distance. It was only seven, and we had still three hours before dark. The road between St. Petersburg and Moscow is "as the crow flies." The story of its construction is well known. According to the popular version, when the engineers had so designed the route that by occasional turnings it would pass through several prominent towns, they submitted it to the Emperor Nicholas.

"Bring me a map!" cried the autocrat, pushing aside the papers.

The map was brought.

"Where is Moscow?"

"There, your Majesty."

"And where is St. Petersburg?"

"Here, Sire."

"Then," exclaimed the Czar, drawing a straight line between the cities, "make the railroad there!"

Our journey had been described as "A terribly

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dull ride — nothing to see by the way"; but we greatly enjoyed it. The gorgeous sunset behind the dark firs, and the vast stretches of undulating plains, more like the unbounded sweep of prairie in our own loved land than anything we had seen since leaving home, may have helped to make it attractive. There was scarcely a ridge of rising ground to break the uniformity of broad flat surface, but a soft carpet of bright green covered it, growing around the ditches and creeping close up to the railway track.

Near the stations were gathered a few scattered houses of peasants. They were modest little cottages — the dwelling, barn, and store-house either joined together or very near each other; and all invariably had a neglected poverty-stricken air, pitiful to see. The walls of the houses were dark and scarred with age; the turf roof slanting low over the eaves, to protect from the winter winds. In striking contrast to the house was the bit of cultivated ground about it, which was always laid out with the greatest care, the neat rows of bright and dark green vegetables making a pretty picture against the black turf, the whole warmed by the soft yellow radiance of the setting sun. Whenever the train stopped, a crowd of noisy passengers surged into the restaurant. Some quaffed foaming glasses of beer or stronger beverages, while others

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sipped their tea flavored with a bit of lemon, holding the cup in one hand and a lump of sugar in the other, the sugar never being dissolved in the cup. The only fruit we saw was some small sickly-looking pears.

There is something unnatural about the poor Russian children,—they are so serious and mature, so unlike the frolicsome sprites of other lands. At one of the stations a little boy came out of a cottage near by and walked toward the train. He wore a loose soiled gown, reaching to his ankles, with coarse sandals wrapped around his feet and fastened with strips of cloth and twine. Standing still a minute, he turned his dark anxious eyes from one group of interested faces to another; then, making three times the sign of the cross upon his breast, began bowing back and forth, moving his body with the regularity of a little automaton. Only occasionally he stopped between the motions to hold out his hand with a supplicating grimace for money. When it was tossed to him he stooped and picked it up eagerly; then, straightening himself again, but with never the glimmer of a smile, he repeated several times the sign of the cross, and walked solemnly back to his home.

The night slipped quietly away, and next morning we woke with a flood of light streaming about us. We were very near "holy Moscow." All

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around us swept the hot, dry plain. In vain we searched for a cooling river or green hill to rest our eyes upon. Yet many little wild-flowers grew along the track, as fresh and glad-faced as if the skies had not been molten. Eagerly we watched for a first glimpse of the old Muscovite capital. Suddenly came a blinding flash — then another and another, and the domes of the great city were in full view. With fluttering hearts we counted our baggage and tried to calm ourselves for the arrival. A shrill shriek from the whistle, and our train rumbled heavily into the station.

Clamor and confusion filled the air. The car doors were thrown open, and a crowd of animated blue blouses surrounded us. We tried to speak, but the only responses wafted back to us were the meaningless "*Da! da! da!*" ["Yes! yes! yes!"] One man started off with a shawl-strap, another with a satchel, another with an umbrella, still another with a guide-book; while, powerless to resist, we screamed in each sooty ear, with the energy of despair — "*Hotel Billo! Hotel Billo!*"

We followed the last man, elbowing our way among the trunks and people, and several minutes later found ourselves, to our intense relief, comfortably seated in an open hack with our baggage beside us. On the seat in front, statue-like, sat the driver, in blue gown faded and baggy, while from the

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pavement below a dozen dirty hands were thrust in our faces and a dozen pair of black eyes were raised greedily to ours. For once we did not expostulate, but paid whatever was demanded, glad to escape on any terms. The horses were whipped up, and we rattled noisily over the roughly-paved street, while carts and droskies drove briskly past us, and crowds of people of every sort lined the walks. The streets of this quaint old city go up and down, around and about, in a very curious and confusing manner.

Turning a corner, we found ourselves at our hotel. No sooner had we touched the threshold than kind friends gathered about to welcome us and congratulate us on our safe arrival. We had come on the same train, but had been separated in the confusion at the station. In the hall the proprietor greeted us. He was a tall, fine-looking Russian, with the typical black hair and eyes. As we approached, he threw out his long arms, and flourished in our faces a telegram which, in a confused jumble of words, he attempted to tell us was the one announcing our coming. He seemed greatly excited, and in the midst of the tirade we turned away and followed the porter to our rooms.

"Queer man, isn't he?" whispered L. on the stairs. "I believe he is crazy."

"Nonsense!" I answered; "they wouldn't have a crazy proprietor."

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But indeed he was crazy. His peculiar actions compelled this admission from the porter, but "harmless — perfectly harmless," he assured us, when, with one hand on our satchels, we turned to flee from the place. Seeking the advice of our friends, they assured us that the Hotel Billo was the best in the city, that there was not the least danger, and that it would be a great trouble to change; so we decided to stay.

But alack for the hour wherein we chanced to fall upon the path of that landlord! Immediately those long arms would begin to flourish, and a volley of unintelligible jargon be poured into our ears, from which there seemed no escape. Sometimes, as we were quietly breakfasting in the dining-room, he would rush excitedly in to scold some offending domestic, perhaps wildly brandishing the bread-knife in his hand.

Another peculiarity of this hotel was the men-servants that haunted the upper halls. They were brawny fellows, with the usual quantity of heavy black hair cut square across the neck. They wore black trousers, with black vest over a flaming red flannel shirt. Back and forth they strode through the long corridors, with folded arms and solemn visage, employing themselves, when they had nothing else to do, in arranging their jetty locks with the brush and comb left on the hall stand for the use of

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visitors. These men answered the calls from the rooms, as there were no chambermaids. But no matter how much we might be expecting them, it was always a startling apparition, on opening the door, to find one of these tall Russians gazing down at us with his keen eyes. We did not discover one of them who could speak a word of English, but made known our wishes as best we could, by gestures, which were always followed by a "*da-da-da*" of intelligence.

Our room chanced to be quite removed from our friends, on an upper floor, at the end of a long hall; but it was very airy and pleasant. One night we were greatly frightened by hearing strange noises in the corridor — a tumult of scuffling and pushing and pounding, stifled cries, sounds as if some one were being thrown down, beating against the walls, rattling of door-knobs, and a variety of fearful and unaccountable noises. But one thought possessed us: the servants had conspired, imprisoned the crazy landlord, and were now going to rob and murder everybody in the house. In the morning all was serene as ever. The waiters smiled placidly, and not a trace of the terrible conflict was in the air. A clue to the nocturnal disturbance was found in the sudden disappearance of the landlord. A few inquiries of the clerk cleared up the mystery. They had imprisoned the proprietor the day before,

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but during the night he had managed to escape, and the noises arose from their efforts to recapture him.

If St. Petersburg was sultry, Moscow was a furnace. The nobility had sought cooler resorts, but the dusty streets swarmed with the poorer classes — beggars, peddlers, cab-drivers, the latter in faded gowns as if the midsummer sun had bleached every particle of color out of them. It was especially amusing to watch the people as they collected in front of the little booths in the square just outside of the Kremlin gates. Ragged and dirty, in striking contrast with the glare and glitter around them, they hovered over their dingy wares — curious little trinkets, glass charms, straw sandals, bits of jewelry and sacred bread — all the while chattering away like magpies in their harsh crisp native tongue.

However Europeanized Moscow may have become since the great fire, it is a strange old city, more Asiatic than European still. It seems a perfect jumble of narrow and uneven streets, with miserable shanties under the very eaves of splendid churches and gorgeous palaces.

Some of the dingiest little shops on the shaded side of the street looked like gloomy dungeons. The floor was usually one or two steps below the pavement, and all one could see was a shadow of various sorts of wares about the door, and a half-

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dozen or more lazy unshaven men lounging on the door-step, or quarrelling in loud angry tones. But if the interior was uninviting the outer walls were as gaudy as a menagerie. Whole cart-loads of gayly-painted animals, life-size, dry-goods, suits of clothes, groceries, carriages, stood out with a gorgeousness that put St. Petersburg far in the shade. Even the better class of shops were curious. Many of them lined the opposite sides of a covered passage-way, and branched off in different directions like a continuous arcade. We were disappointed to find that Russian leather was little cheaper than at home. The Russian embroidery is odd, but beautiful, and quite costly. It is made up into towels, aprons, and sacques. The wrists and neck-bands of men's shirts are embroidered in a very ornamental way. An American lady bought enough drapery to furnish a bed-room — window-curtains, bed-spread, towels, and bureau hangings.

The interest of Moscow centres in the Kremlin. This was the old citadel, and stands in the middle of the city, surrounded by walls two miles in circumference. It is the only part of old Moscow that was not destroyed in the great conflagration. We entered by "The Redeemer's Gate." Over it hangs a sacred picture of the Saviour, that has been there since Moscow was founded. Many times enemies have tried to destroy it, but

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"Heaven has miraculously delivered it from their hands." As we passed under the picture, our driver reverently removed his hat—for every Russian must do this, from the Emperor down to his meanest subject. Even strangers are expected to pay the image the same token of respect.

The Kremlin is a miniature city. It has its churches, palaces, arsenal, tower, and museums, all thrown together without any apparent plan; while from above gleams a perfect sea of gilded domes, turrets, spires, and watch-tower, in dazzling and confusing picturesqueness. There are a great number of old cannon, relics of famous battles, many of them captured from the French army after the retreat had begun.

We visited several of the old churches—rich in the gold and silver and precious gems adorning the altar-pictures. This wealth of riches must be a great temptation to the poor people. Some one says: "I believe one or two persons have taken a diamond or so in their teeth when they have kissed the picture, but they have usually been caught in time to save the diamond." The Russian guardian, in his official robe, walked gravely before us, stopping every few minutes to point out some special beauty, or pull aside a faded silk curtain to let us peep through the grating at some precious relics—a bit of the Saviour's robe, a nail from His

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cross, a little model of Mount Sinai in gold, and many others. The "Church of the Redeemer in the Woods" is the oldest in the Kremlin, and in Moscow. It was much like the others, only more shadowy and cobwebbed, and dressed about the walls and ceilings with awnings of faded silken banners taken in war.

We climbed the tower of Ivan Veliki, for a view of Moscow. The old tower has over forty bells of different sizes hung about it, like the chimes on a Chinese pagoda. But the most gigantic of them all, the "Czar bell," as it is called, rests on a pedestal at the side of the tower. This monster is very old. It was once suspended in a very high tower; but during a fire it fell and sunk into the earth, where for a hundred years it lay unknown and forgotten. At last it was exhumed and placed where it now stands, a few feet from the ground. The "Czar" was once used as a chapel, and there is a small piece broken out from one side large enough for a man to enter without lowering his head. Half way up the tower of Ivan Veliki, we stopped to look in at the door of a little chapel where only men are allowed to worship.

It was a hot climb to the summit, 270 feet, but when at last we stood breathless on the top step, what a scene lay before us! It was just noon, and the sun from the zenith shone down with all its

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fervor upon the vast unprotected plain. This rolled away in all directions; while below and about us, like a billowy ocean, lay that wonderful floor of domes. Moscow is said to contain over four hundred churches. Imagine these, all gorgeous with color, quivering and flashing in the noonday sun, and the whole set in bold relief by the dead level of grassy plain about it, intersected by the river Moskva!

Just outside the Kremlin walls, stands the strangest old church in all Russia — St. Basil. Its walls are many-hued, and its numberless domes are fancifully shaped like pine-apples, artichokes, pears, and melons. St. Basil was built by Ivan the Terrible, who, after it was finished, had the architect's eyes put out, that he might never see to build another.

The interior, instead of being one large church, is divided into a number of little chapels. Under each dome is a chapel, where a service may be carried on independently of all the others. Against one of the walls hangs a rude figure of Christ on the Cross — the only image we saw in any of the Russian churches.

But the queen of eastern temples is the new Cathedral of St. Saviour. It stands on a slight eminence, and is the first object one looks for on entering Moscow, and the last to dazzle his eyes on leaving it.

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St. Saviour was built to commemorate the defeat of Napoleon in 1812; and a noble monument it is. But its pure white marble walls, its splendid gold-capped domes, and its beautiful portal of Siberian jasper, wonderful as they are, give little idea of the surpassing beauty of the interior. It seems as if the wealth of all nations had been lavished on this one church. Like all Russian churches, it is in the form of a Greek cross; and it can accommodate ten thousand people. Its walls and floor shine with variegated marbles, the most rare and costly — jasper from Siberia, malachite and lapis lazuli from Russia, porphyry from Italy, rich gems from the treasure-houses of Greece and Spain. The polished floor, almost too lovely to tread upon, was a gift from the Shah of Persia. The altar is overlaid with silver. Diamonds, and all manner of precious stones, glisten by the myriad in the heavy golden frames of the altar-pictures. Around the domes are gilt mosaics and frescoes, and adorning the central dome is a large picture of the Trinity. In the galleries above, where the ladies may sit — for they are not allowed below, — is a continuation of brilliant marbles and glittering adornings. From the gilded railings sweep many silken banners, richly embroidered. Of course all this cost a fabulous amount, and it is no wonder the Russian commonalty is poor.

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St. Saviour was jealously guarded, for within its walls was soon to be celebrated the coronation of the Czar. We were only able to visit it through a special permit. Attempts had already been made to blow up the building, and the Nihilists had even succeeded in killing the beautiful white horses in training for the Czar's own chariot. "But," continued the keen-eyed guide, leaning against the altar-railing, and lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper, "other horses have been selected, and put where the fiends will not be likely to touch them."

One of the chief attractions of Moscow was the National Exposition, then open. Moscow has a dry and parched aspect in summer — the sun shines so warm, the many-colored domes are so bright, and there are so few pleasant fountains and grass-plats to cool and refresh it; but the exposition-buildings lay on the outskirts of the city, and were reached by a long, broad, straight road, that seemed to lead away to the cool meadows in the country. The roadside in front of the gate was lined with droskies, while the drosky-men lounged lazily on the grass near by. Once inside the grounds, we could almost imagine we were visiting our own Centennial Exhibition on a small scale. There were pretty flower-beds, gravelled walks, good carriage-roads, a little steam-car that made a circuit of the buildings, rolling-chairs, cafés, and bands of musicians playing enlivening

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strains. The main hall might have been modelled after our own, it resembled it so much. Here were specimens of industry from every province in Russia. Not the least striking were great hides of unstained Russian leather, and around, on cases and tables, quantities of useful and ornamental articles made from it. There was a profusion of ornaments in jasper, lapis lazuli, and malachite — rings set with turquoise and Polish garnets, chains and bracelets of amber, and rare Russian bronzes. Many little booths were draped with hangings of Russian embroidery, and were tended by pretty girls dressed in gay costumes of the same material. The carriage department exhibited every variety of vehicle, from the heavy barouche to the single-seated low sledge or four-wheeled racer, with a painted plank thrown across the thills. The fluffy robes of bear-skin spread over the sledges and the gay trappings on the wooden horses suggested merry sports in winter. Then came a model of a school-room, with its little yellow desks and maps; various costumes of the peasantry; a curious peasant dwelling made of short stakes set in the ground and spread over with canvas; fishers' boats and nets; a variety of pianos, all in white cases; a fac-simile of Moscow before it was burned; and lastly the art-gallery, most interesting of all.

As we were eating dinner in the porch of the

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café, a party of merry maids with their escorts came tripping by. The girls were dressed in cherry-colored satin, and fancy head-gears decked with a profusion of ribbons, laces, and flowers. As they stood chatting together, the young men took from their pockets some cigarettes, lighted them, and handed one to each of the girls, who took it with a gesture of thanks.

When we left Moscow, it was by the same memorable route over which Napoleon retraced his way to Paris. Almost every foot of the ground was eloquent with that terrible history. In Poland we were struck with the richness of the soil, and the care with which it was cultivated; though the farmers were laboriously cutting down the grain with the old-time hand-sickle. At the stations we saw the Polish Jews—forlorn, miserable-looking men, with a scanty lock of black hair combed down in a curl in front of each ear. Hardy-cheeked Polanders bid each other good-bye with a smart smack on the lips and then on the hand. The girls had heavy, fine hair; but in many cases it was clipped close to the head, and its place supplied with a wig.

"It seems strange," we said.

"Why, don't you remember?" exclaimed one of our party; "it is in Poland the girls cut off their hair to sell it."

We stopped a day in Warsaw—wandered

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through some of its old churches and fine parks, visited the still beautiful palace of Prince Sobieski, and then were off again. It was dark when we reached the Russian frontier. A tall officer, lantern in hand, swung open the door of our compartment, and asked for our passports. They had been examined and signed when we left Moscow; but that would not take us out of Russia. It seemed to us that we waited a long time. There were quick steps and loud talking outside; then the door opened again, the passports were handed in, and the latch turned. The engine whistled, rumbled on a short distance, and then stopped.

"Fertig!" shouted the guard.

Welcome sound! We were again in Germany—and were not sorry.

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CHAPTER XIX.

PARIS IN WINTER.

RAIN, fog, and sleet, with days of sunshine between; splendid carriages dashing down the boulevards; brilliant stores and crowded streets,— this is Paris in winter. And winter is the season for *Les Français* — the time for party and opera-going, late suppers and frivolity. It is fascinating, but wearing. You see this in the pale cheeks, dark rings about the eyes, and haggard faces of these fashionable French ladies.

Madame C.'s *pension* was very popular. It was central, had large sunny rooms, and a good table. Sunday was the day for general house-cleaning. Then everything was turned topsy-turvy, and scrubbing, dusting and sweeping were carried on with tremendous vigor. In the afternoon we were invited to promenade, jingle the piano, or play cards; and if we declined, we were set down as *stupides*. In the evening Madame went with her friends to the opera, and was not seen again till the eleven o'clock breakfast next morning.

Madame C. was a handsome woman. Her picture was on exhibition in the Royal Academy. She

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had large dark eyes, waving black hair, and a fine figure; but her chief charm lay in her numberless indefinable French graces. Picture her in the evening. We are seated in the brilliantly-lighted *salon*, waiting for *table d'hôte*. Madame enters. Her black dress fits like a glove. Through a dainty *chemisette*, with a bunch of violets carelessly slipped in one corner, can be seen her soft white neck; while over one arm is thrown a white scarf of some fleecy delicate fabric. As Madame bows and smiles her "*bonsoirs*," she tosses the scarf over her black hair with a bewitching effect, which we might have tried for hours to attain, but never could. As, one by one, the boarders enter, they are greeted with a gracious "*Bonsoir, Madame*," or "*Bonsoir, Mademoiselle.*" Then, if Mademoiselle wishes to do the proper thing, though she may have been in the house only a day, she will step forward and imprint a kiss on Madame's cheeks, first one side, then the other. But *table d'hôte* is announced, and we all go to the dining-room. The pretty colored screens are placed before the windows. On the walls, instead of pictures are hung decorated porcelain plates, platters, etc., *à la Parisienne;* while the long table with its snowy linen and faultless setting, looks very attractive. We seat ourselves, and then a chatter begins, which continues noisy and incessant, during

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the entire hour and a half we are at table. Madame sits between her two sons, Eugène and Emile. "Mamma" and Emile are very affectionate, and hug and kiss each other tenderly. Presently Emile receives a sound box on the ear, and begins to whimper; but the next minute the caressings proceed more fondly than ever. After dinner the gentlemen smoke for half an hour over their champagne. No apology is made to the ladies, who are expected to retire if they do not enjoy the fumes of tobacco.

But the charm of our winter in Paris was *la petite Mademoiselle.* Full of animation and sweetness, no one could help loving our "little robin," as we used to call her. Many a happy hour we spent in her pretty *salon*, listening to her chatter or her piano playing — for Mademoiselle was an artist in music, and her slender fingers swept the keys with a magic touch. "I love Chopin, he is so brilliant," she used to say; "but he is too classic for many Parisians. I must play for them *La Frivolité* and gay *musique.*"

Mademoiselle had many friends, and, as she was now of a marriageable age, had many suitors. Marriage is a great subject with French girls. Little children at school quarrel about the amount of dowry they are to receive at their wedding, and she who can boast of the largest sum is the envy of all,

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—for without the *dot* no French girl can marry; and to be of a marriageable age, and not married, is a terrible disgrace. One poor girl whom we knew, had a sister much prettier than herself, but Thérèse was the older and must be married first. "Papa" brought home a gentleman and introduced him to Thérèse; but by accident the pretty sister was in the room, and Monsieur the suitor, much preferring her, would not look again at Thérèse, who sought her room in tears.

One day our little Mademoiselle seemed unusually excited. "Ah, *mes chéries*," she exclaimed, "I have a new *robe* to show you, *excessivement charmante!*" And she flew to get the sky-blue plush, and unfold it before our admiring eyes.

"What is it for, *Petite?*"

"A presentation to-morrow night. My *charmante* friend, Madame G., wishes to present me to a *Monsieur* very *distingué*."

"Did you ever see him?"

"Never; but I wish to."

A few days after, we saw Mademoiselle again.

"Did the presentation come off?" we asked, full of curiosity.

"Oh, *oui, oui!* I saw Monsieur. He is very *distingué*. I sat next to him at table, and played on the piano, and made myself most agreeable."

"Is he good-looking?"

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"He is not bad — but," with a shrug, "he is old."

"How old?"

"Fifty, *peut-être.* He is *distingué!* He has a title; but that is nothing in France now."

"Do you like him?"

"A little — not too much; but I think he will do."

"You will marry him, then?"

"I think so."

"But do you love him?"

"*Mes chéries!*" with an inexpressible shrug and toss of the head. "*I do not know him.*"

Monsieur B., mayor of the first *arrondissement* in Paris, was a fine old gentleman, and a great friend of Mademoiselle.

"I have some good news for you, *Mignonnes,*" she exclaimed, one day, in her enthusiastic manner. "To-morrow you will dine at Monsieur B.'s. In the afternoon we will drive to Sèvres, and visit the porcelain factory. Be ready at three."

It was a delightful ride along the Champs-Elysées and the smooth avenues of the Bois de Boulogne, lovely even in winter garb of brown and gold. Monsieur B.'s presence at the factory was a charm. Doors were unlocked, polite ushers ran to and fro, and the rarest treasures appeared at his bidding. The show-room was dazzling with its wonderful exhi-

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bition of fine porcelains. The delicate little angels, the fruit and flowers decorating the ware, are all made by hand. Some of the elaborate articles were each composed of one hundred and forty separate pieces.

The *salon* at Monsieur B.'s was brilliant with gilt and glitter. A handsome French clock, and tall porcelain vases filled with bouquets of artificial flowers, ornamented the mantel. The furniture was light and showy. Rich curtains fell below the long windows, and pretty *bric-à-brac* was scattered about. Several choice pictures hung against the red wall, showing the refining influence of the Louvre on French taste. The family were a gay company, chattering like magpies. It was fascinating to watch and hear them. They did not sit, but skipped gracefully about over the waxed floor, full of sparkle and animation.

"You must speak to the gentlemen," whispered Mademoiselle; "we do not present them."

Dinner was announced at seven. The table glistened with cut-glass and silver. From the centre rose a tall pyramid of flowers and fruit, imbedded in a mat of dried moss, while a few plates of fancy cakes and *bonbons* were the only edibles before us. There were eleven courses, and we were two hours and a half at the table. This, it must be remembered, was only a family dinner. First in

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the course came tapioca soup; second, fish; third, roast beef and mushrooms; fourth, turkey, with potatoes fried in little balls the size of a walnut; fifth, macaroni, baked in a mould of pastry resembling a loaf of brown bread; sixth, small lobsters swinging on hooks from a silver caster, to be torn to pieces with our fingers; seventh, salad; eighth, ice-cream; ninth, fancy cakes and pastry; tenth, fruit; eleventh, coffee. The viands were cooked as only the French know how, and served *à la mode.* The meats were carved on the table, but the vegetables were passed to us by the waiters. Everybody ate fast and heartily. We could not help thinking of what Mademoiselle had said to us: "The French ladies are not strong like the Americans," shaking her head dolefully; "they eat much rich food, sit up late at the opera, and do not walk in the open air." The table-talk was loud and animated. Monsieur D., who was an *enragé* republican, had a hot dispute with his brother-in-law, who was an *enragé* royalist; but it blew over in two minutes, and all was serene again.

After dinner the gentlemen disappeared, but the ladies returned to the *salon.* The children, who had been dismissed during dinner, now came back. They seemed very shy and quiet, but Mademoiselle explained that French children in the company of

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older people are not allowed to speak unless spoken to.

As the hour was growing late, we rose to leave.

"Can we bid Monsieur B. good-night?" we asked of his eldest daughter.

"My father? He is smoking," she replied, evidently surprised at the question; so we left without seeing him again.

As the *Corps Législatif* was in session, a few days later Monsieur B. gave us tickets to the Chamber of Deputies, and went with us himself to a session of the Senate in the Luxembourg. It was just before Gambetta's death, and the agitation was intense. The senate-chamber is a handsome apartment; the walls are decorated with the Gobelin tapestry, and the red morocco benches arranged in circular tiers around the speaker's desk. We could hardly believe the senators were Frenchmen. Most of them were grave, white-haired men, busily engaged in writing, only waking up to a little excitement when some speaker especially interested them. Monsieur B. pointed out Gustave Naguet, the little hunchback who has made himself so famous on the divorce question; and at another time, in the Chamber of Deputies, the hot-headed Paul de Cassagnac. Our interest in politics greatly amused Monsieur B. In France, ladies are considered ill-bred who manifest the least concern on the subject, and no one

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who values her reputation thinks of saying a word in favor or disfavor of any political question.

Christmas was coming, and all Paris was on the *qui-vive*. Madame decorated the *salon* with holly, and talked suggestively of good times coming. The streets were thronged, and the store-windows more attractive than ever. Hosts of French dolls, for all the world like live babies, met our eyes at every turn. They were arranged in the deep window-seats in the most artistic and natural attitudes,—jumping, swinging, and dancing. But nothing could eclipse the candy-stores. French confectionery is famous, yet who would ever dream of such extraordinary candy-boxes as little shawl-bundles, tied up with umbrella, cane, and guide-books; kid gloves doubled up like a fist; rustic straw hats; sledges, and wooden shoes! They were of all prices, from twenty cents to a hundred dollars. French ladies give boxes of *bonbons* as New Year's gifts to their friends; Mademoiselle said she sometimes received twenty of them at once.

Small wooden booths lined the handsome boulevards for miles. The country-people are allowed to set them up during the holiday week, and enjoy a brisk trade. It was a gay scene in the evening, with the street lamps burning, the electric-lights flashing from the store-windows, and the eager crowd surging to and fro.

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At midnight on Christmas Eve, mass is celebrated in all the Catholic churches. We went with Mademoiselle to "St. Eustache," one of the oldest and finest cathedrals in the city. The crowd was immense. By eleven o'clock a perfect sea of heads surrounded the square, waiting for the doors to open. But a French crowd is always good-natured. The police kept order, and we were soon safely seated on our camp-stools half way up the nave. It was a weird sight — the dim lights, and the thousands of white upturned faces filling the shadowy aisles. Suddenly the organ began playing, low and sweet.

"Hush!" whispered Mademoiselle, stopping a minute in her prayers. "It is the story of the Christ-child. Do you not hear the shepherds' flutes as they watch their flocks in the field? It will end with the Hallelujah Chorus, 'Glory to God in the Highest.'"

The clock struck twelve. In an instant, myriads of gleaming stars surrounded the altar. The choir-boys chanted, and the priests in their glittering mantles swung the incense. Then from the gallery a male voice struck up the midnight anthem that is sung each year at this very hour — "The Christ Who Came at Midnight." All heads were bowed. Mademoiselle said not a word; she was absorbed in her devotions. The last note died away, the prayer-

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books were closed, and in a few minutes we were again on the street.

"Was it not beautiful?" cried our little friend. "Now the people will go home."

"To bed?" we added.

"Ah, no,—to a grand feast, and gayety till morning."

New Year's is the great day in France. At Christmas, good children may place their shoes among the ashes in the fire-place for the Christ-child to fill; but New Year's is the day for gifts and frolic.

We lunched with La Petite. She was sad and tired.

"I have been this morning to Père la Chaise, *mes chéries.* I placed flowers on the graves of my parents. It is sad."

"Will you stay at home this afternoon?"

"Oh, no; I go to a great dinner with my friends, and to-night to the theatre. One must be gay — it is necessary to forget, you know."

In France it is not the custom for gentlemen to make New Year's calls, but they send their visiting-cards through the mail to their friends. The dignitaries of state call in a body on the President at the Elysée Palace, and he immediately returns the call at the Chamber of Deputies. We saw the procession on its way there, and caught a glimpse of Monsieur

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Grèvy, in his closed carriage accompanied by a small guard of brilliantly-uniformed cavalry.

New Year's afternoon, all Paris, in holiday dress, is out-of-doors, crowding the parks and avenues. Whole families together — father, mother, and children, a rare sight in Paris — promenade up and down Champs-Elysées; the men smoking, the ladies laughing and chatting. Then they go home to a grand dinner — afterwards to the opera — and so the holiday merriment is ended.

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CHAPTER XX.

OFF TO THE ORIENT.

THERE was not a moment to lose. To make connection with the steamer sailing from Brindisi on the 29th of January, it was necessary to leave Paris by the express on the 27th—which gave us only two days' grace. But nothing seemed impossible, with the prospect of fifteen days in Egypt, a month of tent-life in Palestine, and, as a side-relish, glimpses of the Acropolis and the Golden Horn.

Never did the French capital appear so fascinating, with its brilliant shops, crowded boulevards, and countless lights along the Seine, as on the evening of our departure. Just before train-time, the doors leading to the platform were unlocked, and the passengers rushed to their places. In spite of the cheap tickets to Italy for the approaching Carnival, we were fortunate enough to secure a compartment with but one other occupant—an English lady on her way to India. She could not speak a word of French, and when we met her was gesticulating wildly to a crowd of grinning officials over a missing piece of baggage, which was after-

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wards discovered safely stowed away on the seat beside her.

The night wore slowly by, and morning found us high among the snowy peaks of the Mont Cenis pass. It was a glorious sight. The rising sun illumined first the kingly heights, then flooded lake and valley with a thousand changing hues, while the mountain sides, half in shadow, seemed hidden behind a translucent veil of purplish mist. Presently we entered the tunnel, and for twenty-five minutes sped on in total darkness, which made the first flash of light at the other end quite blinding.

Toward evening we reached Turin, and there changed cars. Our English travelling companion, in addition to the "big box, little box, band-box and bundle," had a kitten which she was carrying home to Bombay as a present to her husband. A tell-tale "*meow*" betrayed poor pussy to an unfeed porter, who determined to avenge the slight by reporting his discovery to the station-master.

"Madam, you have a cat in that basket."

"Yes."

"Pay me fifteen francs from here to Bologna."

"I can't."

"You must."

"But it is not a *cat;* it is only a *kitten.* Surely you wouldn't ask so much for a poor little kitten!"

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TILDEN FOUND.

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215 "THE KITTEN WAS BORNE AWAY BY RELENTLESS HANDS."

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"Give me fifteen francs, or put down the cat!" and in spite of all remonstrances, the kitten was borne away by relentless hands, while Madam exclaimed with a sigh: "An Indian wouldn't have been so cruel!"

It needed no guide-book to tell us we were once again in the sunny South. Here were the orange and olive groves, the rolling Adriatic with its surf-washed beach, the dark-eyed Romeo enveloped in his ample toga, and the soft flow of the *lingua Italiana.*

"Brindisi!" cried the guard, at eleven o'clock; and out we sprang upon the platform. Then came a crazy ride through the still crazier town, up and down dark narrow alleys shut in by high walls, rattling pell-mell over the stone pavement, half expecting at every turn to see a gang of banditti spring out upon us, till at last the steamer-landing was reached.

The following day was perfect. We cruised in sight of the snow-crowned Albanian hills, along shores beautiful but treacherous in stormy weather, and once the favorite haunt of pirates. The isle of Corfu lies off the Turkish coast, but belongs to Greece. Here we stopped over-night, and had our first taste of Oriental life. If some kind *genii* had suddenly dropped us into the centre of the moon, things could hardly have seemed more strange.

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Nearly every nationality was represented — the Turk, with his cap, sash, and leggins; the foreboding Moor, in short plaited skirt, low morocco shoes turned up at the toe, and flying cape; Greeks, Arabs, and Italians. Under the shadow of the low archway leading to the town sat the money-changers fumbling their piles of old coins. St. George's Hotel is beautifully situated. From our windows we looked out on the great square, where at evening the band played, and watched the soft sunset colors on the hills opposite, with the castellated garrison on the height at our left, overlooking the rainbow-colored water.

Sunday afternoon we embarked in the Austrian steamer "Mars." It was much larger and finer than the one we had left, and had clean state-rooms, good table, and agreeable passengers. There was only one drawback to our pleasure. An ill-favored Arab played a funeral dirge, from morning till night, on a one-stringed instrument, with a perseverance wholly unaccountable to his unappreciative audience.

Wednesday morning opened bright and warm. The air was exhilarating, and the waters were bluest of the blue. Our captain, attired in uniform, paced the deck, with head erect; for were we not entering Alexandria twenty-four hours ahead of time — the shortest passage ever made!

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At eleven o'clock the low white boundary of the Egyptian coast could be discerned, and the needle-like spires of the light-house and Pompey's Pillar. "Six trips ago," said the captain, "we entered this harbor amid the booming of cannon and rattling of musketry." One may wax sentimental on some themes, but not over an entry into Alexandria. No sooner had our steamer passed the breakwater, than dozens of small boats came out to take us ashore. Some of the oarsmen wore gay red shirts, purple trousers, and white stockings; others had scarcely rags enough to cover them. And such a deafening Babel of voices! — such screaming, tumbling, and fighting! Amidst the chaos, we were safely landed at the custom-house. A fat Turk peeped lazily into our satchels, then chalked them and sent them on.

The ride to the hotel gave us a glimpse of Bedlam. Tiny shops, scarcely ten feet by twelve, were lined with dry-goods, groceries, fruit, and things impossible to describe, while lazy Turks were seated on the floor, smoking their long pipes. Women veiled in black and white robes, and boys leading overladen donkeys, went by; and strangest and saddest of all were the ruins, sometimes with wooden booths built on the crumbling foundations.

After dinner a ride through the city was proposed. It is almost impossible to judge of Alexandria since the war. It is no longer European, but essentially

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Oriental, since the best buildings were all destroyed. The forts are situated on rocky peninsulas, but are virtually demolished.

"This is a splendid fortress, and couldn't have been taken in three months, had not the Arabs fled from their posts," said Mr. A. The ground was covered with bits of shell, broken cannon, and other rubbish. In the centre of the city is the garrison, and it was curious to see squads of English soldiers smoking on the balconies and standing guard at the portal.

"There are many English here," said L. to Hassan, the guide.

"Yes," he replied sadly, "but they will leave soon."

The beautifully shaded avenue leading to Pompey's Pillar skirts the banks of the canal. Here are some of the prettiest of the English homes. We passed some wretched mud houses, and a large open field where the gallows was placed. The gardens of the khedive, were they better kept, would be very charming, with their profusion of tropical plants — cacti, palms, rubber trees, and many brilliant foliage growths, which flourish in their native soil. On our way to Cairo we saw our first eastern sunset. The very gates of heaven seemed opened, so great was the glory that spread over the earth. It was a fitting close to our first day in the "Homestead of Nations."

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CHAPTER XXI.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

IN spite of the rumors of danger since the Egyptian war, Cairo was thronged with tourists, and seemed as peaceful as if trouble had never been. Only the red-coated British soldiers stationed in the city were left to tell the sad story.

"I never go out of doors without fearing I may be shot down at any moment," said a gentleman who had been in the city six weeks.

But Sir Charles Wilson walked alone and unarmed through Cairo the midnight after Alexandria's bombardment.

"Were you not afraid?" we exclaimed, when he told us.

"Not in the least; the natives are timid, and cowed by a threat."

We reached Cairo at night, and woke the next morning to hear the cries of Arab boys and breathe the perfume of orange blossoms. Our low windows looked out on a tropical garden, with tall palms, crimson-dyed bushes, and the glossy-leaved rubber tree, swaying in the morning breeze. The sun was shining as it can shine only in the East, with a soft

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yellow radiance; and through the grove came the far sound of the soldiers' bugles.

How delightful are these great Eastern hotels, with their stone-paved corridors, wide stone stairways, and breezy verandas almost as spacious as the hotel itself. Here, under the sweet-smelling vines, with the birds singing overhead, and dusky-faced dragomans trailing by in their many-colored gowns, one lounges in light cane easy chairs, and lazily dreams of freezing weather and furnace-fires at home.

In the evening came the jugglers and snake-charmers. Among them was a little girl, eight years old, who had learned the art of jugglery from her father. She wore a single loose gown, and her great black eyes gleamed like stars in the dim light.

"Please, Messieurs," she cried, in a crisp, clear voice; "give me a penny!"

A gentleman dropped one into her hand.

"Now, look!" and she opened her mouth, threw back her head, and swallowed it. There was a moment's suspense; then, clapping her hand to her ear, out came the penny. She had some snakes, which twined about her arms, and crept over her neck and face, her sharp black eyes fixed on them every minute. But the drollest thing was a wee white guinea-pig that she carried tucked away in

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her bosom. The little creature seemed to know the child, and tried to nestle up in her arms, while she made it perform its tricks. The show over, she picked up her pig and snakes, passed around a hat, and with a quick "Thank you, *Madame*, thank you, *Monsieur*," darted out into the darkness.

"Alexandria is European, Cairo Oriental," was the saying before the war. But Cairo is a strange mixture. There is Old Cairo with its bazaars and dirty Arabs, and New Cairo with its hotels and palaces. The aristocratic avenue is the Shoobra, lined with acacia trees and villas, and leading straight to the Shoobra palace. Every afternoon, and especially Sundays, it swarms with the handsome carriages of the wealthy Turks and Europeans. The khedive drives out regularly. Once we passed him — a good-looking, pleasant-faced man, of about thirty-five, dressed in a red jacket and fez. He rode in a single-seated carriage, preceded by a small mounted guard; and politely saluted us. Just after him swept a closed carriage containing four ladies from the royal harem. Through the open window we caught glimpses of soft round faces and large dark eyes peeping curiously at us — their white gauzy veils a mere pretext for a face-covering — till the carriage had rolled by and left us in a cloud of dust.

Cairo is best seen from the tower of the Citadel.

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We looked down upon glittering minarets, the low houses nestling among the green, with the broad silvery Nile on the East. In the citadel is the Mosque of Mehemet Ali, modern but handsome, and rich in fine carvings and oriental alabaster. Not far distant stands the Mosque of Tulun, the oldest in Cairo. We visited its marble-paved courts and sacred halls, and were shown one room containing some of the tombs of the faithful buried with their feet toward Mecca — a green scarf, indicative of a pilgrimage to the holy city, encircling the stone or wooden turban at the head of the tomb. The Mosque of Omar, in Old Cairo, is one of the most interesting in the city; but it is fast falling into decay. In its cloisters are two columns, placed so near together that only a very slender man can pass between them comfortably. Formerly this was made a test of faith — those who could not squeeze through being considered bad Mussulmans. This continued, Hassan solemnly told us, till one fat Pasha stuck fast, and was killed in the effort to get him out; since when, the custom has been abolished.

The chief charm of Cairo palaces is their luxuriant gardens. The palaces themselves, with few exceptions, are only a succession of long halls and cheerless apartments, filled with an abundance of stiff though elegant European furniture; but we were never tired of wandering over the grounds.

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The brilliant colors of the flowers and foliage, the delicious perfumes, rustic arbors, artistic garden-houses with their marble floors, gay frescoes, fountains, divans and statuary, the soft breezes, and an occasional glimpse of an Arab gardener in his many-hued garments,—all gave the place a strange fascination.

One of the most interesting resorts in Cairo is the National Museum in Bulak. It is not very large, but its collections are very choice. These old mummy-cases and stiff images, that so soon grow uninteresting in other places, had a new meaning when studied in their own land. When the last tomb of the kings was discovered at Thebes in 1880, all the relics not taken to London were deposited in this museum — the richest in Egyptian curiosities in the world. Many of the coffins, after the lid was removed, were left untouched; the mummy was still enrolled in its wrappings, and lying about it the beads, coins, and little stone mummies that had been placed there thousands of years before. In one coffin we saw some dried lotus leaves (the lotus is extinct in Egypt now), and in another a mother embalmed with her baby in her arms.

One morning, as our carriage rolled down one of Cairo's narrowest streets, preceded by a forerunner who scattered donkeys, camels, and people to the right and left, we suddenly stopped

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in front of the high arched doorway of the great Arab University—Mosque al Azhar, or "Splendid Mosque." In answer to Hassan's knock, the door was opened by a portly Turk in cashmere and silk, who bowed gravely as we entered. At once the hum of hundreds of voices rose on the air from the students in the spacious court beyond. Along the sides of the open corridor connecting the entrance with the court, stood a row of Turkish barbers, dentists, and surgeons, busily engaged in treating their patients who crouched on the ground against the wall. With a hasty glance, we passed on to the court. What an Oriental scene it was! — this great crowd of boys in native dress seated on their straw mats on the ground, busy with their studies. They were gathered in little groups of eight or ten about a teacher, conning their lessons from a book or lead slate, and rocking incessantly back and forth to the music of their voices. A row of sandals surrounded each class; and a straw awning sheltered them from above — for the court was open and the noonday sun very warm. At the other end of the court was the mosque where the older students were gathered. The floor was covered with matting, and each class, with its teacher, was collected around the base of one of the pillars. Here was the same noisy hum of voices and the incessant rocking to and fro.

Usually the university enrolls ten thousand stu-

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dents, but the Turkish professor who acted as our guide told us that on account of the recent war the attendance was much smaller that year. The boys come from far and near — from the wilds of Nubia and the plains of Arabia. Many of them, after their studies are finished, go out as missionaries; and on leaving the university, as some one has said, "they mount their camels, join a caravan, cross the desert, and are lost in the far interior of Africa, where they become the effective propagators of Islam."

Friday afternoon we went to see the "howling dervishes." We found them in a room of an old wooden building, reached by a series of dark passages from a side street. Their service had already begun. About twenty men were seated on the floor around the sides of the sanctuary, which was separated by a low railing from the platform at the entrance. At first the dervish guardian at the door refused us admittance unless we would leave our shoes outside; but he finally allowed us to enter and stand behind the railing. The dervishes were strange-looking men, dressed in a variety of coarse cotton gowns. Their feet were bare, and their long hair hung loosely over their shoulders. The worship progressed quietly for awhile. The men sat in a wide circle about the sheik, who occupied a mat at the farther end of the room. Sometimes they rose to sing, and again crouched on the floor, bow-

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ing and repeating prayers in a loud chorus. After a short time, at a sign from the leader the dervishes stood on their feet and remained silent with folded arms. This only lasted a few minutes; then one dervish, placing his hand on his hips, began rocking his body back and forth, accompanying the motion with a peculiar half-guttural cry, most painful to hear. Another and another quickly followed his example, till the entire circle had joined in the service, all preserving a kind of rhythm in their movements, which would have been graceful *if* it had been less exaggerated. The leader alone remained quiet and unmoved. As the excitement grew more intense, the motions became more violent. The men seemed to have lost their reason; their long hair flew wildly about their heads, their faces became pallid, and their cries changed to hoarse gasps that shook their whole bodies. At last we could endure the sight no longer, and turned away. Those who remained told us that before the sheik gave the sign to stop, some fell in convulsions and had to be carried out by attendants, while those who remained trembled from head to foot.

One morning, while we were sipping our chocolate in the airy dining-hall of the New Grand Hotel, Mr. M. came in, all excitement.

"We must make haste, for this is our day for the pyramids."

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In a twinkling, the carriage was ready, our lunch stowed away, and we were speeding over the road toward Ghizeh. Our driver was a coal-black Nubian. Beside him sat Hassan, the dragoman, dressed in the costume of his country — Turkish cap or fez, white turban, purple "knickerbockers," and embroidered jacket. To some exterior portion of the carriage clung a raven-haired youngster, who showed a mouthful of glittering ivory every time we looked at him, and who seemed to act as a kind of rear-guard. Two deep scars marked one side of his face — the brand of a slave.

Driving through New Cairo, with its villas and palaces, we turned into the broad macadamized avenue leading straight to the pyramids. On either side, for some distance, stretched the rich meadow-lands of the Nile; but farther on, rolled the sand-plains, and had it not been for the shade of the overspreading acacia trees planted along our route, and kept alive by artificial irrigation, the heat would have been insufferable.

It was early morning, and the highway was blocked with caravans of donkeys and camels coming in from the country, laden with bundles of fresh grass and sugar-cane. The donkeys are little animals, but tough as oxen, judging from the burdens heaped upon their backs. It was laughable to see a tall Arab seated upon one of these diminutive beasts,

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his feet barely escaping the ground, while behind him ran a small boy urging the *homâr* on with thrusts and lashes. Occasionally the rider found himself turning an unexpected somersault, though the natives are pretty sharp and not often dislodged.

We were never tired of watching the people we passed on our way. The children, clad in a single loose garment, capered about as if they hadn't a care in the world, while their sires squatted lazily on the ground, smoked their pipes, or quarrelled with each other over the miscellaneous collections of wares strewn around them. The women wore gowns of white or black, with a veil covering the head, sometimes entirely concealing their faces, but oftener leaving the eyes and nose exposed. They strolled along in bevies of half-a-dozen or more, usually with a baby perched on the left shoulder, and clinging, like a monkey, to the mother's hair.

And now against the low rim of the horizon rose the three mighty giants of the desert. "Man fears time, but time fears the pyramids," is an old Arabic proverb; and how true it seemed as we gazed upon their vast forms for the first time. The atmosphere was so deceptive in its clearness that they seemed very near, though Hassan said they were still three miles distant.

Around us lay scattered date-groves and numerous mud villages rising like mole-hills on the plain.

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Nearer and higher loomed the pyramids. We turned out of the shaded avenue, swept across the sand-plain, and, two hours after leaving Cairo, stood at the foot of Cheops.

A crowd of Arabs and Nubians swarmed around us, their white cotton-gowns in ludicrous contrast with their shining black faces. Now began the work of climbing. The sheik assigned us each two guides, but a dozen ragamuffins followed in the train. Besides the two men, one at each hand to pull us up, a third was behind to push. Another followed with a jug of water, while five or six more were begging for *backsheesh*.

The great pyramid measures five hundred and sixty-eight feet on each sloping side, and is ascended by great steps, each several feet high. "Be sure and don't hurry," was the last advice given us; and we resolved to heed it. These "stops" gave rise to frequent and enlivening conversations.

[Head man — who spoke English very well.]— "How do you feel now? Drink some water."

"I do not want any."

"It is good— take it. I am the doctor," at the same time offering his earthen jug. [After a pause.]— "My name is Ali — the best man here."

"Have you ascended the pyramid many times?"

"Very many."

"My father visited here once."

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"Yes, I went up with him. Will you have this coin — it is from Pharaoh's time?"

"No, thank you — not now."

On we go, breathless but determined, till suddenly the men cry out — "Allah!" "Allah!" and in a moment more we plant our feet triumphantly on the topmost stone. The apex is so broad, one has no sense of fear unless he goes too near the edge, and even then, the slant is such that only the dizzy-headed experience any unpleasant sensation. Turning a deaf ear to the clamor for *backsheesh*, we surveyed the wondrous prospect spread at our feet. To the south lies ancient Memphis, with the pyramids of Sakkárah distinctly visible. On the east rise the mosques of Cairo, bordering the Nile; while beyond, the low range of limestone hills slope gradually toward the Red Sea. Northward extends the acacia-lined avenue leading in a circuitous route to Cairo; while away toward the setting sun, like an ocean of sand, stretches the great Sahara. On the right of Cheops reclines the Sphinx. Just at the base of the pyramid, on the left, are the half-buried tombs of the pashas. At that moment a funeral procession was on its way there, and the people looked like black specks on the dazzling sands.

Tourists usually dilate upon the difficulty of ascending the pyramid; but my theme will be the

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visit to the interior. Gaining the entrance, which is forty feet from the base, we bent almost double, and went sliding down an inclined avenue of slippery granite, through a contracted passage-way, that grew dustier and more suffocating the farther we went. The chambers of the king and queen, with their vaulted ceilings, offered good breathing-places. Here Ali, beguiling us into a dark corner, for the pretended purpose of revealing some rare curiosity, collected his forces for a final attack.

"See!" said he, pointing ominously to the flickering taper he held in his hand, "pay *backsheesh* quick — candle almost gone."

We need not say, we breathed more freely when again in the open air.

After eating our basket-dinner in the carriage, we walked through the sand to pay our respects to the Sphinx. This time the sheik himself accompanied us, and lashed every boy who dared to come too near his majesty's person. "How appropriate a guard this sphinx of sphinxes is to these tombs of tombs! The lion part is nearly buried out of sight, but the head is still perfect, and those great eyes are turned toward the Orient with the same memorable fixity as when first the Hebrew children saw them three thousand years ago."

Early in the afternoon, we said good-bye to Ghizeh and turned our faces homeward. As it was the

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cool of the day, many people were out enjoying their evening promenade. There was the proud Turk with a pipe in his mouth, the Arabian nurse with her little charges both black and white, the English officer in striking uniform ; but among them all, we did not see a single Egyptian lady.

Most curious of all were the forerunners, who always precede the chariot of a person of distinction ; indeed, they are a real necessity on account of the blocked roads. Dressed in a white robe and gilt-embroidered jacket, they stride ahead with wiry limbs, uttering loud cries and dispersing the crowd right and left with a silver wand carried in one hand.

Before our hotel-door was gathered the usual array of jugglers, donkeys, snake-charmers, and dragomans. Wearily we climbed the stairs to our rooms, to enjoy from our open windows a distant view of Cheops and Chephren, as the last rays of the setting-sun burnished with purple and gold their massive forms.

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CHAPTER XXII.

AFLOAT ON THE NILE.

EARLY one Friday morning we left Cairo for Siout, there to connect with the mail-steamer up the Nile. The Cairo station was an animated scene. The camels, donkeys, and carriages, which had brought the passengers from town, crowded the road, and natives and Europeans jostled one another on the platform.

This line of Egyptian railway is not so good as that between Alexandria and Cairo. There are first, second, and third-class coaches. The first-class are divided into compartments and furnished with hard cushions. The second-class are almost as comfortable, but have no compartments. The express trains are said to run at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour; but ours, we fancy, must have been an "accommodation" train.

The landscape became monotonous: broad flat plains, bounded with limestone-hills on one side and the desert on the other; forest after forest of palm-trees — field after field of sugar-cane — camels, sheep, canals, sunshine — and dust. The dust of that day's ride will never be forgotten. It did not

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simply blow in; it stormed, it hailed, it enveloped us from head to foot, filling our eyes, mouth and lungs. At first our little party sought relief by filing out upon the platform at each station, while a nimble Arab swept out the most of the dust from the seats and floor of the compartment. But it only made matters worse by raising stifling clouds about our heads, and we at last settled down in calm despair to endure what could not be helped. The station-houses were of wood, sometimes coated with a rough plaster, and nearly all built on the same plan — a platform in front, and a central hall, with suites of rooms on the right and left.

The natives who gathered about the train were pitiful to behold, half-clad but eager-eyed, with baskets of oranges, dates, or Arab bread, poised on their heads. The oranges were delicious, and so cheap that a piastre (two and a half pence) would buy a lapful of the juicy fruit. The children danced for joy when we threw them some bits of bread and chicken-bones. They grabbed for the treasures with their little brown hands, and tucked them safely away in their bosoms.

The Arabs don every variety of costume. The highest officials wear European dress. The middle-class array themselves in a grotesque combination, consisting of a long broadcloth coat, buttoned close over a loose white gown hanging to their ankles.

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Many of the men strolled about with knitting in their hands, working busily while they talked.

Most of the towns we passed were of little consequence — being made up of a few poor huts and the station-house; but others had been colonized by the French, and contained large sugar and pottery factories. Arab pottery — which is an important industry — is made from the mud deposit of the Nile, and dried in the sun. The water-jugs, or *carafes*, keep the water wonderfully cool, and are used on all the hotel tables.

If the scenes of this journey lacked the charm of picturesqueness, they were certainly novel. At one town our train passed the market-place, and leaning out of our window to watch the curious crowd of black faces hovering over their dingy wares, we were horrified to see in their very midst a man swinging on the gallows, with a placard containing his accusation pinned to his waistcoat. People went on with their trading as if nothing unusual had occurred. At another station we met a funeral procession. A little child was laid upon a rude bier, with a blanket thrown over it. The men walked ahead, and the women behind, beating the body with black cloths, and uttering plaintive wails. Once, startled by loud cries, we looked out and saw a woman, apparently in the most abject grief, seated on the ground, rocking backward and forward, and

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throwing dust on her head. Her female friends surrounded her, and tried to raise her up. She would rise and walk a few steps; then drop on the ground and begin wailing again.

At seven o'clock the train reached Siout. Formerly the steamboat landing was near the station; but the Nile has retreated, leaving a sandy plateau, half-a-mile in width, between the town and the river. Tired and dusty, we stumbled over the dark road by the dismal light of a lantern. Two of the khedive's mail-boats leave Siout every week for Upper Egypt. Ours was the worst one of the line — though happily we did not know it. It was a side-wheel steamer, with poor accommodations. The first night, we ran aground on a sand-bar; but this proved to be an almost hourly occurrence, and soon failed to create the least excitement.

We used to watch the men saying their prayers when the sun went down. Turning toward Mecca, they placed their hands on their hearts, bowed to the ground, called on Allah, and looked heavenward. Some of the women had very pretty Turkish rugs to sit upon, and nearly all of them kept their faces religiously concealed.

Afloat on the wondrous Nile! It was a strange life, but singularly fascinating. What long, sunny, June-like days! What glorious sun-risings — when we were up to see them — and still more glorious

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sun-sets, when the king of day bent toward the horizon, his great disc growing ruddier every moment, and shooting forth dazzling spears of light that dyed earth, sky, and water, with a thousand varied hues. Then, as we watched breathlessly the changing color, the last beam faded, and night was upon us. Owing to the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, there was scarcely any twilight.

We were three days in going to Luxor, and two in returning; although some people take a month for the trip, and a much longer time if visiting the second cataract. Then they go in their own *dahabeah*, but are liable to meet with all sorts of delays if the winds are not favorable. There is much danger, too, as sudden gusts of wind often sweep down from the high cliffs and capsize sailing boats.

There was much to interest us along the way, although the banks of the Nile are not lovely. Sometimes they are very sterile, and only sand-plains, and precipitous lime-stone hills perforated with tombs, can be seen; again, where wells have been dug, and the land irrigated, they are green and garden-like. The wells are of two kinds — the *sakia*, worked by buffalo or oxen, consists of an endless chain of jars that dip in the water and empty themselves in descending; and the *shádoof*, worked by men, which is a long pole like a well-sweep with a bucket at one end and a weight at the

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other. The river is very winding, and changes its channel constantly. Indeed, we saw places where villages were being washed away, that had a short time before stood far from the banks. The Nile has six cataracts, but beyond the second it is broad and shallow, with the current so rapid that boats must be pulled up-stream by bands of natives. The water was already falling rapidly, and large steamers would not be able to ascend after February. We passed many pretty *dahabeahs*, and a steamer full of English soldiers, sick or wounded in the war, who were being sent on a health-trip up the Nile.

We touched at many landings. As soon as our vessel came in sight, swarms of miserable natives would fly down to meet us, screaming, fighting, and rolling over each other on the way. Lively youngsters swam about in the water begging for *backsheesh*; indeed, there was scarcely anything they wouldn't do for a piastre.

From one village, on our return, we took on board six soldiers, chained together. Pitiful wails rose from the crowds on the shore as the steamer moved away, the women beating the air frantically and throwing dust on their heads. To be drafted is considered a dire affliction. The unfortunates bid their friends good-bye, never expecting to see them again; and if, after long years, they

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238 "PITIFUL WAILS ROSE FROM THE CROWDS ON THE SHORE."

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return home, they find themselves forgotten and disowned by their families. A few years ago, it was not uncommon for men to amputate a first finger, or put out an eye, to avoid being drafted; but a law forbids it now, and to punish the cowardly ones, a regiment has been formed entirely of one-eyed men. The people in this part of the country proved much braver during the late war than those in the Delta, and made excellent riflemen. The Arabs are so much like children that when, at the close of the war, they were called up to receive their pay with the English soldiers, the simple-hearted creatures did not understand why they were given so much money, and some of them actually carried it back to the officers.

At another point, we saw several hundred men down in the damp malarious earth, digging a canal. They receive no pay for this work, and are virtually slaves to the sheik, who rules over them with no very tender hand. The sheiks are nominally elective, and perhaps would not be cruel if they were not crushed beneath the load of such heavy taxes. Everything is taxable—even the palm trees, so that around many of the villages the natives have cut them down to avoid this payment.

One of our fellow-passengers—an English antiquarian who spends nearly every winter in Egypt—to whom we chanced to speak admiringly, one even-

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ing, of some of the palaces in Cairo, surprised us by saying:

"But how were they built? Did not Ismail, the ex-khedive, drag thousands of these poor people from their homes in the country, and make them slave for him, without a farthing of pay—not even providing their daily food? Haven't I seen delicate little girls toiling up hill with their heavy burdens under the shadow of the lash? This particular palace you admire so much, occupies the site of an older one which for some reason did not please his majesty, and although in perfectly good condition it was razed to the ground to make room for the present edifice."

"Then you don't think much of Ismail?" we ventured to ask.

"I think he is a beastly scoundrel."

"What do you think of the present khedive?"

"Oh, he is only a fool. The fact is, the poorer classes have been oppressed for years by Turkish tyrants, and when they begin to show a little spirit, the English crush it out by a bloody massacre."

"Are you not an Englishman?" we asked, bewildered.

"Yes, but I do not approve of England's policy in the late war."

"What have you to say, Colonel Wilson?" asked a gentleman in our party, appealing to the

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dignified gentleman opposite, who had been actively engaged in the struggle, and after the capture of Arabi, entered Alexandria in company with the illustrious insurgent himself.

"I decline to give an opinion," was the perhaps judicious answer.

At Keneh we took donkeys and rode to Denderah, several miles distant. The temple here is the best preserved in Egypt, although not the largest. It was erected in the time of the emperor Tiberius, and patronized by Cleopatra, whose image, surmounted by the symbol of a deity, is cut in the exterior walls. The hieroglyphics which decorate the walls of the inner chambers are clearly cut, and in many places the coloring matter remains almost as perfect as when it was first put on.

On returning to Siout, we met an English lady—Mrs. Wright, wife of the English inspector of the mail-boats — who has lived among the Arabs for three years with scarcely any other society. She invited us to take tea with her at her home, which we found very pretty and European. Speaking of the peculiarities of natives as servants, she told us it was almost impossible to make them obey without the use of the lash. They expected it, and knew nothing different; but flogging has been prohibited by the English government.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

THE HEART OF EGYPT.

LUXOR is on the Nile, four hundred miles from Cairo. The ruins of Thebes lie just across the river, and those of Karnak an hour's walk south of the village. In the midst of a sweet-scented garden, grown with acacia, date, and locust trees, stands the Luxor Hotel — rambling and low, with a flat roof, and breezy verandas on which the bedrooms open by low glass doors. About the front door were arranged all kinds of Egyptian curiosities, while the white-turbaned Arab servants who darted out upon us from every nook and passage, with their pleasant "*El-khêr*" ("good-morning"), gave the place still more of an oriental air.

Our first duty was to select a guide; and Abraham — a fine fellow, dressed in a yellow-silk shirt under an over-gown of purple merino, with flowing sleeves — seemed in our eyes the fittest. Indeed, was he not cousin to Joseph, the head dragoman, and brother-in-law to the governor's son? What further recommendation could be needed?

When we set out for Karnak, the sun was broiling, and the road as dusty as it possibly can be in

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a country where rain is scarcely known. Our route lay through the miserable village of Luxor. The houses were of unburnt brick, and were roofed with dried cornstalks. We ventured to look into one. A woman sat in a corner grinding corn between two stones. There was not an article of furniture—simply the bare mud walls and floor, and a few rude cooking utensils. Just outside the door was an earthen tub, raised a few feet above the ground, where the inmates sleep in summer, from fear of the scorpions.

The liveliest place was the town-square, enclosed within a circle of these mud houses. Donkeys, camels, buffaloes, and children swarmed about us, with discordant cries. A pack of snarling dogs followed close behind, while a bevy of little boys appeared in front, screaming for *backsheesh*. Their heads were shaven, with only a single long black lock left on the crown to charm away sickness. The flies were intolerable, and would not be driven away. Poor eyesight is very common among the natives. Little children sometimes become quite blind by rubbing over their faces the juice of the sugar-cane they are constantly eating, which attracts swarms of flies. The irritation caused by these insects, with the glaring sun-light and clouds of fine sand blown about in the air, destroys the sight.

At last we emerged from this bedlam into the

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open country. The fields were green with the half-ripened barley, wheat, peas, and sugar-cane. All along the road the *sakia* and *shádoof* wells had been dug for drawing up the Nile water and directing it into artificial channels for irrigating the farms. Only on the land so watered can two crops be grown each season.

"Do you work at the wells?" I asked of Abraham, as we passed some natives toiling in the hot sun.

"No, Miss,"— with much dignity — "my servants do that."

"Your people are very poor, Abraham; what do they eat?"

"Camel's flesh and buffalo; sometimes, if they are very poor, rats."

"Rats?"

"Yes, they grow large here. Buffalo meat is good. We make butter from the milk. That is all there is in Luxor."

We recalled the little greenish-white moulds we had seen on the breakfast-table, which the Arab waiter had told us was buffalo-butter. It had an insipid taste, like lard, and we had turned away from it with disgust.

"Are you a Mohammedan?" we asked again.

"I am, Miss."

"How often do you say your prayers?"

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"Five times a day in summer; but only twice in winter, because I am a dragoman, and very busy, then."

"Were you born in Luxor?"

"Yes."

"Would you like to go away? Are you happy here?"

"I would like to see Cairo — but I am happy here, it is my home."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, Miss, I married my wife last year."

"Have you more than one?"

"No."

"How old is your wife?"

"Sixteen now. She is the daughter of the English consul."

The double row of colossal sphinxes that once connected the temple of Luxor with that of Karnak has almost entirely disappeared. A few remains still guard the approach to Ptolemy's pylon. Passing under this wonderful arch, we hastened on to the temple and palace of Karnak. Here two hours were spent in wandering among the ruins, admiring the reeded columns in the great hall, with their capitals of lotus and papyrus flowers, studying the hieroglyphics, gazing upon the mighty blocks that formed the roof over our heads, and trying hard to realize how great a man was Rameses II., and that

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he lived hundreds, yes, thousands of years, ago. Of course we were inspired, because it was the proper way to feel under such circumstances; but somehow the flies and beggars wouldn't let us soar very high.

On our way home we visited a Coptic school, established by our American mission. There were seventy children present, sixty-seven boys and three girls. The school-room was cool, with a brick floor and wooden benches, which was a step in advance of the native schools, where the pupils sit on the floor. The teacher was a bright young man, who was going to Cairo in a few months to study for the ministry. He teaches the children English, Arabic, arithmetic, geography, and the catechism. Some of the boys were called up for us to catechise, and their knowledge of Bible history made us ashamed of our ignorance. One of the brightest pupils, a girl of fifteen, had just left the school, as her father could no longer allow her to appear unveiled before the world.

During our last day in Luxor, Abraham took us to visit his harem. On the way there we passed a rude hut, with a rug spread on the ground in front of the door, where a dozen Arabs sat smoking and sipping coffee.

"They mourn," Abraham explained, in answer to our inquiries; "the man of this house is dead. This morning his friends came here and wailed and

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threw dust on their heads. Now each one must sit on this rug and mourn for him half an hour. The people in the house give them pipes and coffee."

"Did you sit there?"

"Yes, Miss, early this morning."

Abraham was a rich man. He lived in a house of two stories, much superior to the wretched huts about it. As we entered the court, a Nubian servant greeted us, bowing low and kissing our hands. We were led to a small dark room up-stairs and seated on one of the divans. Soon Abraham's young wife came in, dressed in a green-and-crimson-striped silk gown, and a black lace scarf, spangled with gold stars, over her head. We kissed her cheek as she came timidly toward us — a pretty girl with handsome eyes.

A servant brought us coffee, and then Abraham opened a chest and showed us his wedding-gown — a gorgeous yellow silk — and richly embroidered vest. The chest was full of soft oriental silks of every shade and hue. Abraham presented us each with a handful of coins, mummy rings, and charms. We offered him money; but he drew back with an offended air.

"Your dragoman *gives* them to you," he said; "he wants no *backsheesh*."

In the evening we were invited to a *fantasia* at the house of the English consul. He was an old

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man, and a strict Mohammedan. His ancestors were not native Egyptians — these are seldom found except among the agricultural poor — but he was descended from the Arabian conquerors of the country. The consulate is built among the ruins of the temple at Luxor, overlooking the river.

At eight o'clock the entertainment began. As we approached the house, the sound of Arabic music was heard. Achmed, the consul's son, in European dress, opened the door, and conducted us into a side room, to remove our wraps. There we were introduced to the governor of Luxor, the postmaster, and the consul himself; the latter wearing a white gown, a great Indian shawl about his shoulders, and the inevitable Turkish fez. This last article of dress is never laid aside, even at the table; and it is said that the khedive has made it a law that all foreigners in the government service shall don this characteristic cap. After we had paid our respects to the host, we were conducted to a seat on one of the divans in the *salon*. This was a large room, carpeted with Turkish rugs, and lighted with candles. It was filled with gentlemen of all races and colors; but L. and I were the only ladies present. At the further end of the apartment, on the floor, sat the dancing-girls and musicians. The girls were attired in gay-colored silks and morocco slippers, and their hair was

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braided in fifty or more tiny strands, and left to hang down their backs. The band rattled away vigorously on their instruments of single and double strings. It was a weird kind of music. Presently the servant came in with pipes made of costly wood, several feet in length, the end of the pipe resting on the floor while it was being smoked. He offered us one of these, touching at the same time his hand to his head and heart, the usual sign of respect, which means literally, "I respect you from the top of my head to the bottom of my heart." We declined his proffer as graciously as possible; but he soon returned with a tiny cup of steaming coffee. This is the favorite beverage of the natives, who drink it clear, and very strong. Of course we accepted the coffee, and, for fear of committing an unpardonable breach of etiquette, drained the cup, despite the bitter taste.

Two of the dancing-girls now arose, and after profusely adorning their arms, necks, and waists with gold and silver chains, opened the *fantasia*. The excitement was intense. They wriggled, and writhed, and shook themselves with marvellous dexterity, but in a manner anything but graceful to an American eye, all the while jingling an accompaniment with the castanets which they wore on their fingers. The best dancer was a middle-aged woman of the old Egyptian type and dreadfully ugly. Most

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wonderful of all was the bottle-dance, in which one of the girls performed all sorts of tricks, even to rolling over on the floor, while balancing on the crown of her head a tall bottle with a lighted candle in its mouth. Sir Charles Wilson, who was sitting near, whispered laughingly:

"See how the Arabs enjoy it! They are a funny people. We put them in office for policy's sake, but are obliged to watch them all the time. They are as superstitious as children, and believe in every kind of witchcraft and jugglery. I asked my servant one day if he had ever seen a ghost. He said, 'Yes, I saw one the other night sitting on the top of the Luxor obelisk.' The governor over there is a fine specimen of the better class, but he is as credulous as the rest. I must tell you a story of what is a common belief among the Arabs. In every Egyptian temple there is supposed to be behind the altar a treasury which was there in ancient times, and still exists, filled with gold. One night an Arab determined to find it. Stealing out at midnight, by the light of the moon, he wound his way among the ruins of the nearest temple, and began to dig where he thought the treasury must be. He put in his hand and drew out a handful of glittering gold. He had found the treasure. Filling the pouch in his bosom with gold, he hurried home and hid it away in a kettle. Every night

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he returned and brought home more and more. One night, as he was absorbed in purloining the treasure, he felt a presence, and looking up saw the fiery eyes of the sacred bull Apis flashing upon him. Dropping all, he fled from the temple, and hurried home to see if his kettle was still safe. Yes, there it was, full of the yellow gold. He put in his hand to draw some out, but the kettle receded. He bent over it, but down sank the kettle into the ground. He fell on his knees and reached out his arms in an agony of despair; but the gold and kettle had disappeared — a just punishment for his greed."

Early in the evening we took our leave, a thoughtful friend having warned us that the entertainment would last all night, for those who were willing to stay.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

THE TOMBS OF THE PHARAOHS.

TWO days were given to Thebes. All preparations were made the night before, so as to give us an early start. The sun was shining bright in the morning — for there is no fear of a rainy day in Egypt — and the tall palms and orange trees were casting cool shadows in the garden. Abraham was waiting for us in his priest-like gown, and with a blanket-shawl wrapped about his neck — for the nights and mornings were chilly, and the Arabs are very sensitive to the cold.

By eight we were off — our escort, L. and I, Abraham, and a Nubian boy with our lunch-basket poised on his head. A fresh breeze blew our light sail-boat across the Nile where the donkeys were awaiting us. What a deafening clamor greeted us as we neared the shore! Donkeys and donkey-boys fairly tumbled over one another in their eagerness to reach us. In the midst of this tumult we were at last safely mounted, L. on "Soap-Suds," I on "Hawk" — a black, shaggy little beast, which my boy assured me was, in spite of appearances, "good donkey — *very* good donkey."

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Three little Arab girls joined us, each carrying a jug of water on her head. They were bare-footed and ragged, but bright-eyed and smiling.

Away we went, galloping over the smooth plain. The fine sand rose in clouds around us; but a cool breeze blew from the Nile, the sun was not yet hot, and our spirits were exuberant. Suddenly, at the end of a mile, our caravan halted. Across our path ran a crystal stream — an arm of the Nile. A rude barge stood several rods out from the shore. But how were we to reach it? Before we had time to think, a stout Arab seized me in his arms, lifted me off my donkey, and waded through the water to the barge, where I was set down, safe but breathless. Then came L. and our escort; and lastly, Abraham, borne gravely between two Arabs, his arms around their necks. Now for the donkeys. The unwilling beasts were pushed and dragged into the water, then tumbled on board by successive jerks of their tails, ears, and legs. A few minutes' paddling brought us to the other side. Again we were picked up by the Arabs, amid peals of laughter at the funny sight, carried to shore, and seated once more on our dripping donkeys. We filed along a grassy ridge, on either side of which were Nile-watered fields, green and flourishing. Buffaloes grazed on the sweet grass, while lines of camels marched along with dignified tread, followed by Arab herdsmen, who gave us the

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graceful Eastern salute: "*Es-salâm âleikum!*"—"Peace be with thee"; touching, at the same time, their hands to their forehead and heart, to which Abraham taught us to reply: "*U'âleikum es-salâm;*"—"And with thee be peace."

We passed mud villages, usually surrounded by mud walls. The dark-skinned Arabs darting in and out of their low brown hovels, that scarcely rose above the level of the plain, reminded us at a distance of ants swarming about their hills. Sometimes we saw, in the midst of these mud villages, a house rudely plastered on the outside, and with unpainted wooden blinds — a mark of advancing civilization. Such a house always belonged to the sheik.

Soon we reached the small temple of Koorneh, and stopped a few moments to admire it; then, remounting, set our faces steadily toward the sandstone hills. Vegetation disappeared; not a blade of grass was to be seen,— not a sound was heard save our own voices and the footfall of the donkeys and boys over the sand-strewn plain. The sun was nearing the zenith, and beat down relentlessly upon us, dazzling our eyes and making our heads heavy. My little Arab girl came up and offered her pitcher. I put it to my lips and drank eagerly. And now the boys who had followed us took from their bosoms — the place where every Arab hides his treasures — bags of beautiful green beetles, and urged us to buy.

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They had caught the insects in the field, and many of them were still alive. These poor Arab boys touched our hearts. Even the older ones were like children, coming up beside us, patting our cheeks and hair, stroking admiringly our ribbons and flounces; then, pointing to themselves, and trying to say: "Pretty! Give it to little boy."

Hotter it grew — higher and more impressive rose the still mountains above us — yellow, dazzling, awful, like giant castles, shutting us within their mysterious walls. On we paced — slowly and silently; and just when it seemed to us we could go no farther, we stopped. We were in a basin. Around us were the hills; under our feet a sandstone floor, above us the sky. Not a bird twittered — only a few dusky faces looked into ours. This was the cemetery of ages, and the openings in the heart of the hills led to the tombs of the old Egyptian kings. Each great monarch built one for himself. Some lived to see their tombs completed. Others died while they were yet unfinished, and were hurried into their sepulchres, the entrance-doors were sealed, and the place covered up. The old kings vainly thought these tombs would remain forever undiscovered. How would they have felt, to awaken from their long sleep of four thousand years, and find these sacred precincts echoing with the unhallowed footsteps of students and tourists —

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even two American girls prying curiously into their hidden depths!

We alighted before one of the finest of the tombs—that of Rameses III. The entrance was nearly buried under the sand, but the part above ground was still lofty. It led to a spacious corridor. The walls and ceiling were smooth, and covered with elegantly-cut hieroglyphics, on a foundation of grayish stucco. The red, yellow and blue colors that ornamented it looked nearly as fresh as when first laid on. It is still a mystery how the ancients mixed their pigments to endure so long. About the floor of the corridor were scattered the cooking-pans and apparatus of a party of scientists, who ate and slept in the tomb while they carried on their explorations.

As we passed from the corridor through several palatial chambers cut out of the rock, whose walls were ornamented with those wonderful paintings which tell of the exploits of the king whose name the tomb bears, we entered the inmost chamber—the sanctuary of the tomb. In the centre stood a colossal granite sarcophagus, its cover turned aside. We climbed up at one end and peered over the thick wall into its depths. It was empty. We visited in all fourteen tombs. At each entrance our candles were lighted and we went groping down into the darkness. In some places the damp walls were

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coated with wasps' nests, and we fled by in fear and trembling. The air was stifling. There were sudden pitfalls and curious turns in the dark chambers, that even our candles would not reveal; so, supported between two Arabs, we went stumbling over the rough stones. Once, in a far-away dismal chamber, with the black eyes of our Arabs flashing about us, a sudden tapping and a hollow sepulchral voice started the cold sweat on our foreheads. Then Abraham, lifting his candle aloft, revealed against the wall—a man, mounted on a step-ladder, taking impressions of the hieroglyphics on sheets of brown paper that his Egyptian boy handed to him from below.

"Abraham!" I cried, breathless and foot-sore, "how many tombs are there?"

"Fourteen, Miss."

"They are so much alike; do people visit them all?"

"Oh, no."

"Then why do we?"

"Miss said to her dragoman this morning, 'Abraham, show me *everything* to-day.' I good dragoman. I keep my word."

We ate our dinner in the cool shadow of a rock at the entrance of one of the tombs. The company of Arabs retired a short distance, then squatted in a semi-circle and watched us with hungry eyes while

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we ate and tossed them bits. Abraham also stood off respectfully, half-way between us and the common herd. When we had finished, he ate his own lunch, then distributed what remained among the eager-eyed children. Dinner over, we sat down in the sand to rest. The boys gathered around us with their odd Egyptian trinkets. In their group was an old man. Where he came from, it was impossible to guess. He certainly had not followed us from Luxor. He wore a single loose hempen gown. From his weazen face shone two eagle-like eyes. His hands were thin and bony, while the few hairs on his head were white and matted. Forth from his bosom he drew a large bundle of something wrapped in mummy cloth, and kneeling before us began to unroll it. Out came mummy hands, mummy feet, beads, sacred eyes, chains, and little stone mummies taken from the mummy-cases. He spread them on the ground at our feet, and glared at us with his sharp eyes, giving a "*humph! humph!*" of satisfaction. One of the boys venturing to display his package, the old man grasped his stick and started after him threateningly. We picked up a mummy hand wrapped in mummy cloth. The old man snatched it away, and began to unroll it, then thrust it in our very faces, with a "humph!" It was a woman's hand, delicate and shapely. The fingers were long and slender and the nails perfect.

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259 "SHOULD IT BE A HAND OR A FOOT?"

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On the middle finger was a blue ring. We looked at it thoughtfully. It *would* be interesting to carry home a mummy hand from Egypt. Should it be a hand or a foot? We held up the hand before the old man.

"How much?"

"Half-franc."

"Half-a-franc?—ten cents? I will take it."

The bargain was made, and I gave my prize to Abraham to stow away in his basket.

In the afternoon we had a hot climb up the mountain-side, but were well repaid by the lovely panorama spread at our feet. There was the Nile, with its fertile valley shut in by the hills. Karnak and its ruins were far in the distance; and nearer were the ruins of Thebes, and the mighty giants of the plain, Memnon and his companion, keeping their silent watch. We toiled through the sand to the tombs of the priests—now almost buried out of sight. Near by is the recently discovered tomb of the kings. All we could see was a circular opening, sixty feet deep, in the rock. A corridor branches off at the bottom and leads to the chambers in the tomb beyond. What treasures were found there! Rich sarcophagi, the mummies of the old Pharaohs—kings whose existence had seemed a myth—jewels, coins, and papyrus. By some strange fate this tomb lay for ages sealed and unknown. An Arab,

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delving in the sand for curiosities, accidentally discovered it. He kept his secret, but robbed some of the coffins, and began selling the relics to tourists. These treasures attracted attention. They were far too rare to be in the hands of a common Arab, and a scientist, fixing upon this man as the purloiner, ordered his arrest. But it was only after an imprisonment of two months that the Arab was forced to reveal his secret and show the tomb. It was found to be one of the richest. The mummies were taken out and carried down to Cairo. As the boat sailed slowly down the river, crowds of dusky-faced natives gathered along the banks, uttering plaintive wails for the dead.

As we turned away, I said to Abraham:

"Did you know the Arab who found this tomb?"

"Yes, Miss," lowering his voice to a mysterious whisper; "he great friend of mine. He was dragoman like me. He dig in the sand for gold and mummies to sell to people; but he always go at night — all Arabs do. If they go in day-time, the sheik find it out and punish them. One night he dig with his hand — then all at once touch something hard. It is a rock. He thinks it is a tomb, and opens it — I know not how. Ah! he find great things — mummies and gold — so much! like the stars. He tells no one; but he very glad. He rich man."

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"But he had to tell about it. What did he do then?"

"He sorry; but the khedive pay him money to tell it. He very rich man now."

We mounted our donkeys, and wound our way slowly down the mountain, over the green fields to the Nile, where our little water-girls left us. They had walked all day, fourteen weary miles, yet were smiling as ever. Abraham paid them each ten cents; and, with a laugh, they went tripping away to some mud huts in the distance.

The stars were out as we sailed back to Luxor. A merry party, we gathered around the dining-table in the hotel. Tourists had come in from far and near. There were tired feet and sunburned faces, but stories, good-cheer, and merriment.

Next morning, Achmed, the son of the English consul, a French scientist, and Sir Charles Wilson joined us. The consul had sent his own boat and boatmen to take us across the river. The boat was furnished with Turkish rugs and soft white cushions. Achmed was very attentive. He was a good-looking young man, wore European dress, and spoke English. The oarsmen, in clean blue gowns, pulled away to the music of an Arabic love-song. It was a strange and weird melody.

"Cry '*ah—ah!*' if you are pleased," said Achmed.

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We cried it till our throats ached. The Arabs were delighted, and began again with renewed vigor.

"They please you?" asked Achmed. "Then they give you a concert to-night."

Our second day, we visited the nearer Theban ruins. Chief among them was the Memnonium, with its vast walls and beautiful sculptures. In the midst of the ruins lies the colossal figure of Rameses the Great. It has been broken off at the waist, and now lies on the ground. "The Arabs have scooped mill-stones out of his face, but you can still see what he was—the largest statue in the world."

Medeenet Haboo is one of the best-preserved temples. The walls are adorned with the same wonderful hieroglyphics. One never grows tired of studying them. It is like a picture-book. There we see the old Egyptians as they lived — going to war, carrying their dead to burial, rowing in their queer old barges on the Nile (whose ripples are represented by a series of wave-lines), eating and drinking, cooking in the kitchen, pouring wine into casks, and punishing their criminals. Achmed was always discovering something new, and calling us to see it. But to him, the pictures were mere caricatures. They amused him—beyond that he knew and cared little.

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We lunched amidst the ruins of the temple. Achmed gallantly offered us some of his hard bread and thick milk in a pottery bowl, then proved himself an Arab by eating everything with his fingers. The usual crowd of black faces hovered around us. Suddenly our eyes fell upon the old man we had seen the day before — more scrawny and weazen-faced than ever. He seemed to be the very wizard of the tombs.

"What is your name, old fellow?" cried our knight, tossing him a hard-boiled egg.

"Rameses II.!" replied the old man, with a chuckle.

We saved the Colossi — Vocal Memnon and his twin — till the last, when the setting-sun bathed them in a sea of glory. With hands resting on their knees, their eyes turned steadily to the Orient, they watch and wait through the circling ages. The Nile at its flood laves their feet, where we saw stretching a soft green carpet. We turned toward the hills for a last good-bye,—filed once more across the fields, stepped into our boat, and Thebes was lost in the darkness.

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CHAPTER XXV.

A TURKISH WEDDING.

IT was the best bit of luck in the world! We were on our way to the tombs of the caliphs, in Cairo, when Ali, chancing to espy signs of festivity on a side street, drove down that way to let us see the fun. It proved to be a grand wedding at the house of a Bey. The mansion was several stories high, with dark roughly-plastered walls—its only adornment the unpainted latticed windows protruding from the front.

Ali had a few moments' conversation with one of his friends, and the result was that a gentleman of the family came out and asked if the ladies would not like to visit the harem.

Eagerly assenting, we were hurried by a Nubian servant through the court and up the rough wooden staircase to the great *salon*. This was a handsome apartment, furnished in oriental style, with rich Turkish rugs carpeting the floor and covering the long divans placed against the walls. Fifty or more inquisitive eyes were turned upon the strangers as they entered and with some trepidation took the seats proffered them on the nearest divan.

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Everybody was full of excitement, and all chatted merrily together, exactly like a bevy of gay Americans. Not a gentleman was present, for even at the marriage ceremony they are strictly forbidden to meet the fair sex.

The ladies were in evening dress; but it would need the pen of Mark Twain to describe their costumes — of silks and satins, in blue, pink, saffron, orange, purple, yellow, green — every conceivable color except black. The robes were not modelled after Worth, but made loose at the waist, with demi-trains and full skirts, and were decked with beads or lace. On their feet the ladies wore sandals or slippers of colored morocco. Their head-gear consisted of ostrich feathers, wreaths of artificial flowers or turbans. Over their jetty eyebrows were two streaks of black paint, a quarter of an inch wide, and tapering toward the nose. But the most striking fashion-mark was the red dye, extracted from the leaves of the henna tree, with which the finger-nails and palms of the hands were colored.

The slaves were wondrously attired, from the jingling bells on their toes to the tall muslin caps on their heads. They paced gravely through the apartments, serving the guests with coffee, and with cigarettes, which were carried in fancy straw baskets tied with colored ribbons. The coffee was borne about on small round trays, each tiny

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china cup being set within another cup of silver or brass.

A painful silence followed our appearance. It was a "Quaker meeting." We looked at everybody, and everybody looked at us; but not a word was spoken. Then we smiled and bowed, and mechanically repeated in turn every Arabic expression found in the guide-book, whether appropriate to the occasion or not, for we had a frantic desire to keep up polite appearances lest these foreign sisters should find us intruders.

Finally one lady was found who could speak a few words of German. She came to our rescue, and taking us each by an arm, asked if we would like to see the brides. This was the height of our ambition; and we eagerly followed her through several halls to a small dressing-room. Here she motioned us to wait until our arrival should be announced.

In the meantime, two of the smiling damsels present — one in green silk, the other in red with yellow stripes — brought some flowers and ribbons, and indicated by signs that they wished us to arrange them in their hair. Think of American girls helping to dress Arab girls for a wedding! Delighted with the novelty of the situation, we at once began twining the gay blossoms in and out among their dark tresses — then led them to a

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mirror for an inspection of our work, which appeared to give great satisfaction.

Just at this moment our German-speaking friend returned for us, the doors were thrown open, and we were ushered into the chamber of the right-royal ladies. The room was bright and cheery, with rugs and handsome drapery. On a crimson divan or throne, approached by several steps, sat in state the two little brides. They were sisters—one fifteen, the other twelve. As a mark of distinction, we were offered the seats of honor on either side of the divan, beside the brides; but we modestly took chairs instead. In the centre of the room were two small tables for the wedding presents. On one was placed a dainty silver coffee-set lined with gold; on the other, were cigarette-holders, and a match-safe of decorated china.

Two demurer persons than these youthful *fiancées* can scarcely be imagined. There they sat, without speaking or being spoken to, their hands folded, and their eyes cast steadily upon the floor during the entire time we were present. They wore thin white dresses, embroidered slippers, and long veils garnished with orange blossoms and gold and silver strands. The younger bride was very pretty,—had a soft complexion, lustrous black eyes, and cherry lips, but looked as if she ought to be romping out of doors instead of waiting to be married:

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The room was filled with women, children, and servants, sitting on the floor and divans, or flitting about, smoking, sipping coffee, and evidently enjoying the unusual excitement. Such quantities of beautiful diamonds! Some of the ladies wore great sprays of them, *one* jewel of which would be considered a prize at home.

Presently the mother of the brides came in, attired in purple silk, and greeted us very graciously. Every few minutes one of the ladies present, putting her two forefingers in the corners of her mouth, would utter a peculiar shrill cry, like a whistle — supposed to denote joy. A large towel was spread on the floor, just at the foot of the throne. This we supposed was for the reception of bridal gifts, since almost every one dropped into it a large silver coin. While querying what *our* duty might be in the case, it was explained to us that this was a present for the aged nurses of the brides.

At this point, the monotony was broken by several ladies coming forward and leading the bride of fifteen out of the room, with many blushes and great hesitation on her part. She was conducted to another apartment, there to await the groom. Once alone with his betrothed, he will lift the veil from her face, which he now looks upon for the first time; and if pleased, will call to the women

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waiting anxiously outside, who immediately raise the *zaghâreet*, or cry of joy. While she was absent, we were shown the bridal chamber, with its gilt furniture, handsome lace pillows, and crimson satin drapings heavily embroidered with gold. Suddenly the beating of cymbals and tambourines announced the approach of the newly-wedded pair. All the ladies and the other little bride flew excitedly into side rooms, and drew the curtains. L. and I, being foreigners, were pushed alone into the *salon*, and allowed to view the proceedings with uncovered faces.

First entered an attendant in blue, sounding a musical instrument. Then two tall black slaves came in and stationed themselves on either side of the door. Now appeared the groom, a good-looking young man, leading his bride, with her veil thrown over her face. After seating her upon the divan, he left her immediately; whereupon all the women rushed out from their hiding-places, arranged the little lady's drapery, kissed her trembling lips, and appeared more jubilant than ever. What became of the other sister we did not wait to see, but without doubt she was conducted in and out in the same manner.

From an upper window, we were allowed to look into the gentlemen's *salon* below. It seemed to be an annex of the main building, on the ground floor,

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and opened directly upon the street through Nubian curtains. Around the walls were hung Turkish and Arabic flags, and two bands of musicians played lively strains, while the men chatted, smoked, and drank coffee from those small china cups we so greatly admired.

At seven o'clock, dinner was served. After all, this was the grand event of the day. The dining-hall was a large bare room, devoid of plaster, paint, or paper. But the beautiful flags draped about the walls gave it a cheerful air in spite of the dim light from the candles suspended in glass lanterns overhead. Eight or ten of us were provided with chairs around a table holding a great green tray, which had a low rim around the edge. Two French ladies and ourselves were the only foreigners present. Several side dishes were already placed on the tray — pickled olives, whipped cream, etc. After washing our hands by holding them over a basin while one of the slaves poured water on them, we sat down to eat. The napkins were brown hand-towels, fringed at each end. In the centre of the table was placed a tureen containing vegetable soup. Into this each lady dipped her bone-spoon, Chinese fashion, and motioned us to do the same; so, as there was no alternative, we fell to work in good earnest. In a twinkling the soup was removed, and a fine roast turkey took its place. What was our amaze-

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ment to see the flesh torn away by the guests with their fingers, and eaten without knife, fork, or plate! Then followed, in quick succession, boiled beef and spiced apple-sauce, thick cream, pastry, rice-sausages, and many unfamiliar dishes, till fourteen courses had been served, not counting the fruit. Moreover, the whole meal was consumed, and hands washed, within fifteen minutes from the time we sat down; and every dish except the soup was eaten with the fingers.

As a mark of special favor, the ladies would occasionally break off a choice bit and hand to us, which was always accepted with thanks. Indeed, politeness forbade our refusing any dish, although it was sometimes swallowed with a struggle. Our presence occasioned a good deal of merriment to these Turkish dames, but we would have been willing to afford them twice as much for the pleasure they gave us. We took our leave early, and found faithful Ali waiting below, who assured us the festivities would continue with increasing excitement till early dawn.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

OUR FIRST WEEK IN PALESTINE.

ON the last Sunday of February, early in the morning, the "Achilles" steamed in sight of Jaffa. The sun shone bright and warm, though the passage from Port Said had been rough, and it had been feared we would be driven on to Beyrout.

Picture, on a stony hill overlooking the sea, a small town — its houses of limestone and cement, with flat roofs, some of them overgrown with grass; its streets narrow and winding; and here and there glorious orange and lemon orchards, redolent with golden fruit; apricot and peach trees bearing delicate pink-tinted blossoms, — and you will see Jaffa, or the biblical Joppa, as it is to-day.

After dinner we went to the house of Simon the Tanner, on the sea-shore. From the house-top the view of the Mediterranean — its deep blue melting into the pale ether overhead — was loveliness itself.

Early next morning our party left Jaffa on horseback for Jerusalem. The road for some distance was lined with mammoth cacti, orange and lemon trees. The Jaffa oranges are delicious, and are considered by many the finest in the world.

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One was shown us that weighed a pound and a half. They are not only large, but very juicy, and almost seedless.

At sunset we found ourselves high among the Judean hills, while just to our east, in a sheltered nook, rose the white tops of our twenty tents with the "stars and stripes" floating proudly above them. What prospect could have been more cheering to a party of hungry travel-worn pilgrims? That night the wind blew a tempest, and the rain descended in torrents. In spite of the guard placed around the encampment, an Arab stole into one of the tents, took a lady's dress, and after emptying the pockets of everything that was valuable, left the garment on the brow of the hill opposite, where it was found the next morning, soaked with rain and mud.

We entered Jerusalem, at the end of our forty miles' ride, by the Jaffa gate. It was windy and cold. The Holy City seemed dismal, and Mount Olivet was covered with snow; yet it was a beautiful sight, and one not many visitors are permitted to see. All Wednesday the snow fell rapidly, till by night the feathery coverlet lay two feet deep on the ground. Our dragoman said he had not seen such a snow-storm in Palestine for years.

During this weather, a party of twenty-five left our hotel for Mar Saba. They encamped one night near the Dead Sea, but returned the following

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morning with such startling stories of their hardships as fairly took our breath away. Some of the ladies were thoroughly drenched, and had not been dry since leaving Jerusalem. One of them declared she had not suffered as much in all her life as during that trip. The roads were frightful. The horse of one of the guides became maddened by the stinging hail, and nearly threw his rider down a steep precipice. But the night in camp was the most terrible experience. Some of the tents blew down,— the wind howled, Arabs hallooed, and women screamed.

Many of our travellers were disheartened, and turned back to Jaffa. But we determined to persevere. At last the sun burst out gloriously, and Saturday and Sunday were typical days. How fitting to spend a Sabbath on the hill of Zion! We first ascended to the house-top for a bird's-eye view of the city, and from thence looked down upon the crowded streets, flat-roofed houses, and castellated parapets of the modern Jerusalem. A beautiful American flag floated from the consulate.

After dinner we rode out of the city around by the pool of Siloam to Mount Olivet, which is not approached by slopes of emerald green, covered with olive trees, as our imagination had always pictured it. The ground is dry and stony and affords little vegetation; but the effect at a distance on a bright day, especially toward sunset, is very beau-

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tiful. Never shall we forget the view that Sabbath afternoon from the tower on the summit of the mount. Only half of the party could ascend at a time, so while waiting our turn we all joined in singing

"By cool Siloam's shady rill."

The deep bass tones and the soft soprano blended harmoniously, for each one's heart was in that song. Then a call was heard from above, and mounting the winding stone staircase, we soon found ourselves upon the balcony tower, with all Judea at our feet.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem" —yes, there they were. On our right, Mount Scopus; on our left, Mount Ophel and the Mount of Offense, with gently sloping sides and rounded summits. Beyond the shadowed valleys was Jerusalem, seated upon Mount Zion. More queenly she seemed than we had ever seen her. The Mosque of Omar stood just in front. Fair as seemed the poise of its graceful dome and the many glistening colors on its walls, how much fairer must have risen the glorious temple of Solomon upon the rocky brow of Mount Moriah! Then slowly we turned our eyes from one point of interest to another in the city, till each one was readily distinguished —the tower of Antonia, terminating the *Via Dolorosa*, David's tower upon the extreme south, the pool of Bethesda, the Holy Sepulchre, and even the

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Beautiful Gate, where the lame man was healed. Away to the East, like a bit of *lapis lazuli*, among the misty heights of Moab and Gilead, glimmered the quiet waters of the Dead Sea. It was miles distant, yet it seemed as if we could toss a stone into its depths.

The Garden of Gethsemane lies near the valley. It covers but a small area, and is surrounded by a stone wall. The enclosure contains a small chapel, flower-beds and tombs, and several ancient wide-spreading olive-trees, under one of which our Lord is said to have prayed before His crucifixion.

The shadows were lengthening on the grassy plains as we turned on our homeward way. Lines of golden sunlight crowned the hill-tops and fell across our path. No sounds were heard save the distant lowing of the cattle and the song of the skylark in the branches over our heads. So great was the peace, the simple beauty of the scene, it seemed almost like the twilight before the dawn of morning in the New Jerusalem.

Bethlehem in Judea! Can we ever again read that sweet story of the nativity without recalling the spring morning, glad with singing birds and blooming flowers, when we wound our way over the plain of Rephaim to the spot of our Saviour's birth!

Just after passing outside the city gate, a company of miserable lepers surrounded us, lifting up

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their stumps of hands with pitiful cries. The government has allotted them dwellings in a secluded valley, but on pleasant days they crawl out upon the high-road to beg.

We rode past long lines of Jewish dwellings. Many families live together for the sake of protection, and each one owns a door and one front window. The Sultan gives the poor Jew a home for ten years, after which it becomes his own property. The Jews living in Jerusalem and its neighborhood are a most pitiable class. Most of them are idle and selfish, and subsist on the contributions of foreign Jews. It is a sorrowful sight to witness the poor creatures, old and young, wailing outside the temple wall every Friday afternoon in all sorts of weather. Their prayer is for the restoration of the Holy City to the Jews.

On our way to Bethlehem we stopped at Rachel's Tomb, a small, circular, limestone building, within a perfect garden of scarlet anemones. We ate our lunch in the convent adjoining the Church of the Nativity. After visiting the "Manger," we walked out upon the brow of the hill west of the town. With the soft breeze fanning our cheeks, and a bright carpet of many-colored wild-flowers under our feet, our eyes turned dreamily toward the verdant valley below—the very fields in which Ruth gleaned, and where, many years later, the wan-

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dering shepherds first caught the angel-chorus, "Peace on Earth." We may question the genuineness of many of the traditional spots of Bible history, but are not the "everlasting hills" the same to-day they were eighteen hundred years ago?

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CHAPTER XXVII.

TENTING IN THE HOLY LAND.

OUR camp-life was a novelty. We were on a thirteen days' jaunt from Jerusalem to Damascus. Our caravan was made up of fifteen tourists, fifty horses and mules, two dragomans, besides muleteers and dogs. The daily programme was about as follows: Precisely at five o'clock the camp is aroused by the clang of the "tin-tom," which, analyzed, resolves itself into two pans, a bell, and several whistles. Thus cruelly awakened from our peaceful slumbers, we rise and prepare to dress. But scarcely have operations begun, when a dreadful shaking and screaming from without convinces us that the tent is about to descend on our heads.

"Mustapha! Barak! Oh, Mr. Clark! Do tell the men we are not ready."

"Hurry up, then; yours is the last tent down."

Snatching a few things in our hands, L. and I scramble to the door just in time to see the whole affair tumble to the ground.

Breakfast consists of bread, jam, and canned butter, ham and eggs, and coffee. While the "pil-

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grims" are busy eating, the muleteers pack the baggage. It is marvellous to see how quickly our miniature city is reduced to ruins. All the bedding, rugs, tables, tin wash-bowls, pitchers, etc., belonging to each tent, are strapped together, and one mule carries two of these bundles, which become very heavy in wet weather. The table-china is wrapped, piece by piece, in newspapers, and packed in chests.

At seven o'clock we mount and are off. The baggage goes, if possible, by a shorter and more direct route, in order to arrive at the next camping-ground ahead of us.

These early starts — oh, how delicious! The morning air, fresh and cool, fans our cheeks, and makes the blood tingle in our veins. The horses, too, seem to feel the exhilaration, and step off briskly. All nature sparkles with beauty. The dew on the grass, the golden sunlight creeping over the hill-tops and down the slopes, the shifting shadows in the valleys, and even the long lines of camels and meek-looking donkeys that pass us on the road, all blend harmoniously in the panorama. Once we heard the musical tinkle of a convent bell away up the mountain. Our eyes could not discern the abbey, hidden among the rocky steeps, but we recognized the call of the sweet-voiced monitor.

At midday our train halts in some shady nook,

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280 "THESE EARLY STARTS — OH, HOW DELICIOUS!"

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for lunch. The rugs are spread on the grass, and the cold chicken and mutton, hard-boiled eggs, "hunks" of bread, cheese, oranges, nuts and raisins, seem very tempting after a long ride of four or five hours. We generally rest about two hours, and after the lunch has been cleared away, amuse ourselves napping, reading, writing, or culling the wild-flowers, which carpet the earth everywhere, even away up the mountain-sides, rocky and barren, where the scarlet anemones—the "lilies" of the Bible—are almost the only bright things the eye rests upon.

Toward five o'clock our day's journey draws to a close. At each turn of the road, we eagerly scan the outstretching meadow-lands, till our eyes catch sight of the familiar cluster of snowy tents, and we exclaim exultantly, "Almost home!"

Our cook was an excellent fellow, and could get up capital dinners on very short notice. He had matters arranged rather conveniently, too. His stove was an oblong iron box, heated with a bed of charcoal; and while the meats were roasting in the oven, the big pots and kettles bubbled merrily over the glowing coals. Nor was there any "slop about the victuals," as our dragoman expressed it. The soup was boiled down from a juicy piece of mutton, —for we investigated matters, and knew just how it was done.

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Let them laugh who will, at suggestions of *danger* in a trip through Palestine; they will tell a different story after some prowling Arab has robbed them. The night we camped by the "Robber's fountain," a day's ride from Jacob's well, will probably not be forgotten by any one of our party.

"This is a bad place," said Mr. Clark, our dragoman, shaking his head ominously. "I shall stand guard myself with the muleteers, to-night."

Now, we knew Mr. Clark was a discreet man, who would not have made such a statement unless there had been some grounds for it. Still, no real danger was expected; and after taking the usual precautions, we lay down peacefully to rest. But scarcely had our heads touched the pillow, when the sharp sound of a pistol was heard. In a moment the camp was all excitement, and amid the hoarse cries we caught the words: "Hill has been robbed! Thief gone!!"

The story was soon told. Mr. Hill, having hung his clothes on the pole in the middle of the tent — the safest place, as he supposed, — went to bed and to sleep. But not later than half-past nine o'clock, an Arab crept stealthily into our camp, cut the canvas at the rear of the tent, brushed by the head of the cot, took clothes, money, and watch, besides a letter of credit, and made his escape just

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as Mr. Hill awoke. Several shots were fired, but to no effect.

A gentleman of our party, well-armed, crept down to a cave, half-a-mile distant from the camp, where he lay in wait nearly an hour for the return of the robber. No further disturbance, however, occurred, but our slumbers were somewhat broken.

The following night, we camped near Sychar, a place still more notorious for its thieves than the Robbers' Fountain. Five Arab soldiers from the town were secured as guards; and we were urged to take every precaution. And this we did — indeed, nearly one-half the night was spent in securing our effects, and the other half in untying them ready for use. First, our two cots were put close together in the middle of the tent, leaving just enough space between them and the pole for the satchels, which were strapped to the pole and then to the beds, after the little money they contained had been taken out and slipped in the under side of the pillow-cases. Each article of clothing was carefully tied to the beds, and the whole covered with a rubber "waterproof." Two umbrellas were then opened, and placed, one at the head and the other at the foot of the beds; while half-a-dozen water-pitchers were distributed around the sides, so that in case any one entered, the pitchers would be sure to be overturned. One gentleman, after having fastened

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his baggage to the pole, established communication between it and his night-cap by means of a string, in such a manner that the slightest jerk would awaken him. After such elaborate preparations, it was almost disappointing that no burglary was attempted that night.

During all of the first week after leaving Jerusalem, we enjoyed unclouded sunshine. The weather was mild — sometimes uncomfortably warm in the middle of the day, but balmy and spring-like. The gentlemen wore on their heads the Arabic *kaffiyeh* — a large scarf, or colored cotton handkerchief, caught with a band, and left streaming in the back. The ladies donned straw hats and ample veils.

The roads were so bad that the bravest among us would have hesitated if they had known what awaited them before undertaking the journey. There were hills to descend that were masses of loose boulders and polished table-rock; steeps to ascend, precipices to avoid, and rushing brooks to ford. Sometimes a mule would lose his footing and be swamped in the torrent. But there was little damage done — unless, perchance, he was carrying the luncheon. Our Arabian horses could pick their way like cats over all sorts of break-neck places.

Our first day led us down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Passing the Damascus gate and skirting

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the Mount of Olives, we soon came out on the direct road to Bethany. Again and again our eyes were strained for a last view of the Holy City. How fair she seemed that morning, set in a basin of gently-sloping hills, with the white walls and domes and minarets glorified in the blaze of the morning sun!

At noon we lunched on the site of the "Samaritan's inn." It is a wild spot, a perfect wilderness of mighty rocks, deep gorges, and precipitous mountain-sides. In the afternoon our road descended in a winding course by the side of the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Then we realized the truth of the Bible expression, "going *down* to Jericho"; for before this our path had been up hill, as well as in a north-easterly direction.

Toward sunset, the blue waters of the Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab and Gilead in the background, came into view. Our tents were pitched on the site of ancient Jericho, a grassy plain, several miles west of the Jordan. Perhaps it was because it was a new experience, and our spirits were high, but it seemed to us one of the loveliest spots in the world. Eastward lay the valley of the Jordan, extending northward as far as the eye could reach, and southward to the sea. Beyond rose the pale purple hills, with Pisgah and Nebo in the distance, reaching to the clouds. A little to our right was

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the place where the children of Israel crossed into Canaan; and ancient Gilgal, where they encamped before Jericho, now a poor mud village scarcely a stone's-throw away. In the grassy meadows strewn with wild-flowers, not a vestige remains of the mighty walls that fell down at the sound of Joshua's trumpet. Behind us stretched long ranges of lime-stone hills, burnished with red and gold, and among them the sharp-peaked "Mount of Temptation." In the same plain, but farther to the south, was pointed out the site of the modern Jericho—the one that flourished in Christ's time. The only vestige of it to be seen to-day is a stone well, said to be the one in which Herod drowned his nephew, that he might not succeed to the throne.

The next day we visited the shore of the Dead Sea and bathed in its tepid waters. Writers dwell much on the desolateness of its shores, and the utter gloom which pervades the entire vicinity; but the impression we brought away was far different. The mountains that rise on every side, and slope east and west nearly to the water's edge, are indeed barren, but are veiled by soft clouds of tinted mist. The waters of the lake itself, blue, clear, and rippling, give no clue to the terrible secret concealed in their motionless depths. Quantities of saltpetre are found all along the shore, and one

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lifeless crab was discovered, although it is certain no fish can exist in the Dead Sea.

The size of the Jordan disappointed us. It is a small and turbulent stream, and was so swollen we could not ford it, as had been our intention.

Six days sped by on golden wings, amidst scenes hallowed by Bible associations. Late one afternoon we stood in the sunset glow by Jacob's Well. It is in a grassy plain, strewn with the never-failing "lilies." To the north are mounts Ebal and Gerizim, while near by, on a gently-sloping hill, stands a small village, said to be the "Salem" of Melchizedek. A wall of loose stones surrounds the well. We peered over the curb, far down into the black depths below. A jug was lowered and drawn up filled with water — not clear and pure, as we had hoped, but muddy and disagreeable to the taste.

Riding between the mountains of Blessing and Cursing, we entered the lovely vale of Shechem. On one side is an old Moslem cemetery, with its limestone mounds, and on the other the modern Nablous, surrounded by olive trees, cacti, and running streams. This town is one of the most oriental in Palestine. Many of its passage-ways are under covered arches of stone, not admitting a ray of light. Through one of the streets flows a rapid brook, bridged at intervals by stone crossings

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so slippery that I wondered the pretty, dark-eyed children who thronged the place did not fall into the water.

We there visited a Samaritan monastery, and were shown a copy of the Pentateuch which the old priest solemnly assured us was 3,472 years old, and was written by one of the great grandsons of Aaron. He afterward allowed us to stand at the door and listen to the service within the little chapel. The only worshippers were men and boys, who looked very much like millers, in their clean white cotton gowns and turbans. On entering the room they first knelt, then stood and began to pray in a loud voice, the chorus swelling more boisterously with each new arrival.

But of all the lovely spots we had seen in Palestine, the plain of Esdraelon, or "Megiddo" as it is called in the Bible, seemed the fairest. How its verdant fields and luxuriant foliage contrasted with the barren hills of Benjamin! From the mound on which stood Ahab's palace, we looked down upon the valley of Jezreel. No wonder Jezebel coveted Naboth's vineyard — a little paradise, as it must have been. On the opposite height is the site of Shunem, where Elisha restored to life the son of the Shunammite woman; and it was through this valley Jehu "rode furiously." Below stands Gideon's fountain, and on a hillock at the left, Deborah

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uttered her song of triumph. On the north, east, and west, the hills roll away in soft green billows, while Carmel, Tabor, and Little Hermon, lift their shadowy forms against the bright Syrian sky.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

GENNESARET.

OUR best view of Nazareth was obtained the day before we reached the city, when descending into the valley from the Mount of Precipitation. Then it appeared picturesque and beautiful —with Tabor and Carmel rolling away on the east and the west, and the warm sunset glow lighting up its white stone walls hemmed in by hedges of mammoth cacti and olive trees. We spent a Sabbath in Nazareth, camping at the foot of the hill on which the city is built, and on Monday morning resumed our wanderings. Passing Cana of Galilee, with a hurried glimpse of the forlorn Greek chapel—said to stand on the site of the house where the marriage supper was given, and containing the original (?) stone water-pots—we soon came under the shadow of the Mount of Beatitudes, which slopes gradually down to the Sea of Galilee. The sky had been overcast all day, but toward evening the clouds broke away and shed a silvery light over land and water.

Far up on the mountain, many miles from its shores, our eyes first spied this lovely lake. Pear-

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like in shape, it measures fourteen miles from north to south, and seven from east to west at its broadest point. The shadowy hills of Gilead rear their lofty heads on the eastern side. There is a strange fascination about "the other side" of Gennesaret, once so alive with flourishing towns — now desolate, and haunted only by the dark-eyed hot-blooded Bedouin. The western banks are rich and verdant. The mountains stretch away toward the Occident, leaving at their base a winding valley, washed by the waters of the lake. The beach is sandy, and covered with quantities of pretty shells, with which we filled our pockets.

The town of Tiberias, like most of the villages of Palestine, consists of mud houses, dirty alleys, and pretty children. A portion of the walls and towers of the ancient city, overgrown with moss and vines, is yet standing. We camped on a grassy plain near Tiberias, and only a few rods from the Hot Springs. Our dragoman said if a railroad is ever built in Palestine he means to make his fortune by erecting a hotel near these Springs.

Far into the evening, we sat before our tent doors and looked out upon the dark hill-girt waters, illumined by so many precious memories of our Saviour's life. Capernaum, Chorazin, Bethsaida and Magdala were all visited, — but not by water, for on Tuesday the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and

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the sea of Galilee, that had lain at our feet the day before like a crystal sheet, changed during the night into an ocean of foam. Nothing remains of these proud cities but a few mounds and scattered ruins. Scarcely a habitation is found anywhere along the coast, although the soil is fertile and the situation charming.

A stormy day in Palestine is dreary enough. We had our trial on Thursday, going from the Waters of Merom to Cæsarea Philippi. The night before, scarcely anyone slept. Our tents were pitched on a bit of swampy ground near a tribe of ugly-looking Bedouins. Coming into camp, in broad daylight, one of these vagrants had snatched an umbrella out of the hands of Mr. B.——, a strong man, and a soldier in the Indian mutiny. Our dragoman went to the sheik, and by means of threats recovered the stolen property. The audacity of the theft startled us all. One gentleman declared he would never travel through this country again, and wished we had more fire-arms. "Why," said he, "if these savages should conspire to murder us, there would be no help for it." Another gentleman told the story of a company of scientists who, six months before, had visited Mount Sinai with money to buy camels. After being robbed by the Bedouins, they were given the choice of jumping down a frightful precipice, or being shot.

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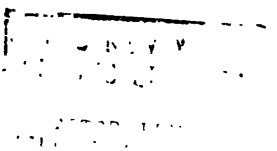

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293 "IT RAINED, IT BLEW, IT HAILED."

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All were killed, and only a few lines, written on the fly-leaf of a volume of Byron's poems, were found afterward to tell their friends the sad story. Was such to be our fate before morning? In no very tranquil frame of mind we went to bed, fully dressed, and prepared for the worst. At three o'clock four or five shots were fired in camp, and all supposed the fatal hour had come — but it proved to be a false alarm.

The next morning, tired and cold, we mounted in a drenching rain. The roads were swampy, and in many places our horses sank into the mud to their knees. It rained, it blew, it hailed. Picture us on our gallant steeds, with their tails turned to the stinging hail — for they could not be made to face it — clad in water-proof from head to foot, with little streams of water trickling down over our faces and into our necks, shivering with the cold, and ranged in a straggling line along the road, dolefully singing "Auld Lang Syne"!

But it might have been worse, for there were moments of sunshine between the showers which brought warmth to our numbed fingers and cheer to our hearts. The road during the early morning was uninteresting. We passed only Bedouin villages, and there were many of them. They consisted simply of a cluster of tents, built of papyrus reeds, which grew plentifully in the neighboring

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streams. Sometimes a sheet of canvas was suspended above the reedy roof as an additional protection against wind and rain. The Bedouin's cattle, sheep and goats, were left to graze on the meadow-land about his tent.

At last we spied, to the north, a grassy hillock, just under the shadow of the Anti-Lebanon range. This was the site of ancient Dan, the northern boundary of Palestine; and just by it was a lovely spring, like a tiny lake, clear as crystal. This spring forms one of the principal sources of the Jordan, whose turbulent waters we had crossed, not long before, on an old Roman bridge. Our road for some distance lay through a park-like country, grown with evergreen, oak, and olive trees. Some of the shrubbery wore pale-yellow, red, and brown tints, that contrasted prettily with the bright green grass.

Cæsarea Philippi of the Bible, or "Banias" as it is called, lies at the foot of Mount Hermon. Its situation is beautiful. Standing on the slope of the hill, with the picturesque old castle guarding a sharp peak to the right, whose snowy head towers on high, it looks down upon bubbling streams, foaming cascades, and mossy ruins. When the Greeks lived here, they built rock temples to Pan. Many of these caves are still seen in the cliffs, although in some places great pieces of rock have fallen down and hidden them from view.

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That night we slept in the sheik's house on account of the wet weather. The sheik was a very rich man, and very kind. The ladies were invited to spend the afternoon in his harem, and a merry time we had. Some of the children were little beauties, with large brilliant eyes and soft skins. The sitting-room was quite cheerful. Gay rugs were spread over the clean matting, a wood-fire burned in the fireplace, and in the corner was a tall pile of nice warm blankets and bed-quilts, reaching almost to the ceiling. We all sat on the floor, and made ourselves as agreeable as possible to our admiring audience — singing songs, playing little games, and talking volumes with our fingers. Dinner was served about six o'clock, and consisted of an immense platter of cooked rice, four soup-dishes of boiled chicken, and sour milk. These were placed on a round wooden stand, raised only a few inches from the floor. Before sitting down, several rolls of something brown and thin were laid on the floor around the stand. Some of us supposed these were mats to sit upon; others thought they were intended for napkins; but lo, what should they prove to be but *bread!* — and a very necessary article it was, for it served the purpose of knife, fork, and spoon. The hostess, tearing off a large piece, dipped it first in the gravy and then into the rice — motioning us to follow her example, which we endeavored to do,

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though our awkward efforts called forth a hearty burst of laughter from our Arab friends.

The next day we had eight hours of hard riding; but it was under a cloudless sky, and over Mount Hermon. Nature was robed in her fairest colors, and radiant with smiles. Higher our straggling train wound up the mountain path, till the verdure of summer lay in the valley below us, and patches of melting snow decked the cold hard ground we were treading. Loftier, steeper, colder,—and at last the palace of the winter-king was gained. Above was the blue sky, but below and around was the dazzling snow. The "mountain sheik," as the Arabs appropriately style Mount Hermon, wrapped in his ermine mantle, and rearing his noble head high toward heaven, gazed placidly out upon the enchanting prospect, stretching away north, south, east, and west.

On we toiled—often obliged to dismount and wade through snow-drifts several feet in depth—now battling with a fierce storm that almost bore horse and rider away in its furious grasp, then treading thin cakes of ice that would sometimes break and precipitate an unfortunate one into a wintry bath, from which he was rescued with difficulty. But in spite of the discomforts, it was a grand experience. We were five thousand feet above the Mediterranean; yet the highest peak of Mount

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Hermon rose five thousand more over our heads. At last the mountain ridge was crossed, and from the northern brow we looked down into the broad plain, reaching away to Damascus.

"Now I begin to breathe more easily," said our dragoman, confidentially, to a member of the party. "You have no idea what a fright I have had. We lost our path in the snow, and sometimes have been walking on the tops of stone fences, and in many dangerous places. I feared an accident every minute."

We camped that night near a little village, said to have once contained the tomb of Nimrod, and situated forty-five hundred feet above the sea level. It was bitterly cold. The next morning our carpets and tents were stiff with frost, and the water in our wash-basins was coated with ice.

The road between this point and Damascus was in pleasant contrast with the rugged paths over which our horses had picked their way during the last two weeks. Suddenly some one cried out:

"A carriage! a carriage!"

Every eye was turned in the direction indicated, and sure enough, there it was, rolling rapidly over the hard ground. A cry of delight arose, and we watched until it had vanished to a mere speck in the distance.

In the fields about us we saw farmers breaking

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up the soil with ploughs like those used in our Saviour's time, and urging on lazy oxen with the ancient iron-tipped goad. And now at last we reached the environs of Damascus, rode by its blooming gardens, and before another sun had set were safely sheltered within its friendly walls.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

"THE EYE OF THE EAST."

DAMASCUS is thoroughly oriental. Its situation is charming, and its street life fascinating. We had a bird's-eye view of the city from a spur of the Anti-Lebanon range, from which Mahomet first looked down upon it in the plain below, with its minarets and domes peeping above the groves of fruit trees, and the river Abana winding like a silver thread amid the green, and exclaimed: "Man can have but one Paradise; mine is above." We saw Damascus again from the tower of the great Mosque, and there looked down upon an expanse of flat-roofed mansions and warehouses, capped with innumerable miniature domes — "the street called Straight," which runs north and south in a *not* very direct line, and the old stone citadel, now used as a prison, in whose court the Christians were massacred twenty years ago.

The Hotel Dimitri, where we stayed, was built by a wealthy Mohammedan for his own use, and is a good specimen of oriental houses. Entering from a side street, through a heavy portal painted green,

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and so low that we had to stoop to go through it, we found ourselves in a spacious open court. This was paved with marble, and ornamented with a fountain in the centre. Several large fruit-laden orange trees were growing out of small openings in the floor. A staircase led to galleries which wound away in various directions like a labyrinth. The inside walls of the court were painted with gay stripes of red, white, and blue, sometimes finished off with a bunch of flowers. The rooms had no connection with each other, but all opened into the court, so that while we were at dinner all the dishes were handed from the kitchen into the court, and then through the window of the dining-room to the waiter inside.

The *salon* was especially curious. It was divided into three parts. The door opened into the middle division, which had a marble pavement, and was ornamented with a fountain, and flowering plants. On each side was a slightly raised platform, carpeted with rugs, and furnished with divans, tables, and handsome brazen *scaldinos* containing a small pan of red coals. This was the only fire the house afforded, although it is often very cold in Damascus.

But notwithstanding these charming interiors, the out-door life interested us most. Near our hotel was a square, called the "Horse-market," where horses and donkeys were brought early every morn-

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ing for sale. The place seemed a rendezvous for people of all ages and classes. Fine-looking Turks, in embroidered costumes, rode by on their gaily caparisoned steeds; women and girls, in blazing silk and cotton gowns, peered at us through their "dolly-varden" veils; peddlers assailed us with their wares; beggars knelt at our feet; and dogs, the scavengers of the city, lurked in every corner. From this square, streets branch off in all directions — crooked, narrow, without side-walks, and paved with irregular cobble-stones that make walking in wet weather hazardous.

The bazaars of Damascus are far-famed — and no wonder, for they offer all sorts of tempting articles, lovely silk shawls and scarfs, soft cashmere dressing-gowns, fur-lined coats, embroidered slippers, Persian table-covers, and Turkish rugs. There is no end to the variety of useless but charming knick-knacks, such as amber pipes, ornaments in filagree-work, curious silver and gold coins, exquisite articles inlaid with mother-of-pearl, rare old china, and hammered brass-ware. How the money slips out of one's pockets! Of course, no one intends to buy much, but there is no harm in "just inquiring the price of this and that"; and — well, once inveigled into the trap, there is no getting out without paying for it. This shopping consumes an amazing amount of time, too, owing to the peculiar nature of

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the Turk. He never asks what he expects to get, and seldom gets what he asks, simply because it is too much. Frequently, on demanding the price of an article, the reply is: "My *asking* price is five dollars, but you may have it for four." If you turn away, the vender will run after you, crying, "What will you give? What will you give?" and a bargain may often be made at a third or fourth of the original price, with evident satisfaction to both buyer and seller. The bazaars line the streets on each side — the street being often roofed over, with openings at regular intervals to admit the light and air. They are tiny stores of mud or wood, with three closed sides, and an open front. The Turkish shop-keeper sits with his legs crossed under him on the matting, smoking his pipe and waiting for customers. How he manages to stow away such a quantity of goods in so small a space is a puzzle. His supplies seem inexhaustible.

The street-life here is especially interesting, because the "inside working of things" is so manifest. The shoemaker sits in his doorway, and cuts, greases, and stitches the gay red and yellow morocco into slippers and sandals; the furnisher quilts his comforter, the carpenter planes, the weaver weaves, and the barber shaves,— all in full sight of the passers-by. The inlaid work, so noted in Damascus, was seen in every stage of progress, from the time the

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mother-of-pearl was cut from the mussel-shell, to the freshly-polished *bric-a-brac* all ready for sale. We saw quantities of cream pastry and strange-looking edibles baked in enormous round tin pans and sold on the street corners. Some of these dainties looked really tempting, and did not taste at all unpleasant. A favorite dish with the Damascenes is a kind of cream made of sour milk and sugar and encrusted with sliced cocoanut. It is served with a rich syrup, in china tea-cups, and costs a piastre (five cents) a cup. The confectionery is extraordinary, both in quantity and quality. Most of it is made in large round cakes, like cheeses, and the stranger would never dream what it is from looking at it. We saw men moulding great chunks of it on the street, while chatting busily with their neighbors. Venders with glass jugs full of lemonade, cooled with snow from Lebanon, confronted us at every turn. Often, if anything novel attracted our attention, we would walk straight into the shops, without ceremony, and there watch the proceedings till our curiosity was satisfied. The owners never made any objection, but chuckled quietly to themselves, and offered us tit-bits to taste. In this way we were initiated into the art of oriental bread-making. The stove was a huge stone oven, with a blazing coal fire in the bottom. The baker tore off a piece of dough, patted it a minute with his hands, then clapped it

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upon a round iron mould, flattened it broad and thin to the shape of the mould, then deftly tossed the wafer against the inner roof or side of the oven, where it stuck until done. The fine strings of macaroni, or noodles, used in soups, are quickly made. The cook, in a white cap and colored belt, presides over a large thin copper griddle, heated over a bed of hot coals. Dipping a tin cup with perforated bottom into the batter, he slowly carries it around and over the heated copper pan, beginning with the outer rim and finishing in the centre, by which time the macaroni is cooked, and is thrown quickly aside to make room for another batch. A curious custom is that of frying over the coals small bits of meat, usually mutton, strung on iron spikes. The savory smell, as we passed by, made us sniff the air more than once with hungry longings.

The houses in Damascus are built of mud mixed with straw or gravel. The second story usually projects over the street — a peculiarity of Eastern architecture; and as these thoroughfares are very narrow, the ladies in the harems concealed behind the lattice window-screens can chat with their neighbors across the way without the least trouble. Often a portion of the second story projects at such an angle it must be propped with timbers underneath, and has an appearance of great insecurity. One has no idea of the luxury and magnificence

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concealed behind these mud walls. The houses of Judas and Ananias, both modern in appearance, were pointed out in "the street called Straight," and the place was shown inside the wall where Saul was let down by night in a basket. On the site of the house of Naaman the leper, stands a leper hospital.

Just outside the city walls we saw a herd of a hundred or more camels belonging to a caravan of four thousand, just from Bagdad. It was a novel sight, even this small company on the move, marching so regularly together, conducted by a single camel that acted as leader. At night the Bedouins feed each camel three pounds of meal mixed with water and made into a ball, and this is all they receive while crossing the desert.

The ride to Baalbec led us through deep gorges, with rocky heights on either side, past rushing streams swollen by recent rains, over sunny plains hemmed in by frosted peaks, and into sheltered valleys where the shadows fell with wondrous variety of form, delicacy of hue, and beauty of effect. It was just at sunset — the close of a perfect day — when we rode into Baalbec. The Lebanon mountains were on our left, and the Anti-Lebanon on our right. Both were covered with snow; while the dale below, like a mossy carpet, was as green and fresh as if just watered by an April shower. On the north

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lay the ruins, while proudly against the western sky rose the six peerless columns in the temple of Jupiter, round which played a mellow sunset faintly revealing in the openings the fair hills of snowy Lebanon.

Our tents were pitched right among the ruins, in the court of the great temple. We wandered over the grounds under the light of a full moon, and the next day picked our way through the mud, after a drenching shower; but nothing could dampen our enthusiasm amid such surroundings. These massive piles, rendered still more impressive by the mystery that hangs over their origin, vie in interest even with the ruins of Egypt and Rome, notwithstanding the antiquity of the one and the glory of the other. The Temple of the Sun is still in fair preservation, though badly shattered by earthquakes. Its mammoth monoliths, finely-carved friezes, cornices, ceilings, and capitals, and especially the front portal, with its exquisite workmanship in flowers, fruits, and wares, surpassed anything we had seen. The ruins of Baalbec are noted for the three great stones of fabulous dimensions; but the giant of giants still lies in the quarry, having never been wholly detached from the living rock. We rode around it on horseback, and felt our insignificance beside the monster, which measured

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sixty-nine feet in length, seventeen in width, and fourteen in depth.

At last over Lebanon to Beyrout! — though not by the way of the forest of cedars, for it was far too early in the season for such a trip. It was a cold ride; but the road was the fine macadamized *diligence* road built by the French between Damascus and Beyrout. After entering Syria, we could not help noticing the air of thrift which marks the country and makes it very different from poverty-stricken Palestine. The land is well tilled, the fields fenced off, generally with mud walls protected on the top by a layer of brushwood to prevent their being washed away by the rains. Fruit trees are cultivated, and the houses are snug. There was even a change in the people themselves; they not only dressed better, but seemed more intelligent, and had features of a finer type.

Soon after passing our highest point on Lebanon, where the road had been cut through the snow to the depth of ten feet or more, Beyrout appeared, far down in the valley, on the shores of the blue Mediterranean. Several hours later, our party entered this aristocratic European town, and drew up before the Bellevue Hotel — as sunburned and travel-worn a set of pilgrims as one would care to see.

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CHAPTER XXX.

THE GOLDEN HORN.

ONE morning we woke to find ourselves in fairy-land. Three days before, at sunset, with the reddened heights of snowy Lebanon gleaming above us, we had left Beyrout, and sailed out among the islands of the Archipelago. Rhodes, Cos, Mytilene, we touched and passed, making a longer stop at Cyprus. The scattered and dirty little seaport town of Larnaca, chiefly interesting through Cesnola's fame, has lost nearly all its pleasant marks of Orientalism since it came under English rule. The island is very picturesque from the water, with its long line of misty blue hills banding the horizon, and its low sandy beach girt with white houses and slender minarets. We shall remember Smyrna for our interesting ride to the hill-top overlooking the city. Donkeys were legion, but not a side-saddle could be procured. Yet we would not be defeated, so, climbing to our seats, we grasped in one hand the shaky rope-halter, and with the other the ragged collar of the donkey-boy who ran by our side and helped to preserve our equilibrium. But the view from the summit was an ample reward.

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All Smyrna lay at our feet, its narrow and busy little streets looking like mere threads winding amid the gay plateau of flaring tiled roofs, while farther away shone the beautiful waters of the harbor overshadowed by the snow-shrouded heights of Tantalus and Olympus. All around us, on the hill-top, lay the ruins of the Stadium, Acropolis, and temples, the crown of the ancient city. Near by was the tomb of Polycarp — a plastered mound in a small enclosure. From the branches of the trees and shrubs surrounding it hung bits of rags and colored silk, the offerings of pilgrim devotees.

Early the following morning our vessel passed the site of ancient Troy ; then, a little later, we entered the Dardanelles, and all day long wound between their sloping, slightly-wooded shores. All the passengers were gathered on deck. The light awning was spread overhead, sea-chairs were rolled out and set in the cosiest nooks, and shawls and blankets placed over the loose coils of rope at the stern. With a changing panorama of beautiful scenes to rest our eyes upon, white sea-gulls sweeping by above us, and the turquoise blue below, we idly sung :—

"No more — no more —
The worldly shore
Upbraids us with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

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About half way up the Strait we came to the place where Xerxes crossed with his army into Greece. Near it is the modern town of Dardanella, interesting for the curious pottery it manufactures. Toward evening the Dardanelles widened into the Sea of Marmora. All night we were crossing its waters, and next morning awoke — in the Harbor of Constantinople.

Dazzling and fairy-like was the scene that met our eyes as we hurried on deck. It was still early — only six o'clock. The sun was hidden behind the Bithynian hills, but his beams — pink, yellow, radiant — shot upward and illumined earth and sky. Everything was wrapped in mist. Land and sea were veiled behind it; but out of this curtain of gauze, mirage-like, rose the heads of dark cypresses, minarets, domes, glistening like gems as they were touched by the rays of the morning sun. Gradually the mist vanished and the perfect picture lay before us. Stamboul, with the regal St. Sophia rising out of mournful cypresses, Pera, Galata and its storied tower, the Golden Horn and far-reaching Bosphorus, Scutari in dress of emerald, Chalcedon, and the hills of Bithynia stretching away to the great sea.

How the waters of the harbor started into life about us! Busy little steamers hurried hither and thither among the high-masted ships. Slender caiques shot across their wake. There was the

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Greek boatman in his *fustanella* — how handsome he looked! — and the proud Turk, in showy uniform, pacing the deck of the ominous man-of-war; while all along the shores were busy crowds hastening to and fro.

Just beside us stood an Englishman, who, twenty-eight years before, had been here as a soldier in the war of the Indian mutiny.

"What a pity," he said musingly, "that all these stiff rows of warehouses should have taken the place of the many-colored overhanging structures that once made these shores so picturesque!"

While we were talking, there was a noise from the rabble below. The officers were marking the baggage and giving it to the men to take away. Then the boats were sent out for us. A Turk, in blue uniform and fez, helped us to our seats. The brawny-armed boatmen lifted the oars, and away over the teeming waters we glided to the shore.

Pera is the European quarter of the city. Here are the hotels, banks, consulates, and the best shops. Behind the polished sheets of plate glass hung tempting displays of French and English goods. Clerks from London and Paris smiled blandly at us from behind the counters, and foreign equipages dashed along the busy, well-paved street. Everything was in striking contrast with the crooked by-ways of Stamboul. Indeed, but for the glimpses of Orient-

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alism in the passers-by, and the packs of lazy dogs that stretched themselves out to sleep under our feet, we could scarcely have believed we were in the Levant at all. In the hotel, airy and European, there were pleasant marks of Eastern luxury in the rich folds of Turkish drapery, the long divans, the silk-curtained sedan-chair in a corner of the hall, and the bazaar-table with its store of dainty many-colored *bric-a-brac.*

Constantinople is built on the gentle slopes of the hills enclosing the harbor, though the suburbs extend far inland and along the shores of the Bosphorus to the Black Sea. The arms of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn intersect the mainland with picturesque effect, and across the deep-flowing waters of the Golden Horn are two bridges of boats connecting the different parts of the city. One of these bridges is old and rotten, and has dangerous-looking crevices between the planks. How it endures the wear and tear of so much traffic, is a mystery; for over it all day long a busy and restless throng of teams and foot-passengers surges to and fro. It was a fascinating scene. By the entrance at either end stood the toll-men, enjoying a lively trade. Presently came a portly Turk in a sedan-chair, peeping complacently out from behind the silken curtains at the less-favored pedestrians about him. This is not an uncomfortable way of travelling,

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as L. and I found, when, one morning, we determined to take a trial-trip by the sedan line. The chair, gay in pink, green, and yellow satin, was brought out from its corner in the hotel hall, and the door opened. Only one of us could occupy it at a time; for it was a contracted little ark, not allowing any superfluity in the way of ribbons and flounces. At the ends of the stout poles, attached horizontally to either side of the sedan-chair, were leathern straps. The bearers, one standing before and one behind, slipped these over their shoulders, which raised the chair about two feet from the ground; then, taking the ends of the poles in their hands, they marched away with us at a steady gait. Like other vehicles, the sedan-chair follows the road; but the men learn to dodge in and out among the teams with wonderful adroitness.

Suddenly from our place on the bridge we were startled by a cry. In a minute more a dozen stalwart Turks came running by with long regular strides. They wore white knickerbockers and loose cotton jackets, and carried between them on their shoulders a red ladder heaped with coils of rubber hose. The guide said they were firemen. Suddenly the crowd separated to let a porter pass. "Poor fellow!" we exclaimed pitifully, shocked at the enormous burden strapped on his back — several heavy dry-goods boxes, a load for a horse. But

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he was used to it. There are few drays or carts in Constantinople, and horses are little used for labor; so these men literally take their places. Often we have watched them in the hall of the hotel, as they tied up their load — a great pile of trunks and satchels — slipped it dexterously upon their padded backs, and then, bending forward under the weight, walked quickly away. When once started, the impetus is so great they cannot easily stop or turn out of the way, but utter a peculiar cry of warning for people to clear the way. We were told that one of these men could carry a piano-forte on his back.

All this time, we were pushed and jostled by the hurrying crowds, — people of all races and classes — rich and poor, Greeks, Arabs, Turks, and Russians. Boys with sherbet to sell screamed in our ears. Bright-eyed beggar-children pulled persistently at our dresses, or sang weird melodies for a few paras; and snarling dogs by the score lay everywhere in the path.

Down on the Bosphorus, all was life and loveliness. Huge iron-clads and white-winged merchantmen mingled with the graceful little caiques that flitted over the silvery waters. Steamers leave every hour from the bridge, for trips up the Bosphorus, — pretty little crafts, which have a compartment below partitioned off for the ladies of the harem. The pleasant upper decks are usually filled

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with a mixed assemblage of Turks in the national fez, lazily smoking their amber-mouthed pipes, pompous officials, and European excursionists. At some points the water's edge is lined with fair palaces, whose white marble or richly stuccoed walls light up brilliantly in the sun. Other palaces stand back on the hill-slopes, their long low façades just visible between the groupings of luxuriant Southern foliage. One afternoon we wound along the banks, stopping at many small villages, very picturesque at a distance, but poor and miserable near by. A little crowd of people and vehicles gathered about the wharf,—the packmen, with pads strapped to their backs, pushing their way first to the steamer to receive or deliver baggage. Back on the shore was the village, with its narrow streets and queer old houses. Most of them were frame structures, as gray and time-worn as though they had stood for centuries, but relieved here and there by touches of color, abundant lattice-work, and overhanging balconies. The great number of the windows was remarkable. This is a peculiarity of Constantinople. One lady told us she counted eight in a moderate-sized room.

Six miles up the Bosphorus, on a commanding height overlooking the water, stands the famous Robert College. Twelve different nationalities are represented among the students. On the summit of

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the bluff is the old stone tower which marks the place where Darius crossed with his army into Europe.

On our way down the hill we passed a plain plastered building which contains the library of one of the best educated pashas in Turkey. He owns over six thousand volumes. A short time before our visit, when asked which of all the books in his library he valued most, the pasha took down a copy of Longfellow's poems and laid it before his questioner.

We made an excursion on the Golden Horn in a caique. This vessel is something like an Indian canoe—very long and slender, and easily upset. Ours was a gay little craft, painted bright yellow, and had crimson cushions. We stepped in cautiously, for the slightest jar is sometimes dangerous. The Turkish boatman, in his navy-blue blouse and colored turban, lifted the oars, and away we shot like an arrow. It was the middle of the afternoon, on a charming spring day. We trailed our fingers in the tepid water that had scarcely a ripple. Other caiques darted past us, and high above our heads towered the tall-masted ships that might so easily have crushed our frail bark. Cypress-crowned shores, gemmed with domes and minarets, overshadowed us on the right. We sailed by Stamboul, which reaches out like a hand between the Golden Horn and the Sea of Marmora. It was Stamboul, with the starry

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domes of St. Sophia rising out of the cloud of cypresses, that had held us so entranced the morning we entered the harbor. Scarcely less beautiful it seemed now, standing out on the water in bold relief — a strange mingling of shadow and sunshine.

Several miles from the mouth of the Golden Horn are the celebrated pleasure-grounds of the ease-loving Turks. Friday is the gala-day; and in the afternoon, by land and water, men, women and children flock here to share in the festivities. It is a brilliant show — the mingling of gay colors, the flash of the caiques on the waters, the merry laughter and songs, gay music, crowded cafés, and at last, when the sun sinks low, the gay homeward sail.

Chief among the mosques of Constantinople is the peerless St. Sophia. We did not wonder that Justinian exclaimed when it was finished, "Solomon, I have excelled thee," for it is indeed a triumph of art. The great walls are crowned by a pinnacle of domes, whose gleaming balls rise majestically above the surrounding cypress-trees. Within are many fine marbles and wonderful carvings, so exquisitely wrought, and of such delicate tracery, one might spend hours in admiring them. But it was the vastness of St. Sophia, not its elegance, that impressed us most. The best view is from the gallery, whence we looked down upon the wide-

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reaching floor, away to the sweeping galleries, and up to the echoing vaults, till we seemed lost in its immensity, and could only wonder at the marvellous skill that was able to enclose such a space within walls and roof it with domes. Around the base of the central dome, in gilt mosaic letters, was the appropriate inscription from the Koran: "*God is the light of heaven and earth.*" This beautiful temple was originally built for a Christian church; but under Turkish rule it became a Mohammedan mosque.

The sepulchre or *turbeh* of Sultan Mahmood II. contains the tombs of the Sultan and his family. The graves are under the floor, but each is marked above by a large stone coffin covered with a rich black velvet mantle embroidered with silver in curious Arabic designs. At the head of the tomb of the Sultan is placed the fez and some of the scarfs last worn by him. At its side stands a solid silver rack, where rests a copy of the Koran, written in illuminated letters on parchment; while suspended from the wall near by hangs the carpet on which the Sultan was wont to kneel at prayer.

The mosque of Sultan Beyezid has a character of its own. There is a story that the Sultan once bought from a poor woman two doves, which he presented to the mosque. The birds were deemed holy, and were not allowed to be killed. From

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this pair sprang the flocks of white-winged pensioners which now have their abode in the court of the mosque, and are as tame as the pigeons in St. Mark's Square in Venice. It was a pretty sight to see them feeding from the hands of the native children and hopping around their feet. But the strangest pensioners of the old mosque are the vagrant dogs who gather by the hundred to its court each Friday to be fed. They never forget the day, and "resort here as regularly, if not as piously, as the Sultan goes to pray."

After the first day, mosque-visiting began to lose its interest. At first there was a pleasant novelty about it. We would wander around the marble-paved court, with its fountain in the centre for the ablutions of the faithful, and after satisfying our curiosity, turn to enter the sanctuary. At the door lay a row of red and yellow sandals in the charge of a Turk, who took care that no unholy foot should pass by him without first being encased in the gay morocco. The ladies, if their shoes were clean, might slip the sandals on over them; but as the slippers were much too large for us, our only way of keeping them in place was to shuffle and slide along the floor in a manner not always the most graceful. Occasionally, in an unwary moment, a slipper would escape us and spin across the carpet; but, watching our opportunity, we moved

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quietly along, gazing about as if admiring the decorations, and when near the lost slipper, whisked it on, and walked along as innocently as if nothing had happened.

The mosques are carpeted with rugs and supported by graceful columns, which help to relieve the emptiness of the interior. At one side is a pulpit, and near by the *kibla*, a niche in the wall toward Mecca, which the Mohammedans face when they pray. Not far from this spot is usually a row of men, sitting on the floor, busy at their prayers. If one wears a green band around his turban, it is a sign he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and he is regarded with special interest. With their Korans laid open at their feet, they rock back and forth — praying in a loud sing-song tone, apparently oblivious to all about them.

One day, at noon, we stopped in the busiest part of the city, to listen to the cry of the muezzin, who calls the hours of prayer from the gallery of the minaret. As soon as his voice is heard, all good Musselmans drop on their knees. It was strange to see them — shopkeepers, cabmen, traders, and pedestrians, leaving everything to pray. The muezzin's cry is peculiar, and sometimes very musical.

The bazaars of Constantinople outrivalled anything we had seen in Cairo or Damascus. They made a bright picture — those long arcade-like

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streets. A stream of yellow light poured in through the openings in the roof and fell upon the gay commingling of colors below, where the Turk, in silken gown, fez, and slippers, sat serene in the midst of his merchandise. Some of the bazaars opened back into fair-sized shops, and it was in these, hidden away on their inner shelves, that we looked for the choicest goods. In addition to the variety of pretty articles we had found in other cities, there were Turkish towels and beautiful Turkish embroidery. Some was wrought on fine thin cloth, and some on heavier goods, either in squares suitable for the covers of sofa cushions, or in the larger sizes for table and piano spreads. Many of the fine tissue-like towels were yellow and stained with age, but their embroidery was so exquisite they were valued more highly than brighter and newer ones.

Friday is the Mohammedan Sabbath; and the great attraction of the day is to see the Sultan go to prayers. Shortly before the hour appointed, we took our places among the crowd on the steps of a building facing the mosque selected that week as the scene of his Majesty's devotions. The streets in every direction were lined with spectators. Armed infantry, formed in line on either side of the street, guarded the approach for a long distance and crowded the people back to the walls. Cavaliers in splendid

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uniforms galloped up and down the open way. The excitement increased every moment. Natives as well as foreigners were on the alert for a first glimpse of the Sultan. Suddenly a murmur ran through the crowd, as two closed carriages from the royal harem, drawn by white horses, swept up to the door of the mosque and took their stand a little to one side. We watched, expecting to see the royal beauties alight and pass into the building; but to our disappointment they remained in their carriages, awaiting the arrival of their lord. We saw a flutter of white veiling, and once a child's face appeared at the window. Several more coaches rolled by, bearing dignitaries of state. At length a troop of glittering cavalry swept down the road, followed by the royal equipage, which stopped at the entrance of the mosque. The carriage-door opened, and the Sultan sprang lightly upon the steps. He turned for an instant—a slight, youthful-looking man, dressed in a scarlet uniform—saluted the gazing throng, and disappeared within the mosque. The Sultan is scarcely more popular than the Czar, and would never risk his life, it is said, by going to prayers in a mosque did he not know that he would be deposed if he refused.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

"VIOLET-WREATHED" ATHENS.

WE were nearing Athens! A friend had agreed to waken us in time to see the entry into port. At half-past four came the summons, and the melancholy words, "It is raining." A few minutes later we climbed sleepily up the gangway, where a score of disconsolate faces greeted ours. The captain had said we were three hours late, and would not get in before seven.

When, at length, we entered the bay of Piræus, the rain had ceased and the clouds were breaking. Distinct against the gray background rose the matchless Parthenon, crowning the Acropolis, the first familiar object to welcome us—the last to bid us adieu, as, glowing in the sunset rays, we turned a lingering glance upon "the isles of Greece."

> "Eternal summer gilds them yet,
> But all except their sun is set."

It is six miles from Piræus to Athens, and the only line of railway in Greece is that which unites these two points. We went up in a carriage, and returned by the cars. It was a refreshing ride, after the sea-voyage, over the clean broad road,

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shaded by leafy poplars. Reaching the city, we dashed through several modern streets and stopped before the Hotel d'Angleterre. It was new and spacious, and through the open door we caught a glimpse of flowers, fountains, and sunny parlors. The hotel was crowded, for it was "the season," and tourists were pouring in from every quarter. There was the American bride who aped Grecian manners, the Scotch student, the immaculate Englishman, and the volatile Frenchman. A family of Greeks especially attracted us. It consisted of the father, mother, two daughters, and a merry little boy. The girls were beautiful, with glossy hair, sparkling black eyes, and colorless but clear complexions. Graceful, full of animation, they rattled off modern Greek in short crisp sentences, interspersed with ringing laughter.

The aristocratic Greek of to-day has the spirit of his forefathers. He is proud and dignified. Does *he* think the golden age of Attica has departed forever? No, indeed! The glory has faded—but only to rise again with more resplendent beauty. For this he lives and works.

A friend went into a photographer's to buy some pictures.

"Your king is a Dane," she remarked to the dealer.

"Yes."

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"How does it happen that you allow a foreign prince to occupy the throne?"

"Madam," said the man, drawing himself up and speaking with solemn emphasis, "are you aware from whom King George is descended?"

"No."

"From Agamemnon!"

Modern Athens is handsomely built. There are many fine streets, well-paved and lined with shade-trees, rows of white stone buildings, good stores and hotels. The main avenues are the Hermes and Æolus, which run at right angles to each other. Even the smaller streets are a striking contrast to the narrow and crooked by-ways in the far East. The bazaars are of little consequence. The chief articles for sale are red morocco or Russian leather slippers and Greek caps—the latter somewhat resembling the fez, only they are softer and furnished with a tassel. For ladies, the cap has a long silken braid, and a golden tassel that hangs down over the right shoulder. I saw one on a pretty Greek girl. The red cap was set a little back on the head, against strands of dark hair combed in a low Grecian coil. The effect was most charming.

One of the finest buildings in Athens is the new Academy. It was built through the liberality of a wealthy Greek. The walls are of the pure Pentelican marble, and the style of architecture is

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copied after the ancient. Just in front of our hotel was the great public square. Sunday and Thursday afternoons, when the band played here, it swarmed with gay promenaders. The Albanian costume, though not commonly worn now, is very striking. It consists of long white stockings fastened above the knees, red slippers turned up at the toes and ending in a tuft of colored worsted or silk, a short white cotton skirt or *fustanella* plaited so full that it is said to contain forty yards of cloth, a well-starched shirt, an embroidered velvet jacket, and a jaunty cap. Sometimes a leathern girdle is worn, and a pouch in front for a knife and other articles.

From our window we looked out on the Hymettus range of long blue hills, whence came the honey celebrated by Horace. On the left towered Lycabettus, steep and bold, with a tiny chapel on its very peak, its lamp twinkling in the night like a far-away star; and at the right, but for the intervening shrubbery we could have seen the quiet waters of the Saronic gulf.

Across the square from our hotel was the royal palace, built of white marble, but simple and unadorned, and surrounded by the palace gardens. One afternoon we visited the palace, and found it as plain inside as it is outside. We then waited in the park for the return of the royal family from their afternoon drive. Two guards stood by the roadside.

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Suddenly they gave the signal. The buglers in their gay *fustanellas* began to blow, the Greek flag was raised, and the king drove in. There was a flash of a gilt uniform as the equipage passed us and was gone. Again the bugle sounded, and a carriage swept by with a baby and its two nurses. A few minutes later came another carriage, with two little girls; and lastly came the queen, dressed in a simple suit of brown, with little to distinguish her from her ladies. Soon after, the three young princes walked by with their tutor, the eldest a manly-looking boy of about fifteen. The queen is a Russian, and brings up her children according to the stern Russian discipline. A lady who had visited the boys' private apartments, said they had bare floors, and were furnished in the simplest manner with plain chintz curtains and bed-hangings. It is well known that the king is not popular. The people were much disappointed at his course in regard to the northern provinces. Soon after the Congress of Berlin he appeared in Parliament. The queen, knowing the displeasure of the Greeks, sat weeping in the gallery. A messenger announced the arrival of the king. The assembly rose to their feet as he entered. Not a cheer was raised — not a greeting given. The king ascended the platform, spoke a few hurried words, and retired in chagrin.

But the glory of Athens is her splendid ruins.

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A short walk from our hotel brought us to the square of the Olympieum, once covered by the stately temple. Only sixteen noble columns are left to mark the site. The music and parade, the fine streets and modern buildings, were all forgotten, and we lived in the mystic past. Not far from the Olympieum is the Stadium — the ancient playground of the Greeks. The seats in the amphitheatre are almost hidden under the grass, but we could see the marble peeping out from beneath it. Several merry boys were romping together on the pavement.

Turning to the Acropolis, we wound around the Theatre of Dionysus, with its sculptured rostrum and circle of marble chairs where the priests used to sit, each with his own name carved on the base, and then toiled up the steep ascent to the walls shutting in the Parthenon. The guardian swung open the gate. We hurried up the great staircase of the Propylæa, passed under the archway, and stood upon the broad sunlit brow of the Acropolis. Around us lay ruin and desolation. To the left was the Erechtheum — to the right, on the very summit, the Parthenon, queenly and beautiful. How still it was there — how soft the breezes blew! We wandered over the marble-strewn ground, up the steps and over the floor of the Parthenon, touched the yellow Pentelican marble reverently, measured the circumference of the tall columns with outstretched arms,

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and, wearied at last, fell down on the grass and trimmed our hats with the sweet wild flowers smiling among the ruins.

On a neighboring height is the Pnyx, or assembly ground of the old Greeks. We saw the ancient *bema*, approached by steps on each side, where Demosthenes so often moved the Athenian populace with his eloquence. In the side of Mount Philopappus are three small chambers cut out of the solid rock, said to have been the prison of Socrates.

One Sunday afternoon we stood on Mars Hill, which commands a fine view of the Theseum and the green valley that sweeps from its feet away past the white houses of modern Athens to Hymettus. A few rough-hewn steps in the rock lead to the highest point. On this very spot stood St. Paul when he preached to the pleasure-loving Athenians, while all around them shone the white walls of their fair temples — shrines to "the unknown God."

From the summit of the Acropolis we looked across to the bay of Salamis. Along the road that winds like a silver thread on its way to Eleusis, marched the procession of worshippers in the Eleusinian mysteries. Eleusis is a lovely place. The bay curves gently around the white-sanded shores, and out into the water extends an old half-sunken pier.

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In Eleusis are the ruins of the temple of Ceres, the goddess of harvest, with sheaves of ripened grains and fruits sculptured on its marbles. Out in the bay lies the fair isle of Salamis, immortalized by the fierce conflict between the Greeks and Persians. On the spur of the mainland sat Xerxes on his throne, watching the issue of the battle.

One day we rode to Mount Pentelicus, passing on the way a low white house covering the site of Socrates' birthplace. At the foot of the mountain we took donkeys and rode to the summit. From the Pentelic quarries came most of the marble that built the Athenian temples. We passed a freshly-hewn block, pure and white, just ready for the sculptor's chisel. When at last we reached the brow of the mountain, all Attica lay at our feet. Our eyes turned at once to the east, where

> "The mountains look on Marathon,
> And Marathon looks on the sea."

The hills overshadow this famous battle-field on one side, while the sea shuts it in on the other, but the plain itself is broad and level.

Not far from the centre of Athens, on University street, is a fine white-walled mansion. It is rectangular in form, with a terraced roof, adorned along its outer edge with marble statues of the Greek gods and goddesses. On the front wall is this inscription in large Greek letters: "*Iliou Melathron*,"

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— "The Villa of Ilium." Here lives Dr. Schliemann, the discoverer of Ancient Troy. One afternoon we stood before the gate, and lifted the heavy brazen knocker. The gate swung open, and we passed through the garden to the main entrance.

"Can we see Dr. Schliemann?" we asked the servant.

"He is not at home."

"And Mrs. Schliemann?"

"She is away too. None of the family are here, but you can look through the house if you wish."

We followed the man down the inner staircase to the basement, where a suite of rooms had been fitted up as a museum. It contained an interesting collection of relics in terra-cotta, the *débris* of the Troy discoveries, most of which Dr. Schliemann had presented to Berlin. Ascending the wide marble staircases, we reached the drawing-room on the second floor. Like all the rooms in the villa, it was furnished and decorated in the Pompeian style. The ceiling was gaily painted with pictures taken from scenes in mythology. In the centre of each of the four walls covered with maroon-colored paper was a graceful female figure poised in the air, veiled in light drapery and wreathed with roses. In the next room the floor was inlaid with mosaic in antique designs, and two of the opposite walls were ornamented with inscriptions in illuminated letters—

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one a favorite selection from the Iliad, and the other from the Odyssey. We passed through a suite of beautiful rooms, each one a study in itself. But in spite of the rich and varied ornamentation, the furnishings seemed meagre according to American ideas of comfort, and the villa had more the appearance of a beautiful museum of art than a home. The Greek servant who showed us through the house answered to the high-sounding name of Aristophanes. It is said Dr. Schliemann has a mania for naming all the *attachés* of his household after the ancient Greeks. An amusing story is told of an English governess once employed in the family, "who objected to being 'called out of her name,' and begged that she might be spared the mortification of answering to a heathenish appellation; but the Doctor was inexorable. If he could not get a Greek to teach his children English, at least she should be Greek in name."

At last we entered Dr. Schliemann's library. This was very large and especially airy and cheerful, with long windows letting in the sunlight, and a continuous row of open bookcases lining the walls. There were easy chairs, and a generous writing-table strewn with a disordered collection of books, papers, and writing materials. After a moment or two the door opened and a lady entered. It was Mrs. Schliemann, a sweet, kindly-faced woman, of about thirty-

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five, with brown eyes, dark hair, and a fresh, rosy complexion.

"Please excuse us," we began, "but the servant——"

"I am pleased to see you," she interrupted, with a pretty Greek accent, and coming forward to take our hands. "Do be seated. I am very happy to meet anyone who is interested in my husband and his work."

Then she told us how she had just returned from the country, where she had spent the day with her children, assisting in the excavations.

"Do you find many relics?" we asked.

"Oh, yes; a great many — sometimes real treasures."

"You must enjoy it."

"It is our life. We live in another world — the world of the past; and the present has little attraction for us. Every book we read, every excursion we make, has reference to it; all our conversation, hopes, and ambitions, centre in it."

"You must have read Homer many times."

"Yes indeed. I have committed the Iliad to memory, though I knew parts of it before I was married. My little girl of eleven is reading the Odyssey and Iliad, and already knows them nearly by heart."

"How many children have you?"

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"Only two; my husband named them Andromache and Agamemnon," adding, with a little laugh, "he thought he had a right to the names."

"Do you call them by these names?"

"Oh, yes; they are long, but my husband makes them still longer by adding to each a term of endearment, meaning 'little.' I think my little boy is at home; I will call him."

In a few minutes a servant came in, leading a beautiful child of five, with blue eyes and golden ringlets, and dressed in a pretty little sailor suit.

"What is your name?" we asked, just to hear the baby lips repeat "Agamemnon Schliemann." The little fellow was unusually bright and attractive. He did not seem at all timid, but chatted gayly with us, emphasizing his words with enthusiastic gestures. Besides speaking English as well as most children of his age, he could talk equally well in French, German, and modern Greek. After a few minutes he slipped away to the table where a copy of his father's "Mycenae" lay open, and began turning the leaves. He came to a picture of the Acropolis.

"What is that, Agamemnon?" asked his mother. "You know, for you have often been there."

He studied the book a moment intently, and then looked up with a bright smile.

"Oh yes, it's where the sweet flowers grow."

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Mrs. Schliemann took us up to the terrace, where she said they sat on pleasant evenings, and showed us the lovely views. The Acropolis, "with its relics of a separated glory," stood out boldly in the foreground, while far in the distance were the snowy heights of Mount Parnassus. On the side of the terrace overlooking the sea ran the inscription in Greek: "How pleasant it is that the sea may be seen from the land." As we were about leaving, Dr. Schliemann himself came in. He entered with a firm, brisk step — a man of the German type, of medium height and stoutly built. His head was bent forward; his eye was bright and piercing, and his whole appearance was that of a student. After a pleasant greeting, in which he expressed regret that he had not more time to give us, he turned to his wife.

"I must go to Troy to-morrow."

"What, again?" she said, in a tone of disappointment. "I thought you had quite finished there."

"Yes, but I have just received an order from the government to accompany a commission there to assist in taking measurements for a plan of the city. I am sorry to take the time."

After Dr. Schliemann had left us, Miss S. remarked to Mrs. Schliemann:

"Your husband has been greatly honored."

"Yes," she answered, with a touch of pride.

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"All countries have been very kind to him. He would like to have given his Troy collection to America; but Germany was his fatherland, and he felt he must present it to Berlin. The municipality made him an 'Honorary Citizen.' He hardly knew how to accept the honor; Bismarck and Moltke are the only others who ever received it."

"Does it not make you sad to see these great Grecian temples in ruins?"

"Ah yes, but you know it is only for a time. Athens will be great again; the glory of Pericles will return, and I expect to live to see it."

We took our leave, wondering at the beautiful faith which had been the source of so much enthusiasm and happy toil.

A few days later, we sailed from Athens. From the steamer's deck we searched the blue shores of Greece for the little hamlet of Missolonghi, where Byron breathed his last. We cruised in sight of the bay immortalized by the tragedy of Don Juan, and the isle of Ithaca on whose shores Ulysses landed when returning home to Penelope after the long separation of twenty years. The last of April we reached Trieste. Here our party separated. Our eastern trip was ended — we had stepped out of the Old World into the New.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

PARIS UNDER SUMMER SKIES.

PARIS is radiant in May and June. The chill rainy winter is past; the skies are smiling; the long avenues of chestnut trees are in leaf, and the parks and gardens are wildernesses of bloom. The flower-market at the Madeleine is such a picture — no wonder so many artists have tried to paint it. Light canvas booths are placed all around the square, and the flowers are arranged artistically in fancy pots and clean white wrapping-paper, while behind each counter sits a little old woman, in trim calico and frilled cap, chatting busily with her customers.

One Saturday morning we rose at dawn, and visited the great Paris market at the *Halles Centrales*. It was worth seeing — the country folks, the men in blue blouses, the women in white caps and short petticoats; and the fresh country produce. There were bunches of pansies, big enough to fill our two hands, for five cents; and the loveliest wild flowers — poppies, corn-flowers, grasses,—and *such* roses! The varieties of fish were especially noticeable. The smaller ones were kept fresh in marble

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tanks of running water, and dozens of great lobsters lay on the ground just ready to nip at our toes with their outstretched claws. At six o'clock the auction began, and then the excitement reached its height. The screams were deafening, but the stands were cleared like magic and in half an hour we would hardly have known it was the same place.

The city wears such a clean, fresh look — like the weather — with its white sidewalks, glistening white stone buildings, and streets that are daily swept and garnished with mop, broom, and hose. At nine in the evening the rag-pickers begin their rounds, carrying away all the waste scraps of paper, skins, and other refuse strewn about. The stores are very attractive, from the butcher's shop, with its rows of joints, hung with fancy papers and festoons of flowers, to the windows of the draper and jeweller on the boulevards. Such treasures as are spread out behind these great sheets of plate-glass! In speaking of stores, we must not omit to mention the "*Au Bon Marché*" and the "*Grands Magasins du Louvre.*" These mammoth *magasins*, as they are called, are friendly rivals, and it would be hard to tell which is the more popular. Everyone knows them, even people who have never heard of the Louvre picture-gallery or of Notre-Dame; or, perhaps I should rather say, every *woman* knows them — for they are the bugbear of the other sex. Once

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inveigled into the trap by wife or daughter, there is no escape. The poor man is dragged to and fro for weary hours, till his patience and pockets are both exhausted, and the place ever after haunts him as a chamber of horrors. Twice a year, when these establishments indulge in a great "clearing" sale, they are crowded to overflowing. Then is the time to get good bargains, but it takes a sharp-witted person to do it. Unlike the London stores, everything here is spread out to the gaze; and the effect of festoons of ribbons, laces, gloves, flowers, and countless pretty trifles, filling the aisles and heaping the counters, is perfectly dazzling.

One day while shopping in the Bon Marché, a package of gloves slipped from my hands to the floor, and was lost under the feet of the crowd. The next day I inquired for it at the desk where such articles are taken when found; but nothing had been seen of it. The gentleman in charge was very obliging, and left his work to go with me to several counters in different parts of the store where the package might have been carried. Failing to find it, he took my name and address; and a few days later, I received a note from one of the firm, expressing regret that nothing had been seen of the gloves, and adding, "Though it very rarely occurs, I fear in this case the package has been stolen."

The Bon Marché is one of the largest establish-

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ments of its kind in the world, and has no branch. It is conducted on the coöperative principle; and its clerks, having a share in the stock, are personally interested in its prosperity. There is a handsome reading-room, adorned with pictures and statuary, the work of the employees, and exposed there for sale. Another feature is a *buffet*, where wine and cake may be had free, though one is expected to drop a few *centimes* into the box for the poor. At three o'clock every afternoon visitors are shown through the entire building — the warehouse, the store and packing-rooms, the great dormitories, the kitchen and dining-rooms, and, not the least in interest, even the stables.

At this season, tourists were flocking by the thousand into Paris, and the dress-makers were reaping a golden harvest. Even "Worth's" had more than its usual brisk business-like air. Boys in blue jackets and brass buttons hurried hither and thither, and smiling lady clerks, in silks and satins, swept noiselessly over the waxed floors in their flowing trains. One day we were shown into the robe department, and left to choose. My wishes being modest, I pointed to an olive silk trimmed with brocade. In a twinkling it was whisked down, turned on one side and then the other.

"Yes, it is charming — something quite new, and

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so cheap — only four hundred dollars. Shall I take your order at once, Mademoiselle?"

The out-door life of Paris is enticing. The endless parks and gardens are the paradises of the children, and there is no prettier sight than these noisy troops of dark-eyed little folks, gambolling among the trees and flowers. French mammas know what is stylish, and each small mischief was dressed like a wax doll. Our favorite resort was the Bois de Boulogne. Art and nature have combined to make this one of the loveliest parks in the world. Drives, lakes, lawns and flower-beds are laid out and kept with scrupulous care; but in the woods beyond, all is left wild and rural. There we used to wander by the hour, scenting the sweet underbrush, watching the gay little songsters as they flitted through the network of interlacing boughs over our heads, and feeling as much apart from the busy city around us as if we were miles distant. One of the pleasantest features of the park was a miniature tramway line. It had little cars, little ponies, and little boys for drivers, whose blue uniforms were exact counterparts of those worn by the employes on the city tramway.

The Bois de Boulogne is gay at all times, but especially so on Saturday afternoons. On that day wedding-parties by the dozen may be seen promenading up and down its shaded avenues. The newly-married couple lead the way, the bride in all her wed-

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ding finery — white dress, veil and slippers, while around them cluster their friends, chatting merrily. In sad contrast with these gay parties is the child's funeral procession, so often seen passing along the busy streets. Four men in front are carrying between them a black bier, with a little white coffin resting upon it. After it follow the mourners, with downcast heads. Every hat is respectfully raised as the silent group passes; for not even a Paris cab-driver would be so rude as to omit this simple token of reverence for the dead. Paris funerals are gloomy pageants. Except on the death of a child or a maiden, when the horses and hearse and trappings are pure white, all is in deep black. Before the church doors, where the dead is to pass, are draped black velvet curtains, with skull and cross-bones embroidered in white. One afternoon, on entering the Madeleine, we were startled to see a coffin in front of the altar, surrounded by lighted candles, and priests murmuring prayers before a crucifix; while in another part of the church a marriage ceremony was being conducted, and in still another corner, the rite of baptism. All three ceremonies were quite independent of each other, though the voices of the priests mingled in a confusing undertone.

Now that the weather was pleasant, Sunday was a merrier holiday than ever.

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"Of course you will go to the great horse-race to-morrow," said a French lady, one Saturday.

"No, madame."

"Oh, you must! You will see the *élite* of Paris. Ladies have been preparing their costumes for weeks."

"We do not make a holiday of Sunday in America."

"But Americans do when they come to Paris," was the quick retort.

After a visit to the cemeteries, one is ready to descend to the catacombs. The entrance is from a court near the Place Denfert Rochereau. At the appointed hour we were on the spot, with a hundred or more others,—for it is only once a month that the catacombs are shown to visitors. A small door was opened, we formed in line, and one by one, each carrying a lighted candle, we disappeared into the darkness. Down the dark spiral stairway of one hundred and thirty steps, we felt our way into a dimly-lighted corridor. Following the guide, we groped through passage after passage of these subterranean caverns. They are very different from the catacombs in Rome. These are dug out of the solid limestone, which is so soft it can be cut with a saw, yet is much used for building, as it hardens when exposed to the air. The passages are comfortably high and broad, with smooth walls and

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ceiling. They correspond in direction, though not in width, with the avenues just overhead, and take the same names. But what are these glistening heaps adorning the walls? Human bones and skulls, in countless multitude, piled up in symmetrical shape — in the way, one gentleman remarked, he used to arrange his father's wood-pile when a boy. Except in the cemetery Père-Lachaise, where a large sum of money is paid for the privilege of interment, bodies are allowed to remain buried for only a certain period of years. Then the bones are exhumed, shovelled indiscriminately into a cart, and thrown into the catacombs, where we now see them. On the forehead of some of the skulls was pasted a little photograph, or a name scratched on a bit of paper, showing that some vigilant friend had tried to keep distinct the relics of his loved one. Such is the mission of the Paris catacombs — a tomb for the dead.

Last and best of our good times in the beautiful city was a little episode that to us was the crown of all. Not far from the Arc de Triomphe is Victor Hugo street — a short pleasant avenue, shaded with chestnut trees. If you go to Number Fifty, you will see a neat stone-front dwelling, modest and home-like. There lives the poet for whom the street is named. How we longed to catch a glimpse of his face! But was it possible? Yes, he had his reception-nights,

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they told us. But we could not wait — we must leave Paris the next day. Should we go without seeing him? Oh, never; we would call that very evening — perhaps he would admit us. So we quietly hurried from the house — for Madame must not know our secret — she would raise her hands in horror at such a venture. We hailed a cab, and jumped in.

"Number fifty, Victor Hugo street!"

The driver nodded assent, and away we drove. "Stop! have we any money?" and L. looked at me aghast. We emptied the contents of our pocket-books, only to find that in our hurry we had forgotten to replenish them. There was enough to pay the cabman, but not enough for the ride home.

"Suppose we take an omnibus!"

"What if it should be after dark? But we will do it — it is to see Victor Hugo."

The carriage stopped at the door. We rang the bell, and a brisk maid answered it.

"Can we see Victor Hugo? We know it is not his reception-night — but we must leave the city to-morrow."

"*Oui* — I suppose you can," she replied hesitatingly, and swung open the door of the *salon*.

Shadows of gay Turkish *portières* and rugs, crimson satin furniture, and a dozen ladies and gentlemen talking quietly in the room, passed before us; but just at that instant, our eyes fell on Victor

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Hugo himself, and we forgot all else. He was seated on the sofa, his head thrown back and his eyes closed. His hands were folded on his lap, and his face, under its crown of snowy hair, wore a sweet though wearied expression.

"May I know your errand, please?" said a voice at our side.

We started — for in our rapt study of the great poet we had almost forgotten the presence of any one else.

"It is to see Victor Hugo," we managed to stammer — for the first time realizing we were intruders, and scarcely knowing how to explain.

"But Monsieur Hugo does not receive visitors to-night. Have you a card of invitation from him?"

"No, but we are just leaving Paris, and this was our only time to come. We learned to admire Victor Hugo in America, and wanted so much to see him before going home."

Our eager pleading touched Monsieur. His manner had been distant, but now it changed to the kindliest.

"I will ask Monsieur Hugo if he can speak to you. He is not very well to-night."

Going forward, he bent low over the white head reclining on the sofa, and asked in a distinct tone:

"Are you able to greet two ladies who have come a long way to see you?"

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The poet nodded assent, Monsieur came back, gave us each an arm, and led us forward.

Victor Hugo arose. He was a medium-sized feeble old man, but erect and keen. He fixed his kindly eyes upon us.

"Monsieur Hugo — Mademoiselles P. and N., from America."

Victor Hugo bowed gravely. Then, taking in turn our right hands in his, with a courtly grace he raised them to his lips and kissed them. We tried to thank him — to explain why we were there; but in the excitement our French was rather broken.

"I have always loved your poems," I exclaimed eagerly.

He bowed again saying: "*Merci! merci!*" Taking our hands in his, he pressed them a second time to his lips; then sank back on the sofa and closed his eyes.

A pleasant-faced lady turned to us.

"We fear we have wearied Monsieur Hugo. We are so sorry!" — and we looked anxiously in her face.

"Oh no; he was glad to see you. He seems more tired than usual to-night. He is growing feeble; we fear he cannot live long."

"How he will be missed. Victor Hugo is known everywhere."

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"Yes," she replied enthusiastically. He is the poet-laureate of the world."

"We have some photographs of the poet; would it be too much, do you think — sometime when he is not too tired, — for him to write his autograph on them?"

"No, give them to me; I will see that it is done, and send them to you;" and she kindly took them from our hands.

One more lingering look at the peaceful face on the sofa — then we slipped quietly out of the room. The maid opened the outer-door.

"You have been presented to Monsieur Hugo? I am glad;" and she courtesied us out to the street.

Half-an-hour after, we were home again, poring over *Les Miserables*, and trying to realize that our eyes had seen and our hands had touched its illustrious author.

A few days later, we stood once more on the shores of our native land, with the ocean rolling between us and the continent we had just left. But neither time nor distance could rob us of the legacy of bright memories that crowned our happy two years in the Old World.

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